Dec. 23, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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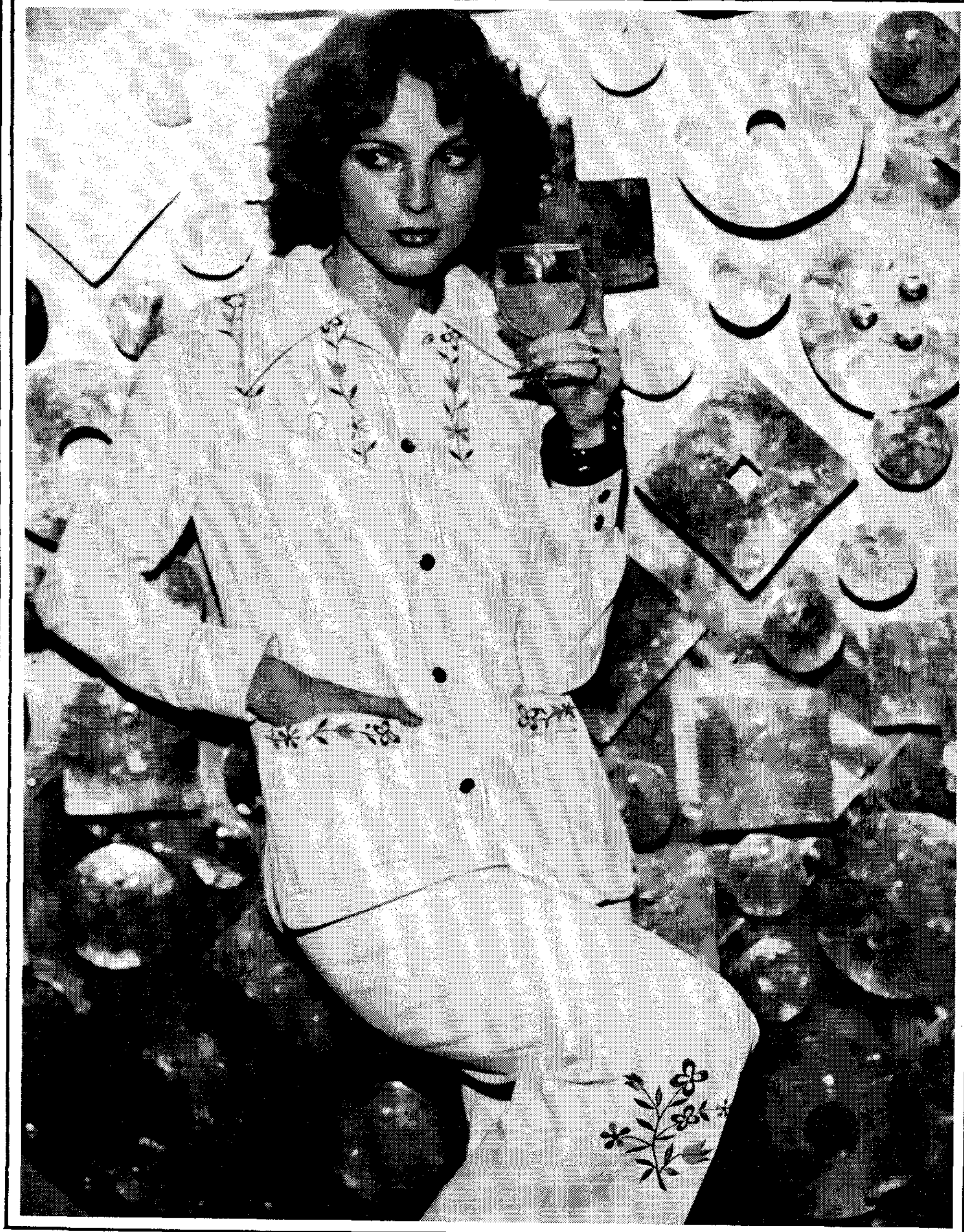

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays, except Dec. 25, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays—except Dec. 26—Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Birthday—A play by Alfred Levinson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-21, at 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 and 7:30; and Monday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. Free.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

God's Favorite—A grossly inept retelling of the Book of Job, in what the author, Neil Simon, thinks of as a comedy about a rich Jewish family on Long Island. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Good News—Alice Faye, Gene Nelson, and Stubby Kaye in a revival of the 1927 musical (book by Laurence Schwab, B. G. DeSylva, and Frank Mandel; words and music by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson). Adapted and directed by Abe Burrows. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 21. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 23. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Gypsy—Angela Lansbury does her best to humanize the bitchiest stage mother that ever lived, or perhaps never lived. The musical is fifteen years old but is still viable. Music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by Arthur Laurents. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Monday, Dec. 23, and Thursday, Dec. 26. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

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In Praise of Love—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

London Assurance—Donald Sinden in a very funny send-up of an early Boucicault melodrama. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—Final performances of a trilogy of plays—**THE TROJAN WOMEN, ELECTRA,** and **MEDEA**—conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 20-22, at 7.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. Reopens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Of Mice and Men—A revival of Steinbeck's 1937 play, based on his novel. James Earl Jones has the leading role. The director is Edwin Sherin. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A four-man revue written by Jane Curtin, Fred Grandy, and Judy Kahan, with music and lyrics by John Forster. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Prodigal Sister—A hapless and almost tuneless little musical about a family straight out

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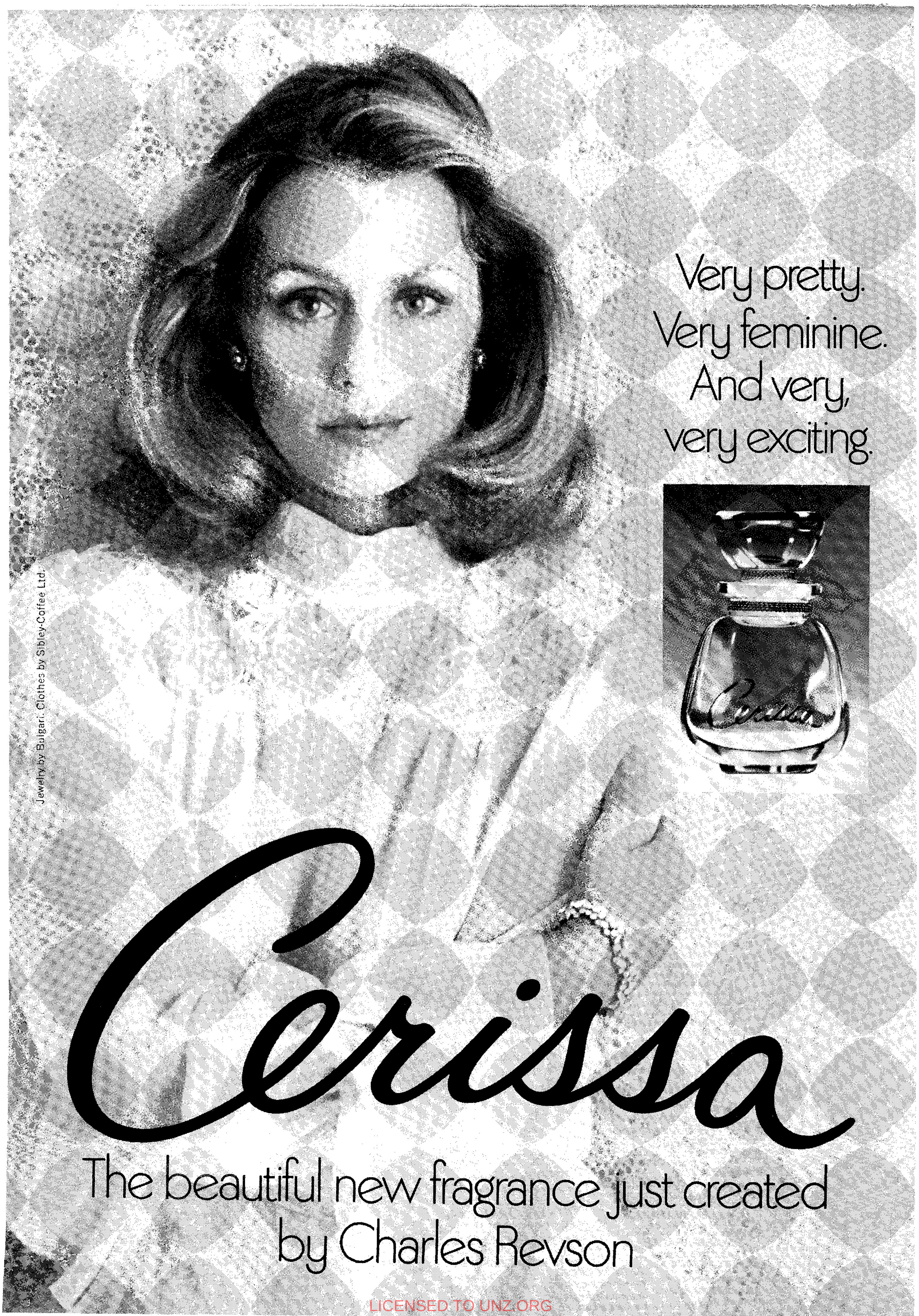

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of "Two Black Crows." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Rosmersholm—Jane White, Stefan Schnabel, and Bill Moor in the Ibsen drama. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Rules of the Game—A well-acted, well-designed production of a short and simple and very strong play by Pirandello. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 21.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A five-week engagement of two plays. A science-fiction thriller, **THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY**: Wednesday, Sunday, and Monday at 8. . . . ¶ Brecht's **THE MOTHER**, based on a Gorky novel: Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 3. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes Monday, Dec. 23.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Philip Locke is superb as his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays, except Dec. 26, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays, except Christmas, at 2 and 8. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays, except Dec. 24, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—A revival of the 1948 musical, with a book by George Abbott taken from Brandon Thomas's play "Charley's Aunt." Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and Raul Julia will play the part originated by Ray Bolger. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 19. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

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Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,097 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Christmas, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8; Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 10; and Sundays and Monday, Dec. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.). . . **OVER HERE!:** A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.). . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, David McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 7:30; Christmas at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 3 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8.)

MISCELLANY

Dick Gregory—Talking, joking, illuminating, persuading. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

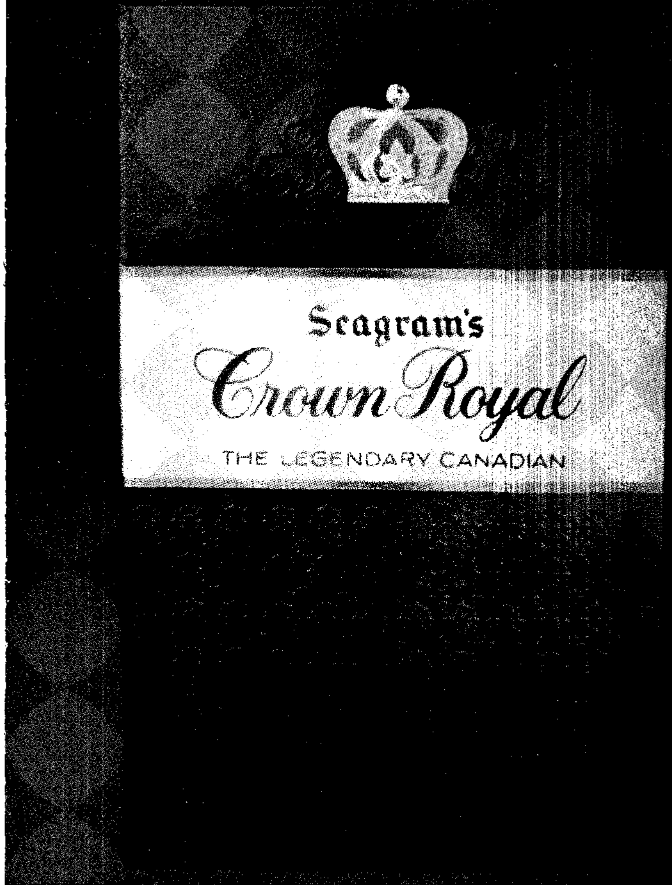
New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 18-20, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, and Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 6; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "The Consort," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Gods Amused," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "The Consort," "Cortège Parisien," "Tzaddik," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 22: "The Consort," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 22: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Gods Amused," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 24: "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 25: "The Consort," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 27: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "According to Eve," and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Dance for Six," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 21: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "Missa Brevis," "How Long Have It Been," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 22: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "Missa Brevis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 22: "Streams," "Cry," "Feast of Ashes," and Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 5—Friday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 20-22: "Geometrics" (première), "Chimera," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday matinées, Dec. 21-22: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities.". . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 23-24, and Thursday eve-

Inside the box...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ning, Dec. 26: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Personnae," and Index."... ¶ Thursday matinée, Dec. 26, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities."... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 27-28: "Scheherezade" (première of a full-length version). (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1122. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 2—Monday, Dec. 23, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 27, at 5:30; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 26, at 5:30: "Les Patineurs" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Concerto" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NUREYEV AND FRIENDS—With Merle Park, Louis Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and others, in the opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Jan. 25. The program: "Apollo," "The Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flower Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—"The Nutcracker." (Touchstone, 348 W. 14th St. 989-5240. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 19-22, and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 27-29, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

GEORGE FAISON UNIVERSAL DANCE EXPERIENCE AND PILOBOLUS—Opening performances of a brief engagement that will run through Tuesday, Dec. 31—**PILOBOLUS.** Thursday evening, Dec. 26, and Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "Ciona," "Dispretzled," "Terra Cotta," and other works.... **GEORGE FAISON UNIVERSAL DANCE EXPERIENCE.** Friday evening, Dec. 27: "Suite Otis," "Angelitos Negros," and "Slaves."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "We Regret to Inform You...;" a new, unnamed dance; and "Poppy." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

DAVID AMRAM—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). French horn, guitar, oud, and other instruments, with saxophonists Pepper Adams and Jerry Dodgion. At ten, through Sunday, Dec. 22.

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current Messengers. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, from ten.

RUBY BRAFF AND GEORGE BARNES—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, at ten and midnight, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five.

BRICKTOP AND HUGH SHANNON—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-21, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, from ten until two.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

ANITA ELLIS AND ELLIS LARKINS—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight.

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet, through Sunday, Dec. 22.

SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19.

ILLINOIS JACQUET—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor saxophone, with pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Tiny Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Panama Francis. Beginning Monday, Dec. 23.

JONAH JONES—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Dec. 21.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments. With a sextet. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 24, at ten.

LEE KONITZ—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Attila Zoller, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty until two.

JUNIOR MANCE—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, from ten to three.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at ten and midnight.

SAMMY PRICE—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

ARTHUR PRYSOCK—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with the Red Prysock trio. Monday, Dec. 23, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28.

JIMMY RANEY—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Guitar, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Dec. 21.

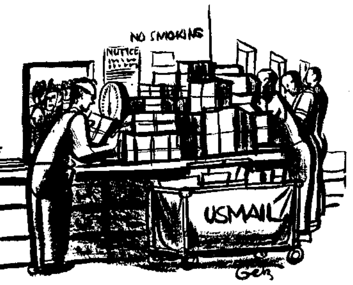
BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

TEDDY WILSON—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Coleman, from nine-fifteen to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND OF YANK LAWSON AND BOB HAGGART—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). With vocalist Connie Haines. At dinner and supper, except Sundays and Christmas.



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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. The musical crew consists of saxophonist Tom Jones and his quartet on Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features reliable, straight-ahead jazz. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson works with a bop- and ballad-grounded quintet Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, Michael Carvin, on drums, heads up a quartet. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. On Wednesday, Dec. 18, Another Pretty Face, an East Coast transvestite-rock assemblage, moves in for one night. Friday through Thursday, Dec. 20-26, super-jazz-rock drummer Billy Cobham and his band alternate with Ron Douglas, a young, inventive, and very funny comedian. Douglas lingers to trade sets with Barry Manilow, an arranger, composer, and pianist who seems as adept at fashioning a night-club routine as he was at selling hamburgers. (Among his credits are jingles for McDonald's.) Manilow brings in his troupe on Friday, Dec. 27. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks. Closed Thursday, Dec. 19, and Christmas Eve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical collaborations of guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Bill Takas. Raney, who has claim to the music corner through Saturday, Dec. 21, plays sharply clean, seemingly effortless guitar runs from a bar-stool perch, with one foot hanging on a rung and the other resting on a chair. Pianist John Bunch arrives on Monday, Dec. 23, along with his bassist, Jay Leonhart. These musicians play from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument. Closed Christmas.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich, the proprietor, on the walls. The music—sparklingly melodic renditions of such tunes as "Liza," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," and "Here There Everywhere"—is furnished by the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. Beginning Monday, Dec. 23, tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet will work with Hank Jones, Tiny Grimes, Percy Heath, and Panama Francis. Shows at ten and midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—What might easily pass for a peace-able room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Singer and pianist Bobby Short and his loyal sidemen, drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer, are here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. Closed Christmas Eve.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools ornament this often highly animated establishment. Pianist Mary Lou Williams, widely admired and invariably swinging, is still going strong (she first performed professionally nearly fifty years ago). Fender bassist Milton Suggs keeps up with her Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A lively swing threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, Russell Procope on alto saxophone and clarinet, and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten on, alto-sax master Lee Konitz trades ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little, and Lynn Crane sings an occasional tune with the trio. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. The Dizzy Gillespie quintet, as electrifying as ever, livens the place up a bit through Sunday, Dec. 22. On Monday, Dec. 23, baritone crooner Arthur Prysock begins singing standards with the support of Red Prysock's trio. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and nine-thirty to three-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three. Closed Christmas.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Ted Sturgis, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, trumpeter Max Kaminsky is in charge of a Dixieland band from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century, with music that comes from much later eras. Teddy Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others over the past forty years, does quite well with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Coleman; Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to midnight. . . . ¶ In the front, glassed-in **bird cage,** consummate accompanist Ellis Larkins supports singer Anita Ellis, who is making a rare club appearance. Miss Ellis was, in the forties and fifties, a major dubber for movies, and she sang, among many other numbers, "Put the Blame on Mame" for Rita Hayworth in the 1946 film "Gilda." At ten-thirty and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Junior Mance plays a consistently lively, bluesy piano with his trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, Gordon Edwards on bass, and their drummer settle into some very fine rhythm-and-blues. Music from ten to three. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—Chicken casserole and cinquecento golden oldies are two of the house specialties at this pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professional musicians who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the large orchestras of the New York City Ballet, the New York City Opera, or the Metropolitan Opera. These quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers—including a lutanist, a soprano, and a pianist whose interests and abilities encompass the Goldberg Variations and the "Maple Leaf Rag"—dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays). Closed Christmas.

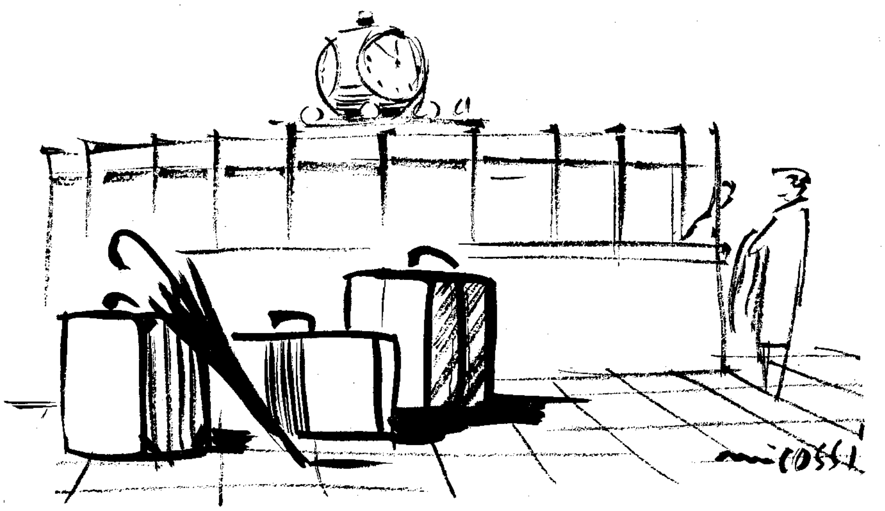
Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Over a year ago, the four vocalists of Manhattan Transfer—got up in top hats, tails, evening dresses, sequinned lipstick, pomaded hair—looked like refugees from a Busby Berkeley set caught in a time warp. With the help of a competent four-man backup unit, they energetically and convincingly revived harmonic vocal numbers from the thirties and forties. Today, they are dressed similarly, and their material, also basically unchanged, has begun to lose its zap—due, in part, to audiences who are O.D.'d on nostalgia—and is beginning to take on the shopworn qualities of "42nd Street" on the "Late Show." Comic Gregory Fleeman appears opposite M.T. through Saturday, Dec. 21. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, Monica Burruss, a Voice of East Harlem, tries singing gospel tunes by herself. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven, Martha Schlamme performs Brecht-Weill compositions. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven-thirty, singer Tally Brown has the stage to herself. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—This new jazz club, which occupies the cellar of a tiny white-bricked building south of Sheridan Square, features the music of trombonist Roswell Rudd and his able sidemen—Hod O'Brian on piano, and Brian Torff on bass—Wednesdays through Sundays. Rudd, whose presence is very loose and relaxed, is responsible for some of the most peculiar, perverse trombonal utterances since Big Charlie Green. (Green was a Fletcher Henderson trombonist, and his expressive intonations were glorified on Bessie Smith's 1927 recording "Trombone Cholly.") Rudd, whose mannerisms stem from both New Orleans and avant-garde traditions, rocks back and forth and up and down as he plays, and then tosses off a series of encouraging grunts, sighs, and yeahs as the other musicians solo. Hod O'Brian plays alone on Mondays and Tuesdays, and drummer Beaver Harris joins the Rudd trio Fridays through Sundays; Sheila Jordan sings and scats with the group on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular songs have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, delivers her recitatives from an armchair. Jimmy Lyon accompanies her at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Closed Christmas.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Nearly twenty-five years ago, the Paris correspondent for this magazine, reporting on the opening of Bricktop's, a new cafe on the Rue Fontaine, and remembering another twenty-five years further back, described the proprietress: "In her old top-hat, cakewalking period, she was the greatest American professional personality in Montmartre's night life. In those days, as dawn came, there could often be seen in Bricktop's *boîte* Mme. Bricktop herself, the Lancashire singer Mabel Mercer, and the Prince of Wales, deep in mutually respectful conversation." Now in her eighties, Bricktop, known as Brick to just about everyone who addresses her or speaks of her, is making an impact on the upper East Side—not exactly Montmartre. She is no longer a flaming redhead or the "pale, unspoiled beauty" of a 1925 description in *Vogue*. Her hair is pinned up simply and befitting her age; she dresses in metallic-threaded caftans, and quietly projects a worldly and regal wisdom. When she begins to sing, she transcends the level of "professional personality." Her voice is rich and strong—she has even retained a coy growl, which she injects into "St. Louis Blues"—and she delivers a song with such uncommon finesse that in spite of her somewhat slow, careful pace, she swings. Bricktop is at the Soerabaja with singer and pianist Hugh Shannon Wednesdays through Saturdays (Shannon is also on hand on Tuesdays) from about ten until two. Closed Sunday through Thursday, Dec. 22-26.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz and guitarist Attila Zoller renew their simple, basic, thoughtful collaborations, which are something of a relief from excessive amplification, synthesizers, wawa-pedalled saxophones and trumpets, and other currently fashionable approaches to jazz. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, Harold Ousley, a fine tenor player, takes over with his quartet. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos



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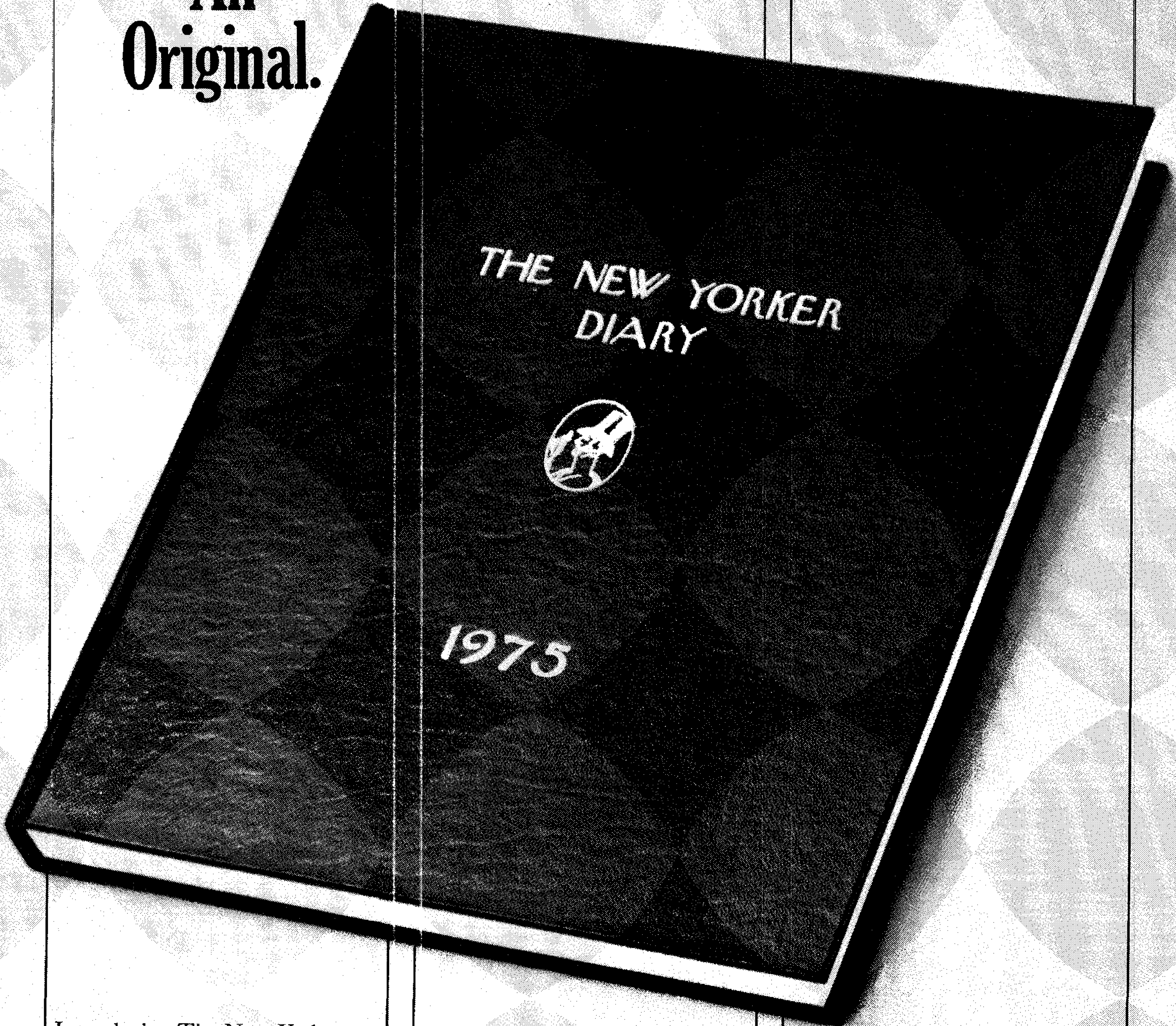

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on Sundays. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, free-form music in a modest, spartan ground-floor, SoHo loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Sonelius Smith on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering corner bar that looks as if it might date from the same period as the piano music that is presented from nine-thirty to three. The pianists—Dill Jones, Tom Noel, Dave Jasion, and others—rotate, but the music runs steadily along the track that leads from Missouri Valley classics to East Coast stride—that is, rags, stomps, blues, marches, two-steps, rambles, and syncopations from the early years of this century. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Jazz has lately been revived at this downtown landmark. Harpist Daphne Hellman is joined by guitarist Mike Gari and bassist Lyn Christie on Thursday, Dec. 19, from nine to midnight. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers deliver some straightforward mainstream missiles at ten. On Monday, Dec. 23, from eight to two, radio station WRVR-FM is presenting a concert (and live broadcast) with jazz violinist Michal Urbaniak and his fiery quintet opposite the Andy Bey trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. David Amram, master of the French horn, guitar, oud, Pakistani flute, and other instruments, offers his pleasant hodgepodge of musical conceits, some of them involving West Indian and Middle Eastern motifs. His quintet, which features Pepper Adams on baritone saxophone and Jerry Dodgion on alto, performs through Sunday, Dec. 22. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who is almost a reed section all by himself, brings in his sextet. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band with Juanita Fleming supplying the vocals. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist Thursdays through Sundays; Chuck Fowler, on piano, and Duke Cleamons, on bass, perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Robin Clark on piano get together for swing sessions. On Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole on Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," "Every Day (I Have the Blues)," right out of the Basie book, and "Tiny's Exercise," a tune that Grimes recorded in 1944, and which he lately had to relearn for a recording session and for these sets. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie-piano kingship here and now, works with a quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sunday, Dec. 22, the Harold Cumberbatch quartet holds forth. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Saverio Saridis is dispensing songs in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Dec. 23, five young singers known as the Collectors Item will take over. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . ¶ In the **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart plays for dinner and supper. Connie Haines supplies the vocals. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—In this spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, harpist Eleanor Fell plays Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is currently presenting the Jonah Jones foursome at dinner and supper. Their final night is Saturday, Dec. 21, after which the room will be dark until New Year's Eve, when the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, led by Lee Castle, will do a one-night stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some will close early on Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals, done in primitive style. Some have backgrounds evocative of millefleur tapestries. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Peter Blume—"Bronzes About Venus" is the first showing of sculptures by this noted painter. Through Jan. 4. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Bragg—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of elf-like figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900)—A benefit loan show of more than a hundred oil sketches and drawings by this American landscape artist. Through Jan. 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ismaël de La Serna (1887-1968)—Paintings and collages. Through Jan. 7. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Open Mondays.)

William Dole—Collages made up of pieces of old letters, scraps of printing with distinctive typefaces, and other papers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—New watercolors and graphics. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sam Francis—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Jan. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Color woodcuts, primarily portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Frederick Frieseke (1874-1939)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors by an American Impressionist. Through Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Dec. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Philip Guston—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Dec. 31. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Newton Harrison—Proposals for ecological systems executed in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Seven paintings, all on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

William King—Pine, bronze, and aluminum sculptures. Through Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small still-lifes of fish and fowl, vegetables and flowers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Daniel Lang / Elizabeth Osborne—Landscapes, principally of England. / Abstract acrylic landscapes. Through Jan. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Christmas through New Year's Day.)

David Levine / Laura Ziegler—Satirical drawings of political and literary figures. / Sculpture portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Golda Lewis—Abstract assemblages, some incorporating African themes, combining handmade paper, canvas, and found objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Andean-inspired acrylics on canvas by a Bolivian-born artist who lives in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Kenneth Price—Bright-colored ceramic cups, serving as the basis of some cheerful small sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Steven Samet—A number of monotypes and some still-lifes in oil. Through Jan. 4. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

Paul R. Smith—Drawings and hand-painted porcelain pots. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Andy Warhol—Ten flower compositions, each one a silk screen that has been hand-finished in watercolor by the artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by de Kooning, Diller, Olitski, and others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 25 E. 77th St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Moore, Picasso,

How the English keep dry

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Dubuffet, to name a few. Through Jan. 4. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small works by such contemporary painters and sculptors as Fairfield Porter, Lois Dodd, and George Sugarman. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by *Tamayo are part of this exhibit.* Through Jan. 18. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Collages by Abbie Zabar, constructions by Barry Cohen, and paintings by Domenick Turturro. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **DORIS WEINER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works in mixed mediums by Malcolm Bailey, Grace Hartigan, and five other gallery artists. Through Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes in oil. Through Jan. 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Homage to the tomato. Through Jan. 11. (Zabriskie, 20 W. 57th St.)

GOTTHARD GRAUBNER / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Color-field paintings by a German artist. Through Jan. 8. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Geometric abstractions by a French painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT IRWIN—This is a show you may miss even if you go. The artist has taken a huge piece of soft, sheer fabric and made it one of the gallery walls. That's it. Through Jan. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

BOB KANE—Lighthearted, fluffy paintings from—where else?—the South of France. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Paintings and drawings, some with architectural or textural effects. Through Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

NORMAN LALIBERTÉ—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

LES LEVINE—Taped sound effects accompany *these mixed-media works, which are perhaps* best typified by a large panel of drawings analyzing in detail the clothing worn by leading Watergate figures. Through Jan. 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—Paintings completed in the twenties, many of them of New York scenes. Through Dec. 31. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—The horse knows the way / to carry the sleigh / through the white and drifted snow. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes of Portugal, Ireland, and upper New York State. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—New paintings, inspired, he says, by his daughters' Japanese coloring book, and some erotica that one feels sure was inspired by far less innocent sources. Through Jan. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

THEODORE ROSZAK—The sculptor has been brooding about Watergate, Chappaquiddick, and other angst-inducing matters, and the result is a series of apocalyptic drawings of creatures stewing in as miserable a broth as anything ever imagined by Doré. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

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JIM SULLIVAN—Abstract oils. Through Jan. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARIE TAYLOR—Animal sculptures carved from stones found on beaches. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Dine, Feeley, Steinberg, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ALICE ADAMS / STEPHEN ROSENTHAL—One piece of sculpture composed of wood and other materials. / Ink wash paintings. Through Jan. 8. (55 Mercer St.)

MARC ARONSON—Abstract acrylics; first one-*man show in New York. Through Jan. 2.* (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

JOSEPH AUGUSTA—Neon wrapped with rope. Through Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

JOHN BAEDER—Realist paintings by an artist who is caught up in American diners and roadside stands. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

TIM CORKERY—Painterly abstractions. Through Jan. 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

KENNETH DAVIS—Big marble spheres that, incredibly, float around in marble fountains *prepared for them; first one-man show in* New York. Through Dec. 31. (Bare, 475 Broome St.)

JACQUELINE FREEDMAN / NANCY MALKIN STEMBER—Geometric shapes in mixed mediums on paper. / Abstract acrylics. Through Jan. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ROBERT MANGOLD / LUCIO POZZI—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Acrylics blotted with textured materials. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

GUY PEELLAERT—Lurid illustrations, in mixed mediums, that were used in the artist's book "Rock Dreams." Through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (Star, a new gallery, at 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

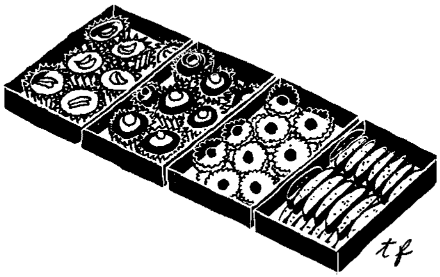
ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—New additions to his "Hoarfrost" series—wall hangings in which a gauzy curtain is draped over collages, usually of found paper items. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Castelli and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway.)

ERNEST RUCKLE / KEN WATERSTREET—Ten paintings, a characteristic one showing a massive audience of cartoonlike figures at a football game between the California Unicorns and the Texas Silver Steers. / Canvases showing closeups of soap bubbles. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

ROSALIND SHAFFER / EUNICE GOLDEN—Painted wood figures arranged in dance-hall scenes. / Erotic paintings, plus photographs. Through Jan. 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

LEON SMITH—Metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St.)

NANCY SPERO—Collages combining stencilled letters, painted images, and symbols. Through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)



GROUP SHOWS—At the **AAMES**, 93 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists. Through Jan. 4. . . . **BYKERT**, 484 Broome St.: Michael Bakaty, Ruth Ann Fredenthal, Stanley Mistal, and Lyn Umlauf showing paintings and sculptures. Through Jan. 2. (Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-21, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28.) . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper by Ray Parker, Stephanie Schub, Ellen Banks, and others. Through Tuesday, Dec. 24. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Drawings and other works by Lynda Benglis, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Sculptures and drawings by Kunio Izuka, Mashiko Kimura, and Alf Svendsen, among others. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 135 Greene St.: Watercolors by Lawrence Campbell, Michael Chelminski, Elena Clough, and Dilys Evans. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jack Mendenhall, sculptures by Thomas Bang, and conceptual pieces by Don Celender and Jerry Kearns. Through Saturday, Dec. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

OTELLO GUARDUCCI—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite or marble bases. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times*' theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

ERIC SLOANE—Pen-and-ink drawings from his new book, "Recollections in Black and White," together with a group of oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

CEDRIC SMITH—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 27. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

LEE FRIEDLANDER—More than fifty black-and-white prints from the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JILL KREMENTZ—Photographic portraits, mostly of literary figures. Through Friday, Dec. 27. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

WILLIAM LARSON / JAN GROOVER—Color prints, collages, and other work. / Conceptual prints, done in series. Through Jan. 4. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ—Studies of rock stars and other notables. Through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (Star, 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

EVA RUBINSTEIN / JOSEPH SALTZER—Photographs. Through Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JOHN STEWART—*Carbon-charcoal prints of still-*lifes. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

DORIS ULMANN (1882-1934)—Platinum prints of Appalachian Mountain people, black people from South Carolina, and still-lifes. Through Jan. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty pho-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tographs. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-white photographs taken in Russia by Henri Cartier-Bresson. . . . ¶ Works by Werner Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and Dan Weiner. . . . ¶ Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn, and Jay Maisel are included in a group show of color photography. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.). . . **MIDTOWN Y,** 344 E. 14th St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted to the subject of American attitudes toward youth and aging. Through Jan. 17. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Examples of gravure work by Edward Steichen, Thomas Annan, Ferdinand Ongania, and others. Through Jan. 11. (Closed Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-28.). . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Works by, among others, Dan McCormack, Eva Shaderowfsky, Joel Sternfeld, and Tom Brosterman. Through Dec. 31. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from 1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in a display intended to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Reproductions of chairs designed by Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1868-1928), along with drawings and photographs showing them in the settings for which they were intended. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings from the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Paintings done in tempera on gesso panels from 1947 to the present by a realist, George Tooker. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings and paintings by Tony Robbin. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The nineteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints. Through Jan. 5. (Wednesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 10:30 to 1.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Sunday, Dec. 29. (Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective show of more than three hundred and fifty works (objects, paintings, drawings, collages, and photographs, for example) by Man Ray, in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday. Starts Friday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century romantic classical salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Feb. 2. (Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About five hundred glass paperweights produced in America from 1845 to 1960. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 to 9.). . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Judith Forst, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; and John West, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—NATIONAL CHORALE: Martin Josman directing, with Joan Summers, soprano; Robert Owen Jones, tenor; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8.). . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing the last three in a series of performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 6:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30.). . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Lukas Foss directing, with Betty Jones, soprano, Louise Parker, mezzo-soprano; Robert Brewster, tenor; Benjamin Matthews, bass; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and several other choral groups. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.). . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center: With Allen Sever, organ. Miss Summers and Mr. Jones will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.). . . **MUSICA SACRA OF NEW YORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Richard Anderson, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

NOTE—On Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:30, Harvey G. Phillips will conduct a program of music arranged by Alec Wilder and performed by an ensemble of two hundred tubas (tubas? tubas!) in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 21: "Jenůfa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Carlotta Ordassy, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 24: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 25: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Mignon Dunn, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 27: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Eliot Chapo, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 20, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30. After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Jan. 2.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: A performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Salome" in concert form, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano; Ruth Hesse, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley and Ragnar Ulfung, tenors; and Norman Bailey, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8: Varied programs, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano.

Mannes Orchestra and Chorus—Terrill Jory and Richard Westenburg conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-four wind and string players. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing Francesco Cavalli's "Marian Vespers," with Joan Patenaude and Jean Hakes, sopranos; Kathleen Hegierski, contralto; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Robert White and Hayden Blanchard, tenors; and Raymond Murcell and Andrew Foldi, basses. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 5:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sarah Caldwell conducting scenes from Prokofieff's opera "War and Peace," in concert form and in English, with Joann Yockey, soprano; John Reardon, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 24, at midnight, an all-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano; and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3, a varied program, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet.)

Wells College Choir—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (Church of the Incarnation, Madison Ave. at 35th St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two programs, this one with Susan Jolles, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Anton Neyder directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of music by Marcel Dupré. The last in a series of recitals. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The last two of three concerts. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: An all-Mendelssohn program played by Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: The two quintets of Schubert performed by the Messrs. Schneider, Laredo, Trampler, and Parnas, with Laurence Lesser, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; and Grant Johannesen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of Franco-Flemish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of all-Scarlatti recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A Bach-Vivaldi program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 7 and 10.)

Cleveland Baroque Soloists—Doris Ornstein, harpsichord; Penelope Jensen, soprano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

Festival Winds—With Jean Hakes, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 5:30 and 8:30.)

Note—Michael Webster, clarinet; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Ursula Oppens, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 8; and Christmas at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas and Thursday, Dec. 26. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Interludes—The ninth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **HELEN GALLAGHER** on Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:45.

George Harrison—With Billy Preston, Ravi Shankar, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 4 and 9:30.)

Raphael—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 and 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—Billy Taylor conducting a program of music by Quincy Jones. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Foghat—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Randy Weston Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay Black & the Americans, and Tommy James & the Shondells—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, postponed from Dec. 11.

Oregon and Alla Rakha—Town Hall. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Friday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:05.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. Post time will be 11 on Tuesday, Dec. 24. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 21, and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays, except Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; through Wednesday, Jan. 1.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 22. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24-25, at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Friday, Dec. 20, at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Friday, Dec. 27, at 2:30, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **VIENNA CHOIR BOYS**: Anton Neyder directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 19-22, at 12:30 and 3:30; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS**: "Fables and Dances of the Orient." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday, Dec. 27, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Friday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**: "Light, Canvas, Action!" (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 27, at 3, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 11:30 and 3.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER**: "Hansel and Gretel" and other stories from the Brothers Grimm, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 11 and 2. . . . ¶ "Oliver Twist," Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11 and 2. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.) . . . **POKO PUPPETS**: "Commedia dell'Arte." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "A Midnight Clear." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 18-20, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Monday through Friday, Dec. 23-27, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

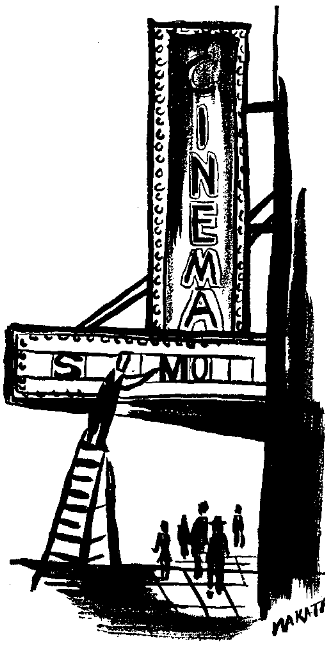
American Art Deco Architecture—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs, depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 18, from 10 to 5.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—Sunday, Dec. 22, from noon to 4, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 19: “Death Wish.”
From Dec. 20: “Scenes from a Marriage.”

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 25: “A Star Is Born” and “State Fair.”

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 24: “The French Connection” and “The Seven-Ups.”
From Dec. 25: “The Longest Yard” and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 21: To be announced.
From Dec. 22: “That’ll Be the Day.”

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 24: “The Mad Adventures of ‘Rabbi’ Jacob.”
From Dec. 25: “The Longest Yard.”

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 24: “Animal Crackers” and “My Little Chickadee.”
From Dec. 25: “Young Frankenstein.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Steppenwolf.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Young Frankenstein.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Dec. 18: “Harry & Tonto.”
From Dec. 19: “The Towering Inferno.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“The Night Porter.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Amarcord.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Murder on the Orient Express.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Front Page.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 21: To be announced.
From Dec. 22: “That’ll Be the Day.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Lenny.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 21: “The Odessa File.”
From Dec. 22: “Stavisky.”

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
“The Lenny Bruce Performance Film.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
“A Woman Under the Influence.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 19: “Scenes from a Marriage.”
Dec. 20-24: “The Conversation.”
From Dec. 25: “Freebie and the Bean.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“Lacombe, Lucien.”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“The Longest Yard.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Death Wish.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 19: “That’s Entertainment!”
From Dec. 20: “Scenes from a Marriage.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 19: “The Savage Is Loose.”
From Dec. 20: “The Island at the Top of the World.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“The Godfather, Part II.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 24: “The Taking of Pelham One Two Three.”
From Dec. 25: “Freebie and the Bean.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 24: “The Trial of Billy Jack.”
From Dec. 25: “Abby.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
The theatre’s programming schedule is of Byzantine complexity. Our best information is that the following films will be playing at one time or another in the period from Dec. 18-25: “La Chinoise,” “Tout Va Bien,” “The Grande Bouffe,” “Lucia,” “Memories of Underdevelopment,” “Yankee Doodle Dandy,” “White Heat,” “Footlight Parade,” “Gold Diggers of 1933,” and “Women in Love.” Also, Mondays through Fridays, programs of independently made films, and a midnight show daily.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
“Le Fantôme de la Liberté.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 24: “Last Tango in Paris.”
From Dec. 25: “That’s Entertainment!”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
“The Man with the Golden Gun.”

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 24 at one or another of the theatres: “Blazing Saddles” and “The Producers” / “Harry & Tonto” and “Cinderella Liberty” / “2001: A Space Odyssey” and “Barbarella.” . . ¶ Through Dec. 19: “Dirtymouth.” . . ¶ Dec. 20-24: “That’s Entertainment!” and “Ten from Your Show of Shows.”
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 18: “Live for Life” and “A Man and a Woman.”
Dec. 19-21: “Trash” and “200 Motels.”
Dec. 22-23: “Blume in Love” and “Alex in Wonderland.”
Dec. 24-25: “Greetings” and “Hi, Mom!”
Dec. 26: “Closely Watched Trains” and “Love Affair.”
Note: Sunday, Dec. 22, one performance, at noon: “The Great White Hope.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Rumpelstiltskin” and “Charlotte’s Web.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
“The Little Prince.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Earthquake.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“The Gambler.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: “Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“The Front Page.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 18: “It’s a Wonderful Life” and “Christmas in July.”
Dec. 19: “Orpheus” and “Testament of Orpheus.”
Dec. 20: “Design for Living” and “The Scoundrel.”
Dec. 21: “The Last Picture Show” and “Kid Blue.”
Dec. 22: “Hamlet” and “Othello.”
Dec. 23: “Valerie and Her Week of Wonders” and “Witchcraft Through the Ages.”
Dec. 24: “Oliver Twist” and “Nicholas Nickleby.”
Dec. 25: “The Red Shoes” and “Cinderella.”
Dec. 26: “Key Largo” and “Beat the Devil.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Emmanuelle.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 19: “Scenes from a Marriage.”
From Dec. 20: “Young Frankenstein.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 24: “The Three Stooges Follies.”
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Les Violons du Bal.”

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
“Le Fantôme de la Liberté.”

Loews 83rd St., B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 24: “The Klansman.”
From Dec. 25: “The Odessa File.”

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 21: “Ulysses” and “Faces.”
From Dec. 22: “Black Thursday.”

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 24: “2001: A Space Odyssey” and “Soylent Green.”
From Dec. 25: “Yellow Submarine” and “A Hard Day’s Night.”

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 19: “The Seduction of Mimi” and “Shame.”
From Dec. 20: “Airport 1975.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 24: “Blazing Saddles” and “Blume in Love.”
From Dec. 25: “The Longest Yard” and “The Friends of Eddie Coyle.”

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 18 at noon: “The Story of Will Rogers” (1961), directed by Donald B. Hyatt for NBC, with Will Rogers, narrated by Bob Hope. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: “Up in Mabel’s Room” (1926), a silent film, directed by E. Mason Hopper, with Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver; reel 2 missing. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: “The Story of Will Rogers.” . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5:30: “Charles Dead or Alive” (1969), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with François Simon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: “The Middle of the World” (1974), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Olimpia Carlisi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2: “Charles Dead or Alive.” . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 5:30 and Dec. 21 at noon: “The Big Parade” (1925), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 3: “Erica Minor” (1973), in French, directed by Bertrand van Effenterre, with Juliet Berto and Brigitte Fossey; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 5:30: “Workers Yes, Humans No” (1971), directed by Peter Aman and René Burri, and “The Seasonal Worker” (1972), directed by Alvaro Bizzarri; both films in Italian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 12:30 and 3: “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers” (1954), directed by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powell and Howard Keel. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: “Alfred R.—A Life and a Film”

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(1972), directed by Georg Radnowicz, with Xavier Koller; no dialogue. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2: "Workers Yes, Humans No" and "The Seasonal Worker.". . ¶ Dec. 23 at 5:30: "Erica Minor.". . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2 and Dec. 26 at 2: "Vampyr" (1930), directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julien West and Sybille Schmitz; little dialogue, no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30: "Tonight or Never" (1972), in German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "La Paloma" (1974), in French and German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Bulle Ogier; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 20: A program of four Man Ray films. . . . ¶ Dec. 21-22: A program of cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 25: "The Three Caballeros" (1945), a Walt Disney full-length film. . . . ¶ Dec. 26: A program of four Man Ray films. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Old Fashioned Woman," directed by Martha Coolidge, and "Nana, Mom and Me," directed by Amalie Rothschild. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. Closed Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Belson, Brakhage, Breer, Yalkut, Gehr, and others. Showings Dec. 18-19 at 5, 7, and 9; Dec. 20 at 6; Dec. 21 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; and Dec. 22 and Dec. 24-26 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 25.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Thalia; starting Dec. 20.)

Alex in Wonderland (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted the prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and Federico Fellini. (Elgin; Dec. 22-23.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 24.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 22.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 24.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Olympia; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Elgin; Dec. 22-23.)

Charlotte's Web (1973)—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Cinderella (1961)—A full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more easily recalled than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Elgin; Dec. 26.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Beekman; Dec. 20-24.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Art; through Dec. 19.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Dirtymouth (1971)—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce, with Bernie Travis playing Lenny. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (New Yorker; through Dec. 21.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Freebie and the Bean—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (Beekman, and 86th St. East; starting Dec. 25.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Olympia; starting Dec. 25.)

The Front Page—The third film version of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, this time with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature

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to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Festival.)

The Godfather, Part II—Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton repeating their original roles, and Robert De Niro as the young Don Vito. Francis Ford Coppola is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Elgin; Sunday, Dec. 22, one performance, at noon.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; Dec. 24-25.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Symphony; starting Dec. 25.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Trans-Lux East; Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; Dec. 24-25.)

The Island at the Top of the World—From the Disney Studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (U.A. East; starting Dec. 20.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what would happen to his family and town if he went ahead and did it. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective, but does Frank Capra have an honest bone in his body? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Kid Blue (1973)—With Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates, directed by James Frawley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 24.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl. Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Playboy; starting Dec. 20.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 24.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs.

The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Dec. 25.)

Love Affair (1968)—Yugoslav, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Elgin; Dec. 26.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Gramercy; through Dec. 24.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The ninth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West muttering and wambling, respectively, in a most unusual Western. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 24.)

Nicholas Nickleby (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti, the Brazilian who was active in the French-film avant-garde of the twenties, is best known in this country for his direction of the ventriloquist episode in "Dead of Night." His fast-moving, English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty, and there are Stanley Holloway as a travelling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. The action moves from Dotheboys Hall, where the odious Squeerses board unwanted children, to the King's Bench Prison, where debtors not yet utterly destitute are held. John Dighton did the adaptation. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Fine Arts.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 25.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin, Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh as Nancy, John Howard Davies as Oliver, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience (children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

Othello (1955)—With Sergei Bondarchuk, directed by Sergei Yutkevitch. A Russian film, dubbed in English. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

The Savage Is Loose—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (11/25/74) (U. A. East; through Dec. 19.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman, and Paramount; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Art, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 20.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cowlidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance.

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In Italian. (6/24/74) (Thalia; through Dec. 19.)

The Seven-Ups (1973)—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Thalia; through Dec. 19.)

Soylent Green (1973)—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (4/28/73) (Symphony; through Dec. 24.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses him of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile, the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)

Stavisky—About the French swindler of the twenties and thirties, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Cinema II; starting Dec. 22.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East; through Dec. 24.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Quad Cinema; Dec. 20-24.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

That'll Be the Day—With David Essex and Ringo Starr, directed by Claude Whatham. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu; starting Dec. 22.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; Dec. 20-24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 25.)

The Three Stooges Follies—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 24.)

The Towering Inferno—Fire on the one-hundred-and-thirty-fifth floor of a new building. With Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, and Faye Dunaway. Directed by John Guillermin. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 19.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Elgin; Dec. 19-21.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—A maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" which for two hours and fifty minutes expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (11/25/74) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 24.)

200 Motels (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; Dec. 19-21.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through Dec. 24.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (New Yorker; through Dec. 21.)

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

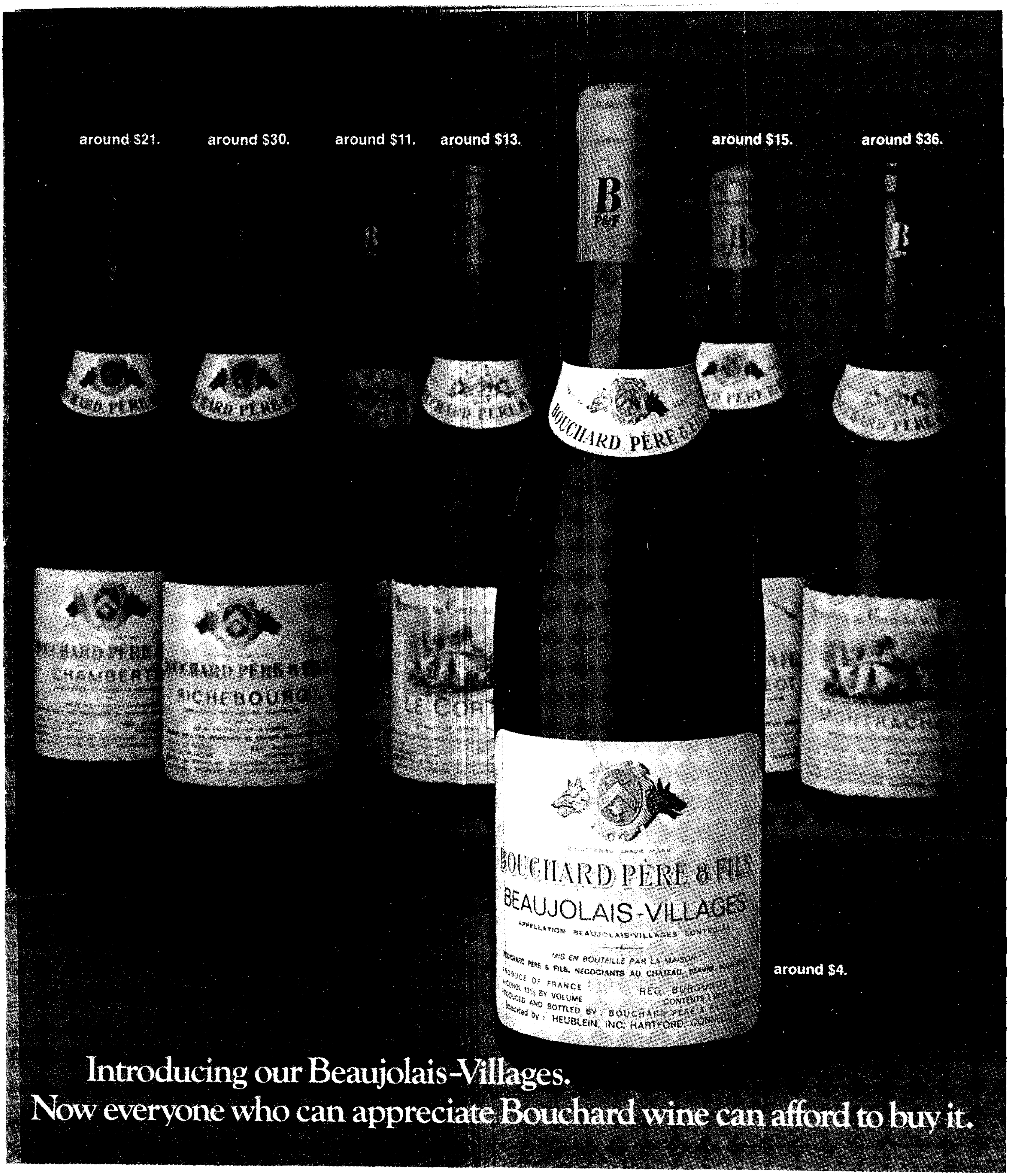
Les Violons du Bal—With Marie-Josée Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Regency.)

Witchcraft Through the Ages (1922)—A Swedish film, part documentary, that traces witchcraft from the Middle Ages on, directed by Benjamin Christensen. Also known as "Häxan." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Symphony; starting Dec. 25.)

Young Frankenstein—A comedy takeoff on Mary Shelley's novel, with Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Dec. 25.)


around $21.
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is one sort of party we would like to see abandoned. That is the sort of party whose invitation is the best thing about it. What happens is this. An invitation arrives bearing the names of more of the people you have always wanted to meet than the Benefactors' Plaque at the New York Public Library. All kinds of Fabulous, Celebrated people are giving the party for other Fabulous, Celebrated people. Sample invitation:

The Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia
Tennessee Williams   Bobby Blue Bland
Elia Kazan   Alice Roosevelt Longworth
The Sultan of Brunei   O. J. Simpson
And the entire cast of
"Hollywood Squares"
invite you to a party for their friend
Norman Mailer

The form changes from party to party, but predictably. The people who promote these parties are the same people who originate Latin-American chain letters, and they apply what they have learned in that trade to the management of their invitations: *the names move up the list*, so that from time to time Norman Mailer gives the party for Tennessee Williams.

Back to the sample invitation. Notice the use of the phrase "their friend" (very much in evidence this year). This simple phrase does double duty. It reinforces one's instinctive belief that all famous people *know and love* one another—confirms one's suspicion that at times when other people are sulking these Fabulous, Celebrated people are getting together and exchanging small but meaningful gestures of affection. This reduces the ego of the invitation recipient to lard. The phrase "their friend" has a second message. "These Fabulous, Celebrated people," the phrase seems to say, "are much given to friendship and the exchange of sincere human feelings on a one-to-one basis. It is only by an unlucky chance that you yourself, invitation recipient, are not chatting it up on a daily basis with this exciting, convivial group. Remedy this state of affairs by coming to the PARTY."

Well, we've been to the party. It was on the stage of a theatre; it ran out of gin and vodka; its purpose was to promote a book, and plastic promotional buttons were handed out at the door. All we have to say is we're waiting until the Benefactors of the New York Public Library—every one of them, even John Jacob Astor—give a party before we again accept a top-heavy invitation.

We shall now proceed, in something more closely resembling the holiday spirit, to report on a number of other recent parties and similar gatherings. In every case, the gathering was unquestionably better, in one way or another, than the invitation.

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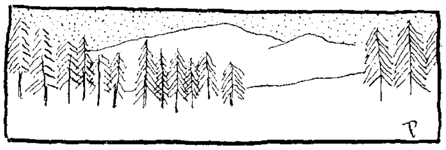
Five Gatherings (Musical and Otherwise)

UPDATE: Shortly after midnight, post-Thanksgiving, we checked out the big Elton John party at the Hotel Pierre. We had forgone the concert that preceded the party. We saw a good many familiar, though not famous, faces at the Elton John party. Like other sectors of the economy, rock music has suffered cutbacks. Seniority is beginning to count for something on the pop scene. Last hired, first fired. The turnover is not what it once was. Other faces were familiar and also famous, such as Elliott Gould's. Most of the people at the party were formally dressed, but Elliott Gould was wearing a bulky Irish sweater and baggy, faded workmen's jeans. A cigarette dangled from his mouth. He slouched bouncily into the room as if he were looking for something.



We talked with Stephen Paley, the young Epic Records executive; Angela Lansbury, the actress; and Karen Durbin, the sex columnist of *Mademoiselle*.

"What's the cultural importance of Elton John?" we asked Stephen Paley.

"The cultural importance of Elton John is that he's part of this strange update of the fifties that's going on," Stephen Paley said. "College students like him because his music takes their minds off worrying about getting a job after they graduate. It's disposable music. It's freeze-dried. Not much nourishment, but tasty."

Karen Durbin was eying Angela Lansbury's coat, which was sable and ankle-length. "I was feeling your coat from a distance," she said.

"Feel it close up," Angela Lansbury said, and swung a shoulder around.

"Mmm," Karen Durbin said.

"I know," Angela Lansbury said. "It feels *so* good. When you've got one of these, you don't need much else."

Elliott Gould slouched bouncily out of the room again, as if he had not found anything.

"He's one of the few movie stars who look as big in real life as on the screen," Karen Durbin remarked. Then, addressing Angela Lansbury, she said, "You do, too."

"Ingrid Bergman and I are the tallest women in movies. And Alexis Smith."

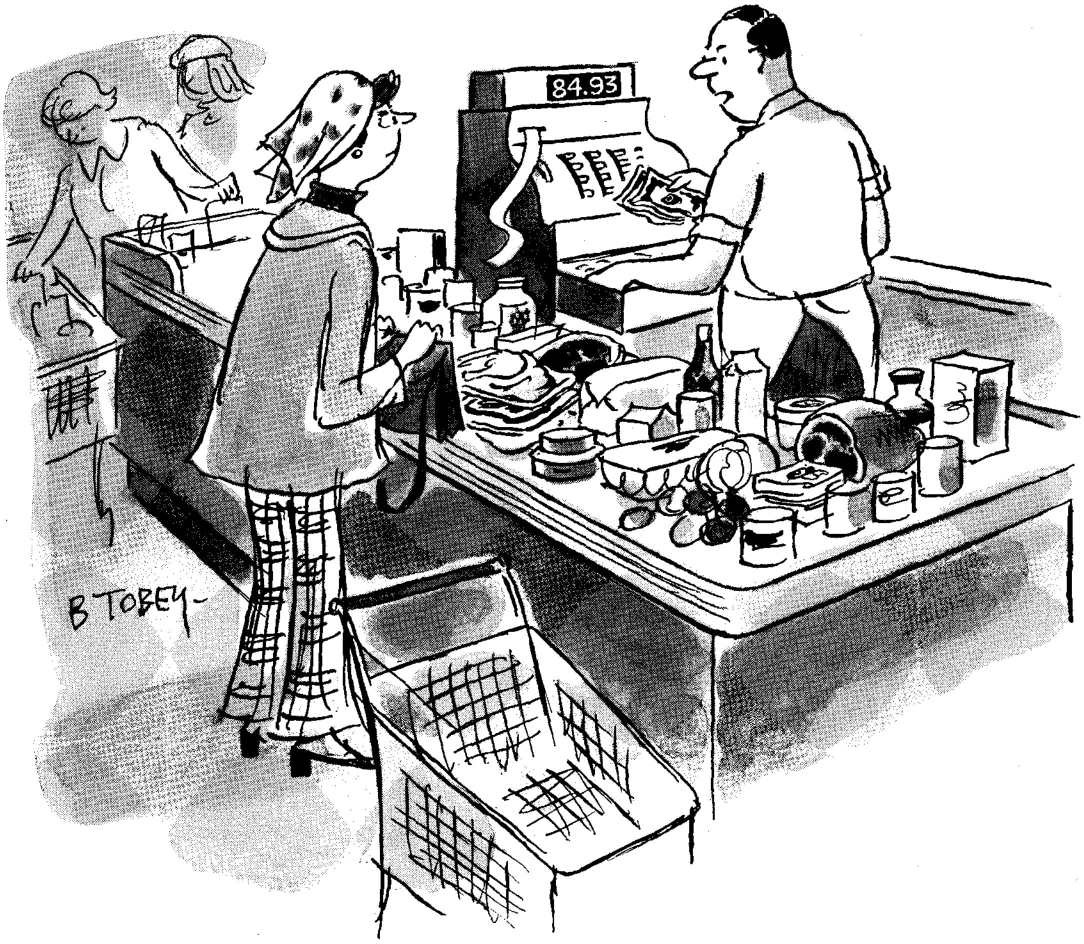
"You're not all *that* tall."

"Sure I am. I'm taller than you."

Angela Lansbury and Karen Durbin stood back to back. Angela Lansbury, who was taller, laughed. "I feel as if I'm back in high school," she said.

We took a turn around the ballroom. The ballroom was pale blue and pale white, with little gold cherubs. Larry Elgart's orchestra was playing, and a few people were dancing decorously. There was no rude behavior, and no perspiration. All the members of the orchestra were white. White is said to be Elton John's favorite color.

There was a knot of people to one



"Do you have three pennies?"

side, and we investigated. Elton John was sitting at a table, and a crowd was watching him eat. He was dressed in white, and he had short blond hair. John Lennon was trying to elbow his way through the crowd to get to Elton John's table, and that did not accord with our idea of reality. Our idea of reality would be Elton John trying to elbow his way through the crowd to get to John Lennon's table.

All the tables in the room, including Elton John's table, had anemones on them, and glasses full of cigarettes. "When I was a senior in high school, in Indianapolis," Karen Durbin said, "having a party with glasses full of cigarettes on the tables was the height of sophistication."

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AT THE ACADEMY: We have had a report from a fan of Waylon Jennings, the country-music singer:

I've just seen Waylon at the Academy of Music, down on Fourteenth Street. I don't know if you know the place, but it is sort of a junior-varsity landmark. First of all, it bears the name of the *old* Academy of Music, where New Yorkers used to hear opera before rich strangers built the Met, and thus gives Lüchow's, which is close by on Fourteenth Street, some frail moral support. Secondly, it has a nice faded painted sign that reads "Academy of Music. The Biggest and Best Vaudeville and Screen Shows in New York. 25¢ Low Prices 50¢." Thirdly, it attracts to Manhattan young music fans who might otherwise spend all their time at the Nassau Coliseum. When filled to capacity with people who might otherwise be at the Nassau Coliseum, the Academy has the ambience of an unruly junior-high-school assembly. I always expect that a sad old movie screen will slowly roll down and a sad old Oral Hygiene teacher will dodder out, try to quiet the throng, and deliver a little speech on the importance of gum massage, and that, as dozens of eighth-grade boys in the back rows mutter obscenities, the lights will go down, and the movie, called "Help Yourself to a Smile" and made in coöperation with the Oral Hygiene Council of the League of Nations, will begin, and everyone will be just as bad as possible until the lights come on again. That's what I expect. The Academy, you see, has a spirit that's different from the spirit the Fillmore used to have. The unruly junior-high-school kids were only a fraction of that audience; there were, as well, the serious people, the heavy-drug people, and the people in velvet, after all, and none of these people (if they still are anywhere) are at the Academy. The Academy of Music crowd keeps up some of the old habits (even a casual look at the social life in the downstairs lounges reveals that the youngest generation's fondness for alcohol has been exaggerated), but it isn't the same. It's an energetic crowd, but it isn't a wise crowd. If a performer is wise, he doesn't have much hope at the Academy. (If a performer is out-and-out stupid, he doesn't have a chance, either; the right thing for the Academy is a stupid group that makes embarrassing claims to wisdom, spells out its embarrassing claims clearly, and backs them up with unthreatening clichés.) All of which goes to say that Waylon Jennings wasn't the headliner at the Academy of Music, and that while the audience was more appreciative of him than it would have been of an Oral Hygiene teacher, it just wasn't up to it. This is depressing and brings up the question of real *bad* versus ersatz *bad* in popular culture. Waylon Jennings is real *bad*. He is, in fact, the best *bad*—or, at least, the best white *bad*—available for the price of a ticket. His songs, like the songs of the best country singers, are about adult experience—especially about the experiences of certain intelligent Southern adults, who use their superior intelligence to reflect on the mistakes they are making without ever using it to prevent their making the mistakes in the first place. This ethic is best revealed, I think, in "Black Rose," a great song of Billy Joe Shaver's, which Waylon sings very well. "The Devil made me do it the first time," this song goes. "The second time I did it on my own."

When I got to the Academy, Waylon was singing "Willy the Wandering Gypsy and Me," which is about a man who is caught in a conflict between his lady and his best friend. His lady is pregnant; his buddy wants him to go riding in the rodeo. The issue isn't completely resolved, but it looks as if he'll be going to the rodeo. He sang "The Taker," and "Amanda," and "Rainy Day Woman." His pedal-steel-guitar player had a solo in "Rainy

Day Woman." "Look!" a fellow sitting near me said as the solo began. "That's an old guy. That guy looks like my dad." Through all these songs, Waylon's voice was strong and clear. "Amanda" is a song I like quite a bit. One verse goes like this:

> It's a measure of people who don't
>   understand
> The pleasures of life in a hillbilly
>   band.
> I got my first guitar when I was
>   fourteen.
> Now I'm over thirty, and still
>   wearing jeans.

Waylon Jennings sang with Buddy Holly in the fifties, and he has been singing songs well since then. Now he has a lined face, and he has long hair, which hangs down around his face and makes him seem just slightly menacing. He has an L.P. on the charts called "The Ramblin' Man," and if there is vitality or sense left among the people who buy popular music, he will be wildly, even destructively successful.

•

GEORGIANS: When George Balanchine threw the first large party of his career recently, he choreographed the food, the drink, and the atmosphere with his customary theatrical skill. The time was ten-thirty, on a Saturday night; the place was Le Poulailler, a stylish French restaurant near Lincoln Center; and the guests of honor were eighty-odd visiting Georgians, who were in town to present a folk program at Carnegie Hall. We attended the performance—it consisted of splendid singing by the Tbilisi Polyphonic Choir and astonishing footwork by the Soviet Georgian Dancers (Georgian men were dancing on their toes long before ballet was invented)—and arrived at the restaurant shortly before the party, to find Mr. Balanchine, Georgia's most celebrated expatriate, waiting for his guests inside the front door. He was wearing a gray suit and an open-necked blue-and-white checked shirt with a figured silk scarf tied in a splendid knot inside his collar. When we asked what had prompted him to give such an enormous party, he said, "I'm Georgian, and these are my people. When we were in Tiflis—or Tbilisi—three years ago, the Georgians gave *us* enormous parties every night. So when I found that some were coming here, I decided to do something for them. They will have a chance to get out of their dreadful hotel, eat some good food, drink some wine, and meet our dancers again. We have a lot of tall, beautiful blond girls in our company, and I've noticed that the Georgian men seem to communicate quite well, even though there is no common language."

"Tell us about Georgians," we said.

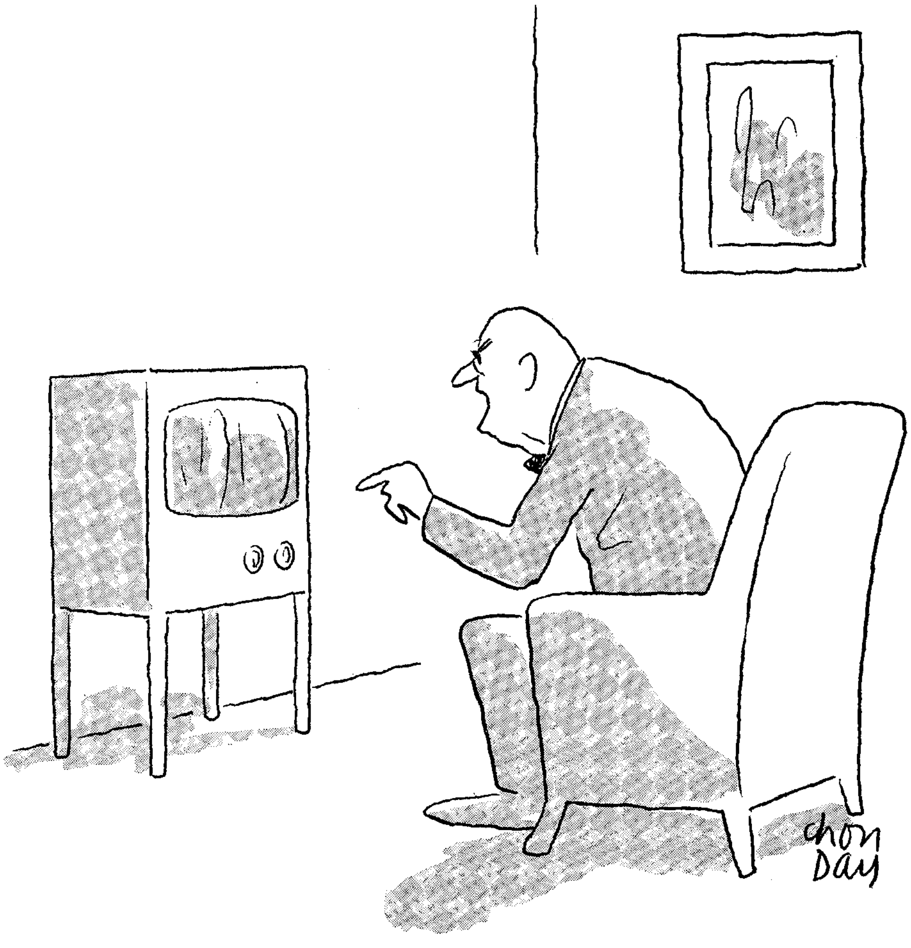
"We are not Russians," replied Mr. Balanchine. "We have our own language, which has some similarity to the language of the Basques. We have a literature that began in the fifth century and a musical tradition that dates from the Middle Ages. Some of those dances you saw tonight go back fifteen hundred years—to the time when our capital city, Tiflis, was founded. In very ancient times, there was a Greek influence in Georgia—it's the place where Jason went to steal the Golden Fleece. Even now, it's common to find Georgians named Prometheus, Apollon, and Medea. The Georgians are warriors, but they are also elegant, generous, and temperamental. They are also just about the fastest-moving people on earth—perhaps because they had to defend themselves against everybody for such a long time. Most of the best things in Russia—the wine, the tea, the fruits and vegetables—come from Georgia."

We asked Mr. Balanchine if he still had relatives in Georgia.

"My brother Andrei, who is a composer, lives in Tiflis, with his family," he said. "And my father, who composed a Georgian opera and was Minister of Culture during the brief period when Georgia was an independent republic, is buried at Kutaisi, a village nearby. Our name—Balanchivadze—indicates that we belong to the Imertsin clan, because all of the members of this group have names that end in 'dze.' It means 'son of.' The first time I visited Tiflis, in 1962, I was astonished to find more than a hundred Imertsin relatives waiting to meet me. And when I looked around I found that I was the oldest of them all."

At about eleven, the Georgians arrived in a group, greeted Mr. Balanchine, and headed for two overflowing buffet tables. (Non-performers congregated at the bar; performers from both companies concentrated on the food, because none of them had eaten dinner.) The men were mostly slim, dark-haired, and brown-eyed; many had mustaches, and quite a number looked like Omar Sharif. The women had black hair, deep-set dark eyes, and heavy eyebrows, and tended to look like Maria Callas. We sat down at a table with two members of the Polyphonic Choir and asked, through an interpreter, what had impressed them about America.

"Everybody we have met wants peace," replied Georgian No. 1, a



"No! I'll tell you something, Walter! That's not the way it is!"

brown-haired man with a large, curved nose and a bushy brown mustache.

"I am very interested in the tall buildings and the money that must have gone into building them," said Georgian No. 2, a tall, gray-haired man with strong, regular features and blue eyes.

"This is excellent wine," said Georgian No. 1, refilling everybody's glass. "It's like a wine we have in Georgia called Gurdzhaani. We produce a lot of good wine, but the Russians drink most of it, so it is not exported."

"Some of us have bought American clothes," said Georgian No. 2, "and some of us send our money home to save up for an automobile."

We inquired of the two whether they could give us some clues to the elusive Georgian personality.

"In order to be proud, you must be a Georgian," said Georgian No. 2, raising his glass in a toast.

"One Georgian and a bottle of wine are already a Polyphonic Choir," said Georgian No. 1, pouring more wine for everybody.

A few minutes later, the people at several tables scattered around the large room broke into spontaneous song. The two Georgians listened for a moment, and one of them turned to us with a smile. "You will notice," he said, "that each group is singing a different melody. Every Georgian likes to go his own way. This is a fundamental part of our national character."

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PHOTOGRAPHS: Making our way through a churning crowd at the Nikon House Gallery, on Madison Avenue, one night last week, we fancied that we were very probably witnessing the greatest gathering of literary talent since Taki 183, the original subway graffitist, worked alone to spray-paint his first train. The occasion was the opening of an exhibition of photographic portraits by Jill Krementz, titled "Famous Writers and Other Personalities." A lot of famous writers and other personalities showed up for the opening—all of them friends of Miss Krementz, some of them present to see themselves hanging on the wall. We met Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Bernard Malamud, Jerzy Kosinski, Nikki Giovanni, S. J. Perelman, and Isaac Bashevis Singer, all of whom are famous writers; Dr. Benjamin Spock, who is both a writer and a personality; and Geraldo Rivera, who is a personality and the son-in-law of a famous writer, Mr. Vonnegut. A receptionist at the door told us that Dustin Hoffman, the actor, would be there, but he never made it. However, we did meet Kitty Carlisle, the actress, and Kevin McCarthy, the actor. We heard that Dr. Milton Kelmans was there, but we didn't actually see him. Miss Krementz told us that Dr. Kelmans is her dentist, and every time she goes to his office he shows her the photographs from his most recent vacation.

In addition to Miss Krementz's photographs, which are excellent, the gathering was rich with snippets of literary chitchat, such as:

FIRST MAN: Have you seen Joe?
SECOND MAN: Joe who?
FIRST MAN: Joe Heller.
SECOND MAN: No. Is he here?
FIRST MAN: I don't know.

The only problem with the show seems to be that it contains only about seventy of Miss Krementz's prints. One of our favorites—which she said she took just for fun—is a picture of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Heinrich Böll, the German novelist. They are shown seated in a bus, laughing heartily. Mr. Vonnegut explained that they were laughing because Mr. Böll had just told him how German soldiers assigned to the Russian front during the Second World War managed to shoot themselves and not get court-martialled for doing so. "The trick was to do it through a loaf of bread. No powder burn," said Mr. Vonnegut.

Another very nice picture shows Dr. Spock sitting on a park bench with twin babies perched in his lap. Early in the evening, a television crew shot some footage of Dr. Spock standing in front of the photograph. Dr. Spock, who is very tall and doctorly, smiled broadly for television. "We know the twins' grandmother," Dr. Spock's wife, Jane, confided to us. Miss Krementz's mother, Mrs. Walter Krementz, said, "It's so silly. I offered to let Jill use *my* twins for the picture—actually, my grandchildren, her nephews. They're wonderful."

Different people attended the show for different reasons. Norman Cousins, the editor of *Saturday Review/World*, walked through with his assistant, Wendy Sherman (who just happens to be Jill Krementz's cousin), and looked for photographs that he might want to publish in his magazine. "James Michener is good," he said to Miss Sherman, who took notes. "So is Edmund Wilson. Archibald MacLeish is good, Katherine Anne Porter is good, Walker Percy is good, Thornton Wilder is *very* good, Auden is good . . ."

Two storytellers, S. J. Perelman and Isaac Bashevis Singer, met for the first time at the exhibition, introduced by Miss Krementz, who was a proud matchmaker. They stared at each other for a moment, mutually awestruck. Finally, Mr. Perelman said that he had come for the opening only on the chance that he might see Mr. Singer, who replied by declaring that Mr. Perelman is a genius.

"What a knowledge and command of the English language you have!" Mr. Singer exclaimed.

"Oh, I occasionally write a bit in *your* language," said Mr. Perelman.

Then Mr. Singer asked for something to drink. "A bit of *schnapps*," he said. "Something light."

Later, someone asked Mr. Perelman, who was a bit red in the face, whether he was sunburned or felt warm.

"Neither," he said. "It's the flush of dissolution."

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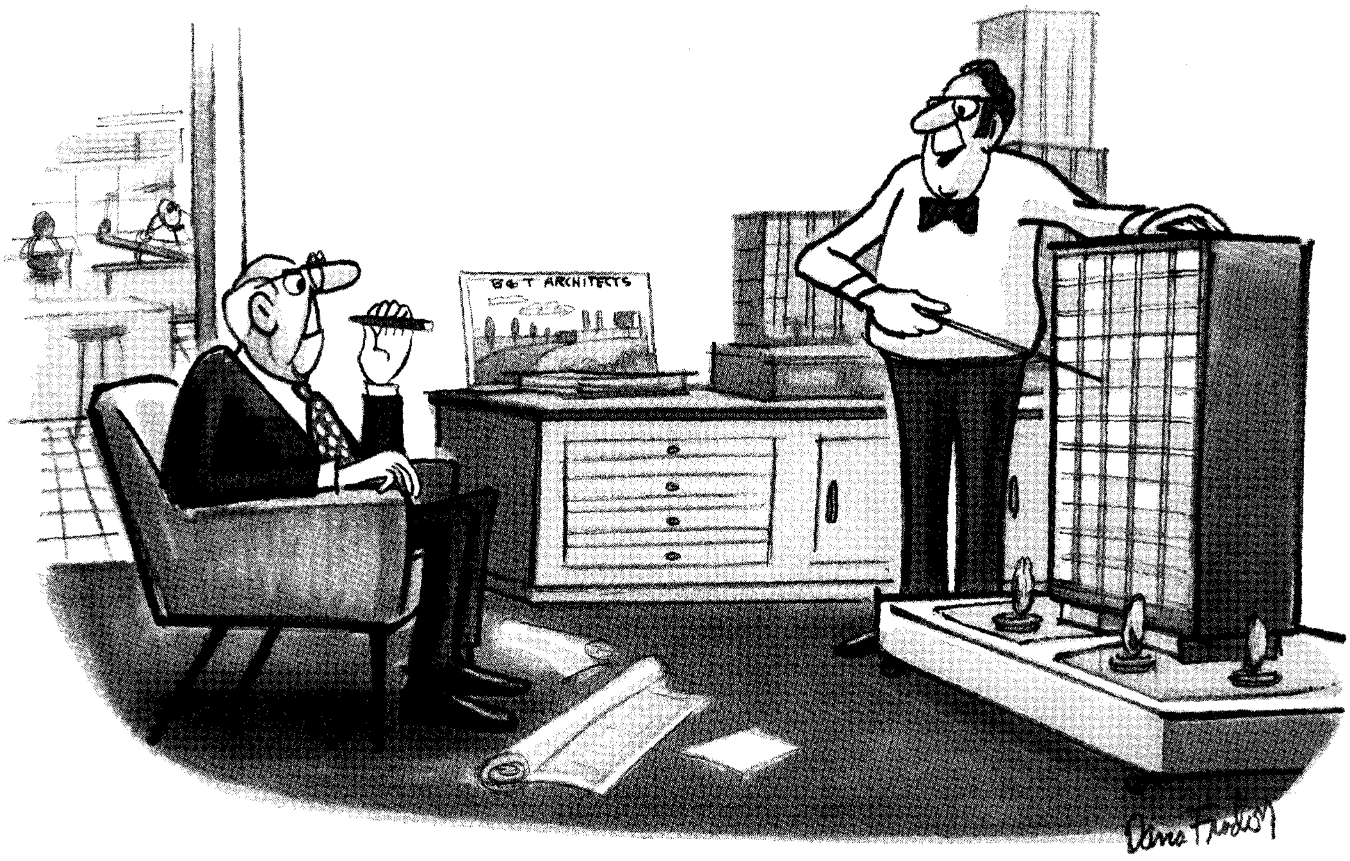
WITH THE CURMUDGEON: Our pal the old curmudgeon dragged us off to his kind of party the other day—a party at Quo Vadis given by the Romanoff Caviar Company to celebrate the addition of Edouard Artzner Foie Gras Truffé to the company repertoire. "We're going to do this my way," the curmudgeon instructed us in a Checker cab as we headed for the restaurant—the c. never takes anything else. "I have an important question to ask Mr. Arnold Hansen-Sturm, the president of Romanoff, but I'm not going to— Well, you'll see. I'm fond of the Romanoff Company, because it used originally to ship American sturgeon eggs to Europe—they came from the Hudson and from Penns Grove, on the Delaware—and only in the twentieth century did they get a license from the Romanovs and start shipping Caspian Sea caviar to the U.S."

A large table in the front room of Quo Vadis was heaped high with two kinds of caviar and the usual condiments—chopped onion, chopped egg yolks, and lemon wedges—as well as slices of truffled pâté. In the melee, everyone was expected to wait on himself, but the curmudgeon managed to scoop up a generous amount of all this on two plates and escorted us to a banquette off to one side. We began at once. "This is the best cafeteria I've eaten in in a long time," said the curmudgeon,



"To meet the energy shortage as it applies to air-conditioning, the panes of glass are so designed that they can be moved up or down—at the occupant's will—thus allowing fresh, cool air to enter the building when desired."

• •

but then a waiter gave us two glasses of Taittinger champagne. "We will be well served after all," he said. "You will see. Waiters love people who sit down and stay out of the way."

The two kinds of caviar were a superior gray caviar and a simply extraordinary golden caviar. The latter was a first even for the curmudge, and he munched it complacently. "We have helped ourselves to at least eight dollars and fifty cents' worth of caviar apiece, you know," he said. "I have always seated myself off to the side at big parties. In the old days, it gave me a chance to scan for some doll who regretted having arrived with her particular escort. At weddings, I've always done well with bridesmaids. When a wedding party's breaking up, bridesmaids have nothing to do and begin to look a mite droopy. I would at that point suggest supper at the Blue Angel. Ah, bless me! A woman in a hat! Now, that is unusual. I had been fearing that New York was beginning to resemble London—a city where the men are better dressed than the women. I've seen enough pants suits for a while."

The waiter refilled our champagne glasses. We spotted a man who was surely Mr. Arnold Hansen-Sturm, and suggested making an approach. The curmudgeon would have none of it. "No, no," he said. "You can't talk to anyone in a melee like this. The point is to wait until the crowd thins and the man has no more worries. That's when he's glad to see you. Mr. Hansen-Sturm is a fifth-generation caviar man, and I am certainly not going to talk to him now. I am hoping some tall, pouty, smoldering French or Italian girls will arrive. Let us admire the scene. This is one of the best-looking restaurants in New York."

The smoldering ones did not arrive. The waiter refilled our glasses again and again. Finally, the party thinned out, and the curmudgeon went in search of Mr. Hansen-Sturm. "I have two questions for him now," he said.

The first question, which pleased Mr. H.-S., was "What is that incredible golden caviar?"

"Ah!" said Arnold Hansen-Sturm. "There are three kinds of sturgeon in the Caspian Sea. One of them—the osetra—produces eggs of which one per cent are golden. The golden eggs are kept for the exclusive use of the Imperial Court in Iran. By special arrangement, for this auspicious occasion, we flew in four kilos—about nine pounds. But they disappeared at the airport—perhaps into certain stomachs. So by another special arrangement we flew in another four kilos."

The curmudgeon's other question was about the pâté, which he had enjoyed. Why was Romanoff adding this item to its line?

Mr. Hansen-Sturm explained that the Caesars had eaten foie gras at every banquet—and that's why he had chosen Quo Vadis for the party—but that the dish had then disappeared until 1772, when Jean-Pierre Clause, the chef of the Governor of Strasbourg, had re-invented the delicacy. Shortly thereafter, another French chef, Nicolas Doyen, introduced the truffle. (There is a French law that every truffled piece of French pâté must contain at least five per cent truffle.) Then, in 1803, Philippe Edouard Artzner, a pastry chef who had studied with Clause and Doyen, opened a shop in Strasbourg, and it was the pâté perfected by him that was that day being introduced to New York.

"Well, it's the best caviar I've had since breakfasts on the Trans-Siberian Express," said the old curmudgeon. "And I approve of Strasbourg. A town where every peasant girl sits all day ramming goodies down the throats of geese."

SANTA'S LIST

(BOOKS DIVISION)

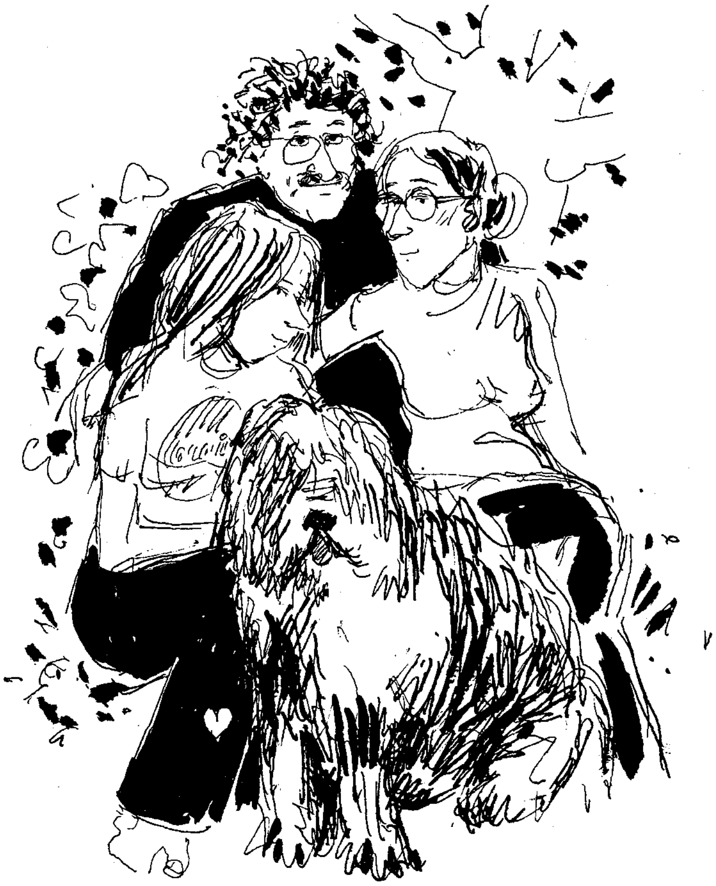
Come Christmas, come books! Easy to wrap, complimenting the intellect as they complement the wallpaper, books have been great gift items for centuries!

These days, a book is more than just a little package of information. Books have become chunks of the author's karma, and media penetration brings us the author along with the book. Peeping out of TV and print interviews, the author has become an almost palpable presence—an aura, if you're into that—attached to the volume you pick up at your bookstore.

With this in mind, we're offering a very new, very now kind of selection to help you sift through this fall's list of books.

We're showing you the back cover—a picture of the author—and providing a brief sketch of the person whose aura you or a loved one will be dealing with. Our idea is to spare you some of those dust-jacket disasters you may have experienced in the past. (The baleful stare of a loser, the assault of extreme ugliness, or the shock of an obscene gesture.)

We know our authors, and, just as we guarantee their competence in TV interviews, we guarantee *you* the comfort of being sure you haven't purchased the work of a person likely to track bad press into your or your giftee's library. If yours is the kind of sensitivity that prompts you to feel you're making a home for author as well as book, this list is for you. Remember—every message brings a messenger!

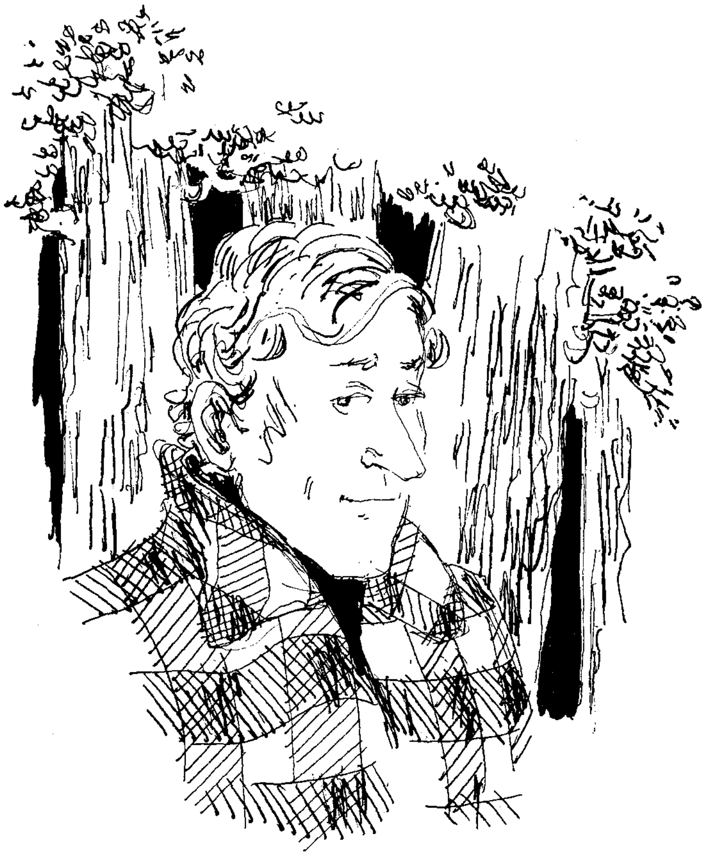


"How to Put Down Despair and Groove on Love"

THE BROLLNERS

The Brollners insist their how-to book was an absolutely communal effort that had input even from their old English sheepdog, Winnie. Zack, Maria (pronounced Ma-reye-a), and young Adam came to their revolutionary insights the hard way. Analysis, divorce, alcohol, drugs, encounter, group sex, primal scream, adultery, embezzlement, Buddhism, and Ibiza are only some of the elemental forces shaping them.

Their collaboration, both on the book and on the many interviews and other promotional gigs marking its publication, have put them, in their words, "very, very together." Surprisingly, none of the Brollners are related. They discovered they all had the same name while they were standing in an unemployment-insurance line. What else they discovered makes very cool, high-energy reading.

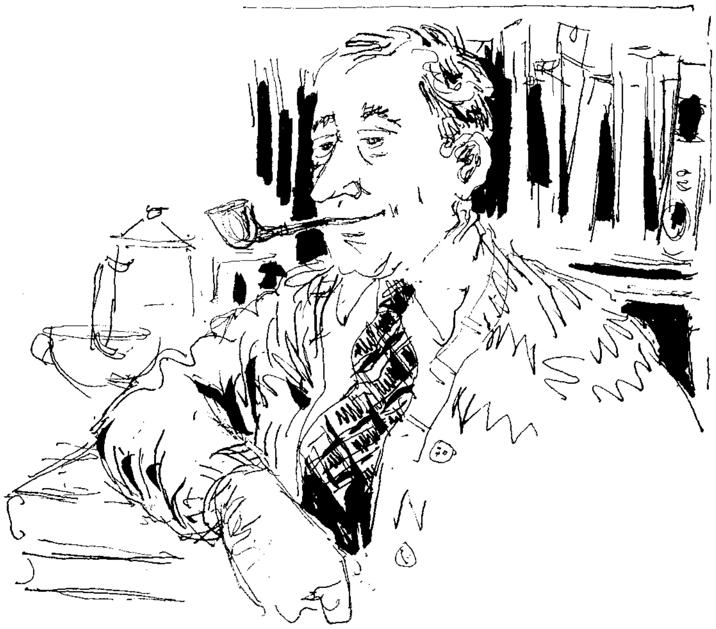


"Timberrr!"

OLE DOOLEY

"Timberrr!" makes as good reading as Ole makes good looking! We've selected it from this year's disaster offerings because, besides the big-cataclysm feeling, it has an ecological feeling. The plot centers on the felling of California's largest sequoia, *the General Sherman*. It's a red-blooded work about a tough chain-saw man who sees a lot more go down the river than trees.

We needn't say much about Ole, because his picture is surely worth a thousand words. He was picked over both Charlton Heston and Burt Reynolds to play the lead in the film version of this woodland epic.



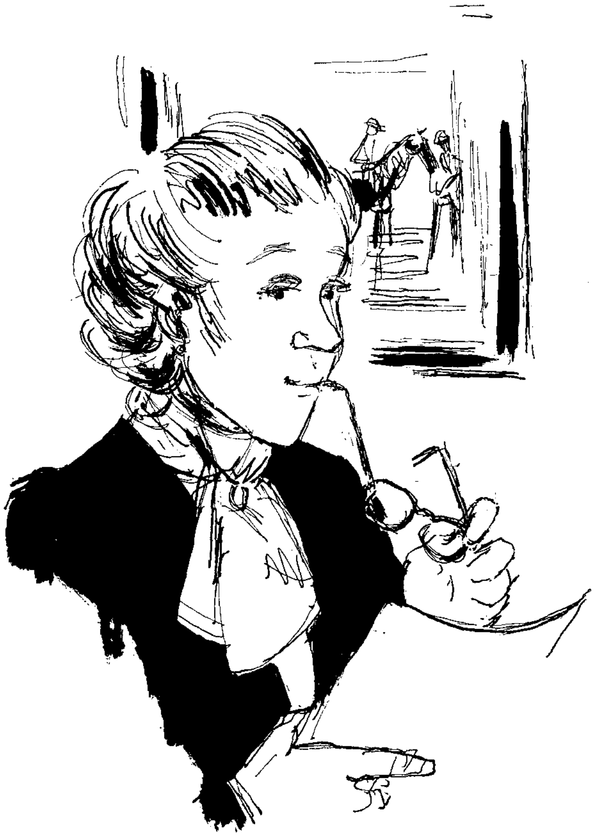
"Dr. Watson's Cook, Lose Weight, and Make Love at the Same Time Book"

DR. WALDO WATSON, D.V.M.

You'll be pleased to know the Doctor's voice is as avuncular, bookish, and old-cardiganish as his picture. His screen test was positive. He even came across with a sort of fatherly quality—a bonanza plus for a scribe in this medium.

As for the work itself, just the list of unexpected uses for twelve items found in every kitchen is enough to outdistance the competition.

You can look for the good Doctor in chats with both Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin this winter, and, should his book do a million in North American sales, Dr. Watson will throw out the first ball for the Oakland A's next season.



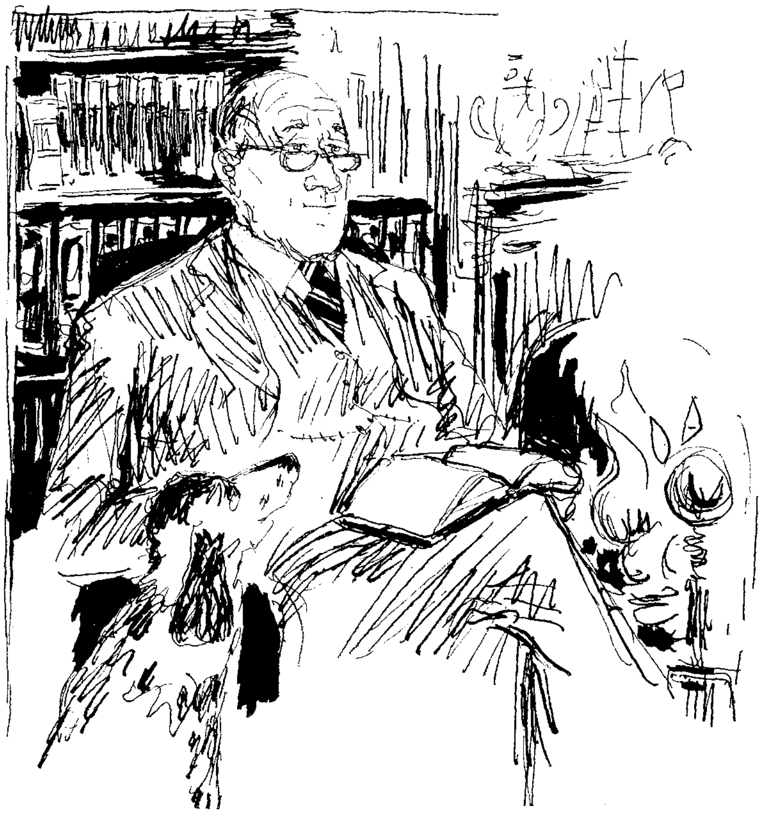
"The Foxcliffe Tontine"

SAMANTHA WAKEFIELD QUARTERPOLE

Ms. Quarterpole's dreamy voice and lilting, genteel Virginia accent make the content of whatever she says secondary. On TV, she will make you feel you and she are alone on a veranda long ago and far away.

Her novel follows the careers of the illegitimate line of the Duke from her last opus, "Candlewycke." Just the thing to make time fly for sunbathers, invalids, and *au pairs*.

Ms. Quarterpole's legs are sensational!



"General George Washington: An American Life"

J. C. HIGGINS

Like the volumes he pens, Mr. Higgins is beautifully bound. His tailor has adroitly matched the impeccable speech and meticulous—but not finicky—mannerisms of his patron. Mr. Higgins speaks—in addition to English—French. He was educated completely in private schools.

The book itself is a thing of beauty. A truly historical-looking item, emblazoned with eagles, drums, stars, muskets, and other appropriate symbols.

—William Hamilton

ONE OF OUR STAGECRAFT IS MISSING

IN these days when rock stars hatch one evening and perish the next with the mortality of mayflies, how many of those who, like myself, idolized him ever give a thought to Liberace? All of us were spellbound by his meteoric rise, hungrily followed his career, and kept his picture under our pillow, but I suppose that essentially we looked upon him as a great, gorgeous peacock who shed enchantment on our lives and then flapped off into obscurity. So it was a signal for rejoicing when the night-club page of *Variety* blossomed forth recently with a review of his new act at the Las Vegas Hilton, the essence of which was that he had once more breathtakingly demonstrated his virtuosity. Said the account, "Liberace outdoes himself on each return with a more spectacular wardrobe (this time it's a dazzler whipped up by young designer Jim Lapidus), more expensive automobiles to deliver him onstage, more colorful supporting acts (the Little Angels of Korea are aboard currently), and more surprises. The surprise this trip is not his entrance, which is surprising enough, but his exit—he literally flies off the stage and into the wings suspended by wire à la Peter Pan. It adds up to a fine funfest bursting with extra flair by the master showman."

My initial reaction, understandably, was one of awe; it must have taken an engineering genius like Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the wizard who built the Great Eastern, to whisk someone of Liberace's girth into limbo before the audience's eyes. Yet that was only half the problem; after he described his parabola, how had they cushioned his descent? Was he pitchforked onto a hair mattress or feather bed, a firemen's net stretched by half a dozen stagehands? The report cast no light on such technicalities, and perhaps it was just as well. Coruscating and effulgent in his jewelled finery, Liberace had again flashed across the firmament like Halley's comet, creating a moment of theatrical magic. To equivocate about the phenomenon would be as idle as analyzing a moonbeam.

Keen though my pleasure was at Liberace's resurgence, I was nagged by a feeling that somewhere in the past I, too, had assisted in the lightning disappearance of an actor. It couldn't have been connected with "Peter Pan," since I never saw Barrie's play and my only association with him was that pipe smoker's bible "My Lady Nicotine," in some freshman dormitory when heated disputes raged about the relative merits of Barking Dog and Imperial Cube Cut and people used to rub Dunhill briars along the side of their nose to bring out the beauty of the grain. No, my imbroglio had some reference to show business, but stap my vitals if I could pin it down. Just as I was chastising myself for an amnesic old pantaloon, a chance encounter provided the clue that resurrected the whole thing.

I was combing the kitchenware section of Macy's for a prosaic enough appliance—an hourglass gauging how long to boil an egg. All I could find was a Swiss monstrosity (a tiny glass cathedral filled with blue plastic beads) and a nine-dollar automatic timer that switched on lights to deceive burglars. The salesgirl, a Mexican Indian from Mazatlán who had not had my advantages, was unable to grasp what I sought.

"An hourglass," I pleaded, sculpturing a figure in the air like Lillian Russell's. "You know, the same on top as on the bottom. . . . For boiling *huevos*—like the one Father Time carries with his scythe."

Irked by her utter incomprehension, I threw up my hands and flung off, nearly capsizing a middle-aged woman burdened with shopping bags. Before I could apologize, her face brightened. "Why, hello, stranger!" she said, chortling. "Don't you remember me? I'm Noreen Cannister—have you forgotten? I played Gloria Kramer in 'One Touch of Venus.' "

Well, her features evoked no memory of any in the cast I treasured, but after a struggle I succeeded in placing her. Her married name was Breastbohn, she disclosed, and her husband had an automobile agency in Plainfield, New Jersey.

"Now, promise me," she urged as we parted. "If you ever should pass through Plainfield—"

I pledged I would stop by for the clam fritters or shoofly pie or whatever delicacy Plainfield was renowned for, and left. Almost an hour later, the full significance of our meeting hit me. But of course! This was the party—this selfsame Noreen Cannister—whose inexplicable fate I had been groping to recover from the past.

In the autumn of 1943, the company of "One Touch of Venus" was in New York, girding itself for its Boston tryout under the direction of Elia Kazan. The libretto Ogden Nash and I had fashioned for Kurt Weill's score was an intricate one, but, stripped of its details, as it was by Kazan doggedly, it concerned the goddess's infatuation with a barber. One of the key scenes dealt with a quarrel in the latter's shop between his fiancée, Gloria, and Venus, at the climax of which the incensed divinity, with an imperious gesture, caused her rival to disappear on the spot.

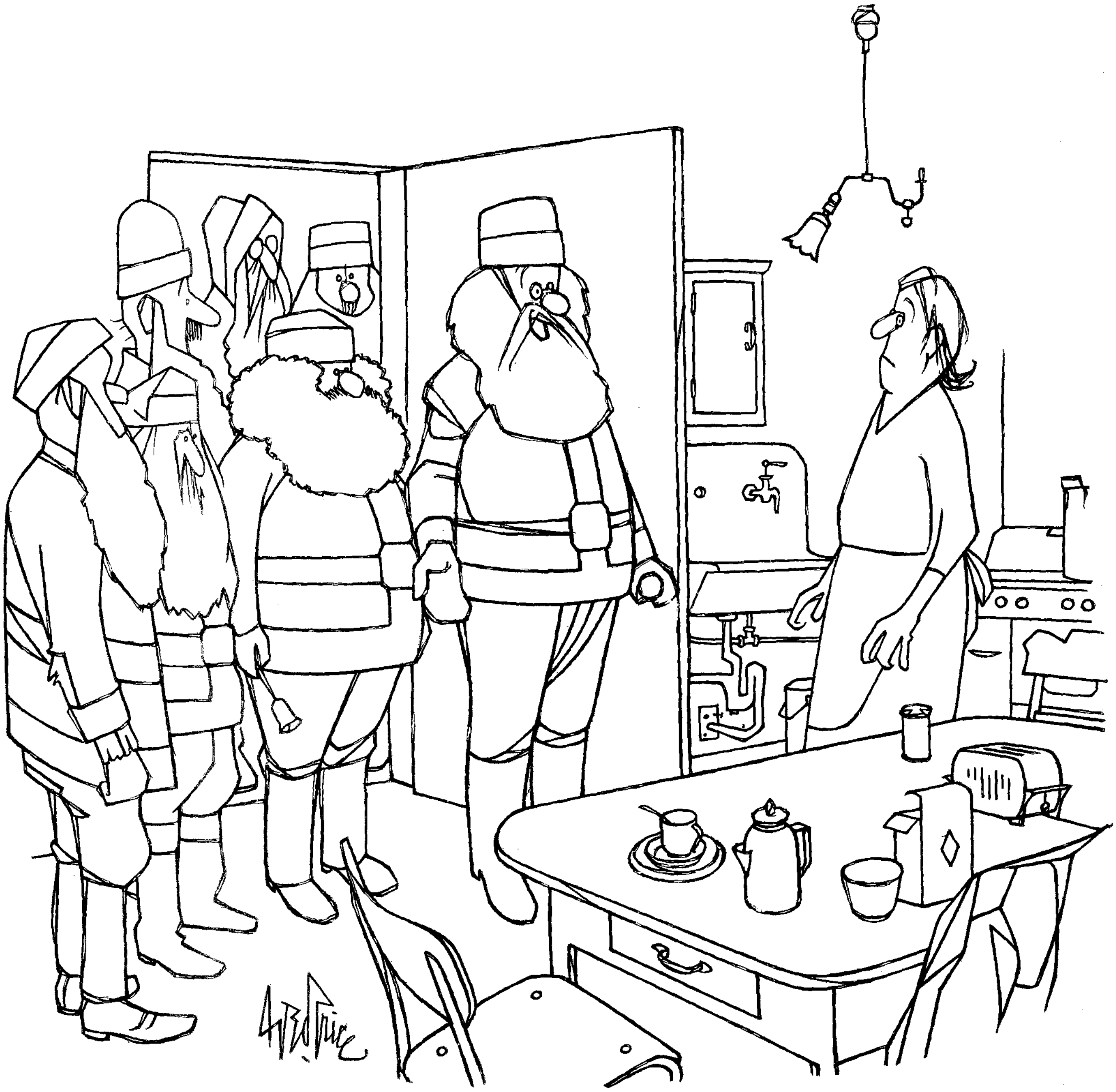
"That may take a little doing," observed Kazan, who had had some small experience in amateur theatricals.

Luckily, we had foreseen his objection. There was, said Nash, a person named Cubbage, a member of the Society of American Magicians expert in such illusions, who had signified his readiness to tackle the problem if a proper quid pro quo was forthcoming. Skeptical at first that anyone could be made to evaporate in full light, Kazan finally agreed to run the scene for the magician. Cubbage, a lanky stringbean of a man resembling Pee Wee Russell, watched the action, pondered awhile, and assured us he could work it out.

"That's what we call a mid-stage vanish," he explained. Then, scrutinizing Gloria, he asked, "Tell me—do you have to use that actress again?" Kazan replied that she was indispensable, and Cubbage sighed. "It's a shame," he said. "I could have given you a really spectacular trick. Anyhow, don't worry. I'll get back to you. I have to measure a few barber chairs for what I have in mind."

The solution he returned with was brilliant in its simplicity. A conventional barber chair would be altered in but one respect—its back to consist of a hollow replica five inches deeper than the original, masked by a roller curtain of simulated leather. During the altercation, Venus would advance on Gloria with arm upraised so that the girl staggered backward into the seat, drawing up her knees in terror. As the goddess majestically consigned her to oblivion, the chair would begin revolving. Gloria would jackknife into its hollow in her fetal position, and within two and a half quick revolutions she would effectively vanish into thin air.

Despite managerial outcries at the expense of Cubbage's device and forebodings from Kazan that Gloria might suffocate inside it, majority opinion hailed the idea as sensational. Word was dispatched to the scenic studio to ready the chair for the Boston tryout, now less than a fortnight distant. In the attendant frenzy of preparation, none of us alluded to the subject again; while the fate of the show was unpredictable, Gloria's mid-stage vanish was



"Set seven places for dinner, Sweetie. I brought home some friends."

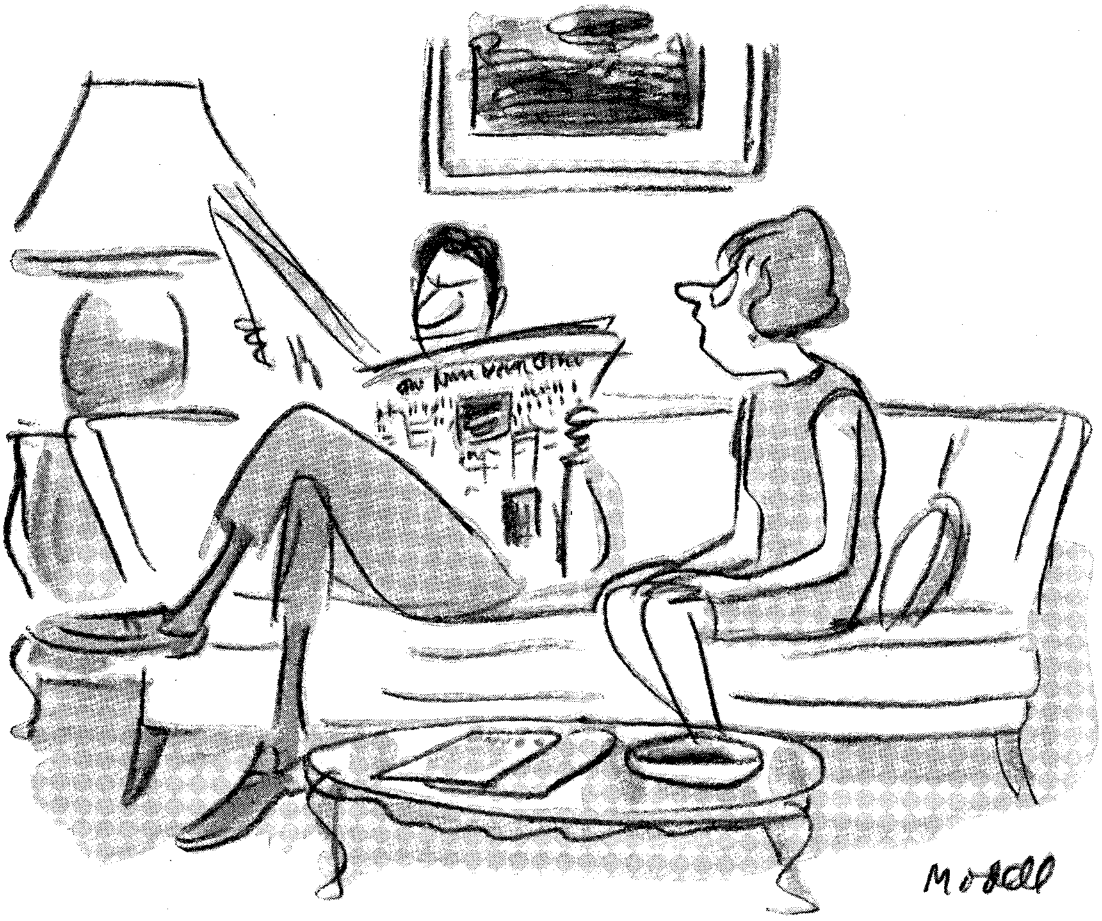
• •

a cinch. We could already hear the cheers of the opening-night audience as it gave the scene a standing ovation.

At the dress rehearsal in Boston's Colonial Theatre, costumes ripped, scenery buckled, and tempers frazzled, but the illusion worked superbly. The two principals and the chair performed with brio, spiriting away Gloria like a puff of smoke. There was only one imperfection—a drawback, to put it mildly, that nobody could have anticipated. On Gloria's scheduled reappearance in the plot, she failed to turn up on cue. The rehearsal ground to a stop as emissaries scouted dressing rooms, the lounges, adjacent lunchrooms in vain. Saddled with a vast company of mummers, dancers, singers, and musicians frozen into inactivity, not to mention nineteen stagehands drawing overtime pay, Kazan tore out handfuls of hair—an action that threatened to leave him as bald as an egg. But the search was unavailing; by whatever agency, human or divine, the girl had in fact disappeared and divil a bit if anyone had seen her go.

At the première the following night, Gloria's understudy took over the role, playing the scene without the use of Cubbage's prop. Instead, Venus wrought her magic on a stage aquiver with thunder and lightning, and the girl stole off through the murk. The audience, inured to displays of thunder and lightning, failed to respond with a standing ovation. Nash and I, draped over the orchestra rail, were embittered by the thought of what might have been. To further lacerate our self-esteem, Kazan, whenever he beheld the two of us thereafter, would sardonically comment, "There go Cubbage and Burbage."

IT followed as the night the day, hence, that, having collided with Noreen Cannister, I was avid to quiz the lady about her untimely disappearance, and I hastened to phone her. However, since I had stupidly forgotten her married name of Breastbohn, this presented a difficulty; I remembered it as something like Sternum or Midriff, but no such person was listed in Plainfield. Ultimately, I sequestered her



"Just because you don't think '75 is going to be such a hot year doesn't mean we're not going to usher it in, does it?"

• •

through her husband's car lot, and we met for lunch in an Italian restaurant in the Village whose ambience I felt would encourage confidences. She was, as I expected, reluctant at the outset to yield up particulars, but three Side Cars and a quantity of Verdicchio loosened her tongue. It was a bizarre story.

Six months before joining our musical, Noreen had met a wealthy furrier named, if I recall, Max Bibulous, who fell madly in love with her. She described him as magnetic rather than handsome, adding that, though overweight, squat, and brusque, he radiated a sense of power. He was also the soul of generosity; he lavished jewels and clothes and flowers on her without stint and sought to install her in a Park Avenue *garçonnière*, which she found unacceptable. He, on his part, drew the line at marriage, claiming that his insanely jealous wife would drink iodine if he left her. Their friendship grew ever more tempestuous as his ardor increased, and on the eve of her departure for Boston he proposed that they run away to Brazil and start life anew. She derided the idea, a fierce quarrel ensued, and the evening ended with her vow never to see him again.

To boil down her rather diffuse narrative, she recalled that on the night of the dress rehearsal she felt giddy after her spin in the barber chair and had gone out the stage door for a breath of air. In the alley, she was accosted by a burly individual—a sailor, seemingly, for he had on a peajacket—who said that Bibulous, in a limousine outside, wished to speak to her. Foolishly unsuspecting, she started toward the curb, suddenly felt herself overpowered and smothered by a cloth exuding some noxious liquid, and knew no more. When she regained consciousness, she was in a hopeless predicament—a prisoner aboard a yacht, chartered by Bibulous, steaming for Brazil. So overcome was she by rage at his perfidy, by agitation at the ruin of her career, that her sanity almost gave way. No amount of supplication or of appeals to his finer nature produced the slightest effect; he countered with word pictures of their future together on vast *estancias*, of the carnival gaiety of Rio and journeys up the Amazon. Drained of emotion, corroded with bitterness, she locked herself in her cabin, resolved to starve herself to death.

"I don't know how long I was in there," she went on tragically. "I was so weak that time ceased to exist for me. Then the boat stopped moving, and in my delirium I thought we were in Rio, till Max forced the door and told me."

"Where were you?"

"In Camden, New Jersey. Max was crying and blubbering like a little boy. His whole world was in pieces. He had just been handed a cable by the harbor master—I forget his name—"

"Never mind his name," I interrupted. "What was in the cable?"

"It was from his accountant, Irving Previne. It said that his wife and his partner had cheated him out of his share in the business and eloped together. He didn't have a dime—only enough to pay the mooring fee. He begged me not to desert him—he was going to open a small fur shop in Mount Holly and begin over again if I would stick by him."

"But you were free," I objected. "Why didn't you come back to the show?"

"What, and be cooped up in that chair eight times a week?" she scoffed. "Listen, I was a nervous wreck, but I had some sense left. I hitchhiked as far as Plainfield, where luck smiled on me and I ran into Nels Breastbohn. Today, I have three darling kiddies, a devoted husband, and a lovely ranch-style home. So I guess I should be grateful."

Especially, I thought, to a man named Cubbage, who was more of a magician than he knew. "Still and all," I said, "don't you sometimes miss the glamour of show business?"

"Oh, *that*." She shrugged. "I can get all of that I need from a copy of *Variety*."

Which, considering what that journal's review of Liberace had done for me, took the words right out of my mouth. —S. J. Perelman

•

Many newcomers to wine, reading that 1970 was good, buy a bottle of 1907, drink it, and go back to Birch Beer.
—*Houston (Texas) Chronicle.*

One thing about birch beer—every year is a great year.

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

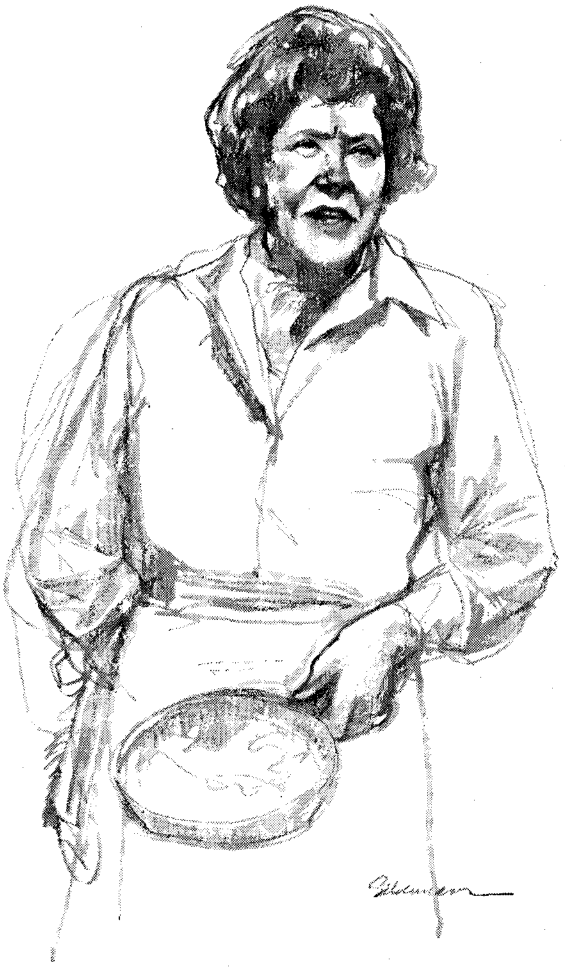
Come, my dears, let your spirits lighten,
Let's share a belt that's meant to tighten;
Perish the thought that mere inflation
Could damage our Christmas celebration.
Things look bleak and may become bleaker,
Yet let us lift a defiant beaker
And drink dismay to rising prices
And each new daily deadly crisis,
The while we chant a holiday song
For Ira Gershwin, Erica Jong,
Jean Rhys, Rita Moreno,
David Yunich, and Peter Rodino.
Full of love and released from hate,
We vow not to mention Water——;
So let's begin our Christmas list
With tasteful gifts for Judith Crist,
Louis Malle, Edwin Reischauer,
Jean Marsh, Maria Muldaur,
Nancy Kissinger, Judge Sirica,
And Abdel Aziz Bouteflika!
Minstrel, strike a cheerful chord
For a plucky lady, Betty Ford;
May Christmas Day be fair and merry
For the First Ms. and President Jerry!
See that the halls are holly-bedecked
For Hugh Carey, our Gov.-elect,
And ask that player to trill the flute
For Mary Anne Krupsak (Carey's Lieut.),
For Helen Meyner and John Glenn,
And every newborn Rep. and Sen.!
We dedicate this holiday ode
To Ella Grasso and Frank Kermode,
Ian Carmichael, Linda Blair,
Peter Benchley, and Nora Sayre.
By the quasars far above,
We swear we cherish Shirley Love,
Barbara Barrie, Perla Meyers,
And the Philadelphia Flyers.
Eric Clapton! Rebecca West!
Join the party, be our guest;
Bring along John Gregory Dunne
And Alvin Dark to share the fun.
(Senator Mansfield, you come, too,
With Margaret Drabble and Vida Blue!)
Many happy returns of the Day
To Marsha Mason and Gordon Ray.
Here's joy to the youthful Prince of Wales;
Here's bliss to the Kirkpatrick Sales.
Fill your goblets to the brim
And quaff a health to Seymour Krim;
Help yourself to the spicèd mead
And drink a bumper to Wilfrid Sheed,
Jim Plunkett, Christopher Keene,
Tom Eyen, and Archbishop Sheen.
We'll carol a classic Yuletide lay
For Lou Brock and John le Carré;
We'll lapse into French with *Joyeux Noël*
For President Corson of Cornell,
Then to Italian—*Buon Natale*
For the kids of the New York City Ballet.
Fröhliche Weihnachten, Robert Stack!
Feliz Navidad, Roberta Flack!
And fond *abrazos* from this gringo
To Rosie Casals and Placido Domingo!
(Dollars to tacos you did not
Dream we were such a polyglot.)
Come pin a flattering holiday rhyme on
Ian McKellen and William Simon,
Trish Reilly, Telly Savalas,
J.F. terHorst, and Maria Callas.
Turkey stuffing and cranberry jell
For John Houseman and Charles Goodell,
And light up the pudding known as plum
For Leon Jaworski and George Crumb.
Take a peek and tell us what's
In the fireside stockings for André Watts,
Anne Roiphe, Jim Dale,
Liv Ullmann, and Tom McHale.
Peace to Peter Lisagor,
Stevie Wonder, and Dinah Shore!
Love to Happy Rockefeller!
Pax as well to Joseph Heller,
Rebekah Harkness, Elton John,
And London's Stuart and Elsie Don.
A holiday replete with joy
To Loretta Switt and Matty Troy.
Our fond regards to Miguel Piñero,
Marybeth Hurt, José Quintero,
Lewis Thomas, the peerless physician,
And Pierre Boulez, the ditto musician.
God rest ye merry, Doctor J.,
Cal Lowell, Liza Macrae,
Valery Panov, Sandy Dennis,
Alison Lurie, and Gene Tenace!
Maralin Niska, please be our wait
And warble a carol for Bonnie Raitt,
Leonid Brezhnev, Stan Getz,
Elizabeth Ashley, and the Mets.
Ave, Bill Virdon! Hail, Frank Chin!
Come join our raucous New Year's din,
With Walker Percy, Carol Channing,
Barbara Jordan, Landon Manning,
Peter Cook, John Shirley-Quirk,
Lauren Hutton, Michael Burke,
Eisaku Sato, Sean MacBride,
Sherlock Holmes, and the Crimson Tide!

These greetings started in '32,
When times were tough—but we muddled through.
Today our frights are all redoubled,
But courage, friends, keep hearts untroubled.
Why, hardly a prophet is now alive
Who thought we'd make it to '75.
Take hope from the Star! Our course is clear—
Full muddle ahead through the coming year!

—Frank Sullivan

PROFILES

GOOD COOKING



Julia Child

THE headwaiter at Kan's could not decide immediately where to seat the Child party. One table was too small, another too far from the windows. Chinese waiters flew about in response to his urgent commands. Mrs. Kan, the proprietor, hastening to the scene, exchanged ceremonious greetings with Paul and Julia Child and was introduced to Rosemary Manell and Elizabeth Bishop, who would be assisting Julia throughout the next week in a series of cooking demonstrations for the benefit of the Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco. Mrs. Kan was deeply honored by the presence in her restaurant of Julia Child, whose television show, "The French Chef," is well known in San Francisco, but also deeply distressed, for she had not expected the visit. At length, the Child party was seated at a large table near the center of a big, elegant second-floor room that overlooks the city's Chinese quarter.

"Julia would like it if you ordered for all of us," Mrs. Manell said to Mrs. Kan. Julia nodded, beaming. She had lost her voice two days before, in Seattle, where she had given a series of four cooking demonstrations for the benefit of St. Mark's Cathedral. At a cocktail party following one of the demonstrations, she had swallowed an hors d'oeuvre that contained a very hot pepper, and a doctor she consulted seemed to think this might have been the cause of it. She was not supposed to use her voice, and she was communicating with facial expressions, gestures, and notes written with a felt-tip pen on a white pad. Whenever she scribbled a note to Mrs. Kan, Mrs. Kan took the pad and pen and wrote out her reply. Mrs. Bishop explained that this wasn't really necessary, since Julia could hear perfectly well, but Mrs. Kan seemed to think it impolite to reply orally to a written message.

Mrs. Kan's selections began with barbecued spareribs, served as an hors d'oeuvre, and progressed to fried squid. "Fresh frying fat makes all the difference," Julia wrote when she had tasted it. Mrs. Kan wrote back, "An expert such as you knows!" The squid was followed by diced-winter-melon soup, pale green and delicately flavored ("Does it look like cat vomit?" Julia inquired in a note not shown to Mrs. Kan), and then by lemon chicken, Kan's special noodles flavored with chicken and coriander, asparagus with beef, and bean cake with barbecued pork. Two other diners sent complimentary greetings to the Childs' table, and their waiter told them that everyone wanted to know what Julia was having (nobody in America calls her anything but Julia). As the meal continued, Julia scribbled faster and faster, and asked the others to read her notes aloud, so there could be the appearance of conversation. "Isn't this far better than that hot Szechwan stuff?" she wrote. "Paul and I lived 1½ years in China and never had it. I wonder if it really exists there." The Childs lived in China during the Second World War—Kunming, in fact, was the scene of their courtship, while they were both working for the Office of Strategic Services—and they have retained ever since a keen interest in Chinese cooking. Julia Child does not do any Chinese cooking herself, because she feels that one lifetime is hardly sufficient to encompass the cuisines of France, her specialty, but she loves to go to Chinese restaurants. "I would be perfectly happy w. only Chinese food," she wrote. "Either French or Chinese. Could live w. only Chinese."

Mrs. Kan wanted the Childs to see the kitchen. She also wanted to take their picture, and she refused to let them pay for the meal. Paul Child made certain that the photo would not be used as an endorsement for Kan's—"We never do that"—and he said that they always paid for meals in restaurants. "We must be very careful, no payola," Julia wrote on her pad. "Remember Watergate!" Mrs. Kan smiled firmly. Everyone got up and went into the kitchen, where Julia inspected mysterious vessels and vats, and put her arm around the chef. The chef, who stood a good eighteen inches short of Julia's six feet one and a half, seemed absolutely delighted.

Going back to the hotel in a taxi, Paul was upset that he had not been permitted to pay for the meal. "She was so determined," he said. "I didn't want to do *battle* over it."

"We'll send her a book," Julia wrote. And a little later, in a note to Mrs. Bishop, "We must all help to cheer up Paul. He gets depressed when anything wrong w. wife."

THE Childs and their associates were at about the midpoint of a demonstration tour that had begun in Seattle and would conclude in Honolulu. There were to be eight cooking demonstrations in San Francisco, at the Kabuki Theatre, in the new Japan Center on Geary Street. They had flown in from Seattle on a Thursday, four days in advance of the first demonstration, and they needed all of the time they had to get ready. In their comfortable suite at the Clift Hotel, the Childs, Mrs. Manell, and Mrs. Bishop spent hours going over lists, schedules, and recipes in thick loose-leaf notebooks. Other lists had preceded them—lists of cooking equipment and food staples and hardware and supplies of all kinds, which the Women's Board of Presbyterian Hospital of Pacific Medical Center, co-sponsor of the event along with Liberty House, the San Francisco branch of the Honolulu department store, had agreed to provide. The Women's Board had done its job with great zeal—had provided, in fact, more than fifteen hundred separate items, from a stove and a refrigerator down to rolls of paper towels and packages of scouring pads. (Many of the utensils were going to be raffled off to ticket buyers after the demonstrations.) There were always a number of things, like fresh vegetables, that could only be bought at the last minute, however, and Mrs. Manell and Mrs. Bishop were responsible for getting those. The dishes to be cooked onstage at the Kabuki were all fairly spectacular. Having more or less invented what could be called the theatre of cooking during her twelve years on television, Julia was not going to let her audiences down, and the stage, she knew, required larger effects than the home screen. She would give San Francisco her Caneton en Aspic à la Parisienne and Charlotte Malakoff, Beef Wellington and Quiche aux Asperges, Le Loup en Croûte and Crêpes à la Pagode en Flammes.

By Saturday, two days before the first demonstration, Julia's voice had returned. Her younger sister Dorothy (Mrs. Ivan Cousins), who lives in Sausalito, had sent her to a throat specialist well known for treating opera singers and other performers, and he had painted and sprayed Julia's aggrieved larynx so skillfully that she was able to go through with a scheduled press conference at the Kabuki Theatre that morning. Julia and Paul sat for an hour at a small table in the theatre lobby, which Liberty House had turned into a festive-looking culinary boutique for the demonstrations, and replied in their quite different conversational styles—cheery, gracious, down-to-earth in Julia's case, precise and urbane in Paul's—to the not invariably stimulating questions of a dozen or so food and feature editors. Julia recommended that newcomers to cooking approach it "with courage and daring." Paul said they should not be afraid of hard work. Julia said cooking wasn't really hard once you mastered the essential techniques. Paul said that mastering the techniques required much hard work. Julia came out against the term "gourmet," which she said had lost all meaning through overuse ("We just say 'good cooking' "), and she also had harsh words for the frozen stringbean. A bearded reporter who said that he was from the Gay Liberation Press announced that he and his friends were coming to all the demonstrations. ("I think it's very good they're coming out of the closet," Julia said later.) Since nobody asked her about cholesterol, Julia brought up the subject herself. It was a very bad idea, she said, to think that you could cut out all foods that were high in cholesterol, as those were often the healthiest foods. Everyone needed a balanced diet. "We've done research on this," she said, "and we've found that some doctors believe a completely cholesterol-free diet can lead to premature aging and sexual frailty."

Although the press conference was a great success, the publicity for the cooking demonstrations had been, up to this point, somewhat disappointing. Only one major story had appeared in a San Francisco paper (the *Chronicle*), and that one had printed the wrong telephone number to call for tickets and reservations. Tickets for each demonstration were priced at fifteen dollars, and advance sales had been slow—partly, it was thought, because San Franciscans were nervous about the so-called zebra murders, and were afraid to go out in the evening. With Julia's arrival, though, the trickle of publicity became a flood, and ticket sales picked up.

"This is such an American custom, the way these affairs are run by volunteer women," Paul Child said that afternoon. "It's practically unheard of in Europe." Barbara Grant, the president of the Women's Board, and Hannah Foster, the vice-president, and their colleagues had started eight months before to prepare for the 1974 benefit. It had been Mrs. Foster's idea to invite Julia Child—in previous years the Women's Board's fund-raising had centered on an annual débutante ball. Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Grant, and several others on the benefit committee put in long hours throughout the

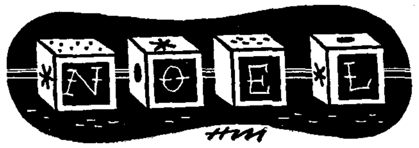
"What else did you bring me?"

Childs' stay in San Francisco, running errands for the cooking team, washing dishes and pots from the stage kitchen, briefing volunteer ushers, selling tickets, and not infrequently pressing their husbands into service as well. Only one or two of the people connected with the Women's Board seemed to be what Julia refers to as "lady types"—the type that comes into a kitchen, sees several stacks of unwashed utensils, and asks, "Is there anything I can do?"

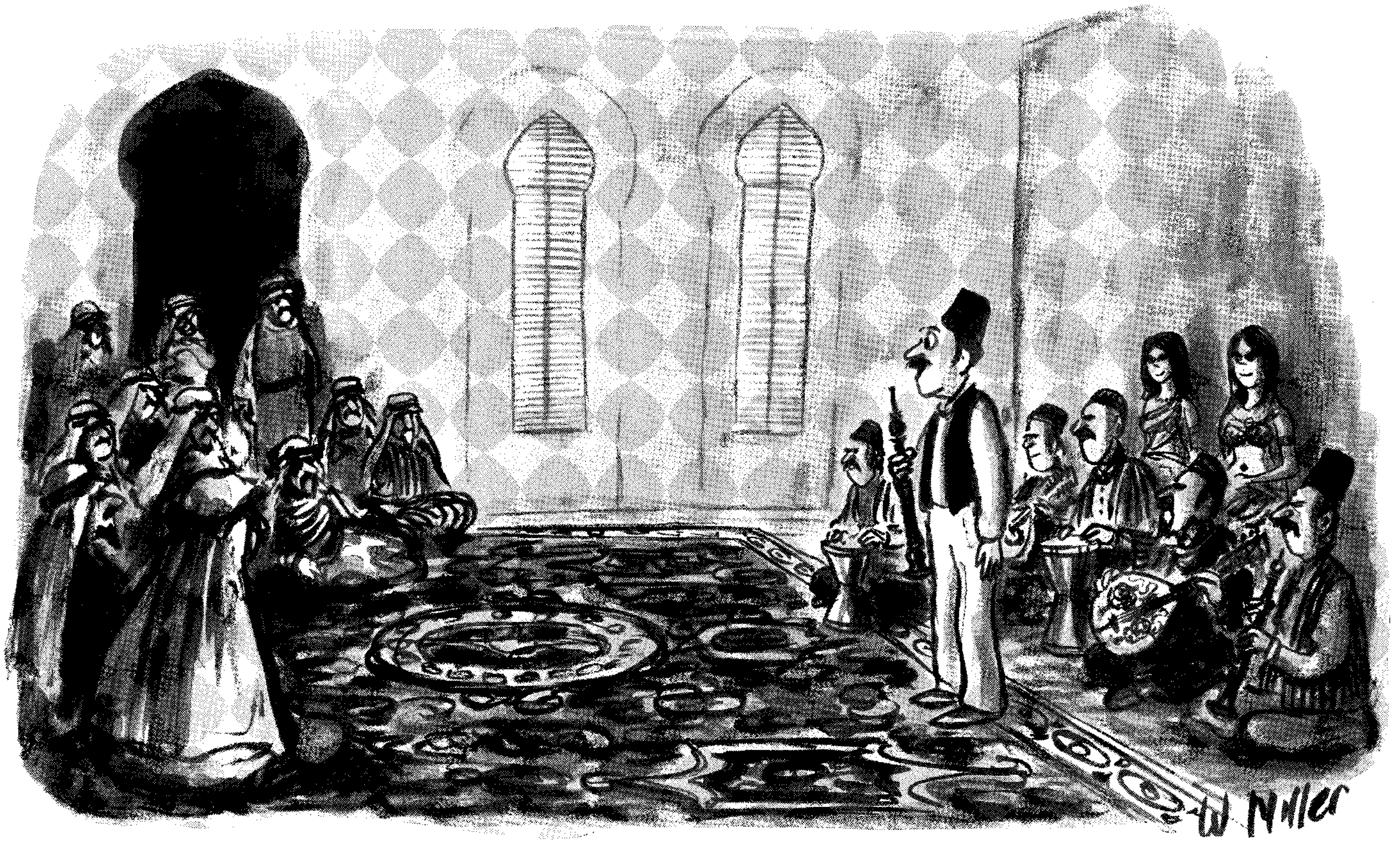
After inspecting the rather elaborate cooking setup that had been provided for them on the Kabuki stage—a made-to-order kitchen flanked by large hanging screens to pick up television images of what Julia would be doing from three video cameras mounted directly above the work spaces—the Childs were a little worried that the benefit committee might have spent too lavishly. "In Seattle," Paul said, "we performed in the auditorium of the cathedral, on a set put together mostly from found objects. Somebody had contributed a stove, another person a refrigerator, and there were chests of drawers for work spaces and a couple of child-sized tables under the counters for shelves. It was really very clever and workable, and it didn't cost much." The financing of these demonstrations does not directly concern the Childs, who derive no money from them personally. They donate all their fees to WGBH-TV, in Boston, the public-television station where "The French Chef" originated, in 1962. The tour expenses are paid by the sponsoring group (WGBH picks up any extras), and the Childs look upon the rather considerable effort and time involved mainly as a means of generating favorable publicity for Julia's books—the monumental "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," Volumes I and II, and a book of recipes from their television shows, called "The French Chef Cookbook." Nevertheless, both the Childs wanted the hospital to make money from the San Francisco demonstrations, and they were somewhat alarmed to hear that the benefit committee had already spent something like thirty thousand dollars on expenses. Liberty House had donated most of the cooking equipment, and Safeway Stores had provided quantities of free staples, but there had been heavy outlays for the construction of the model kitchen on the stage of the Kabuki Theatre. An eight-hundred-and-fifty-seat house fitted out with tables for the audience to dine at while watching a performance, the theatre had been designed for the presentation of traditional Kabuki drama, but evidently there had not been enough Kabuki-lovers in town to support it, so the management was planning to use the space for stage shows of various kinds. At one point, the management had added to the benefit committee's difficulties by trying, unsuccessfully, to cancel its one-week lease on the theatre.

The Childs refused almost all invitations to dinner or to cocktails in the days before the first demonstration. "We want to put on a good show," Julia explained, "and we just can't spare the time." Lunches for the Childs and their two assistants were cooked by Rosemary Manell in the demonstration kitchen, and they ate them at a table in the wings. (Later, when they were giving demonstrations each afternoon and evening, they had dinner there as well.) They spent the weekend at the theatre, stocking and setting up for the first show and doing the necessary pre-cooking. A great deal of pre-cooking is done for Julia's television series; a dish may have to be shown in three or four different stages of preparation, and since the twenty-eight minutes of allotted air time does not allow for the completion of these stages, versions of the dish at each stage must be ready to show. In a three-hour live demonstration, much of the actual cooking does take place onstage, but puff pastry and yeast doughs must be made ahead so they can rise, backups are needed in case of onstage disasters, and cold ducks (for Caneton en Aspic) must be cooked in advance. Rosemary Manell and Elizabeth Bishop, who had both been on previous demonstration tours, knew the names that Julia and Paul assign to every item of equipment and every work space (to save time in explaining or describing), and they were even allowed access to the Sacred Bag, a phenomenally heavy black canvas satchel containing certain cooking items that Julia cannot do without (her favorite bone flour scoop, her large pastry-cutting wheel, her special knives, and so on), plus emergency items such as extension cords, of which there are never enough on hand. The Sacred Bag has been around since the beginning of the television series.

The Childs had known Rosemary Manell since 1949, when they were all together in France. Paul Child and Abram Manell, Rosemary's husband, were both with the Foreign Service then, and the two couples, who shared an interest in good food which in Julia's case was becoming something more than an interest, used to dine together regularly in the Childs' apartment, on the Rue de l'Université, or the Manells', on the Île St.-Louis. Rosie, as the Childs and their friends (but no one else) call her, now lives in Belvedere, just across the bay from San Francisco. She is a talented painter and potter, an expert tailor, a first-class cook; she wears Scandinavian-blond hair in a thick braid down her back, and is nearly as tall as Julia.



Elizabeth Bishop, a Bostonian with close-cropped dark hair and a sense of humor that has often relieved tension at difficult moments, was one of the volunteers who came to work for "The French Chef" at WGBH. When the show started, Paul did all the behind-scenes washing up—and a good deal of the chopping, grating, mincing, and pre-cooking as well. He had only recently resigned from the Foreign Service, after nearly twenty years, but because he has always adapted easily to changed circumstances, and suffers from no apparent insecurities of the male ego, he took, from the outset, an active and supportive part in Julia's new career. "I'm here," Paul used to say. "I'll do anything." But as the program developed, it soon became evident that more backstage help was needed, and, with no difficulty whatsoever, a crew of half a dozen volunteers was formed. Several of the women were married and had small children at home; they hired babysitters or housekeepers to come and do the dishes there while they went to the WGBH studio in Cambridge and spent the day doing the dishes for Julia. Actually, they did much of the pre-cooking and testing for the show. Julia sometimes introduces them on the air. "Meet my associate cooks," she says. "Mary O'Brien, Liz Bishop, Bess Hopkins, Edith Seltzer, Rita Rains, Bess Coughlin, and Gladys Christopherson. It's always more fun cooking with friends, don't you think?" Mrs. Bishop lives in Cohasset, Massachusetts, with her husband and their three children, and when "The French Chef" was in production she often did not get home until one or two o'clock in the morning. Now that the Childs are taking a year off from television and the show is being seen only in reruns, she is delighted to be able to travel with them on their demonstration tours. "Cooking is the least of it," she told a friend in San Francisco. "You know, in a funny way I feel closer to Julia



"We will now play for you a sprightly little tune, which was once rather popular in the Occident, called 'We're in the Money.'"

• •

than I do to anyone. Of course I'm *closer* to Jack and the children, but there are things I could say to her that I couldn't say to anyone else."

JULIA CHILD was born Julia Carolyn McWilliams in Pasadena, California, in 1912. The oldest of three children in a moderately well-to-do family—her father, John McWilliams, managed some family farming land in Arkansas and southern California—she was entered in Smith College the day she was born. "My mother was in the Class of 1900 there," she said recently, "and there was just never any doubt that I would go. In those days, people were very enthusiastic about their college." As a member of Smith's Class of 1934, Julia was planning to be a Great Woman Novelist. "They laughed when I sat down at the typewriter," she told an interviewer in San Francisco. "And they were right, too, because nothing much ever came of the plan. I wrote for the Smith College *Tatler*, and after I graduated I went home for a while, and then I went to New York and tried to get a job with *The New Yorker*, but they turned me down. The woman-novelist idea was very vague and unformed. I just thought it would develop at some time or other."

After three years in New York, working in the advertising department of W. & J. Sloane and living with two Smith classmates in an apartment under the Queensboro Bridge, she went back home and spent another two years in Pasadena. "I had a very good time doing virtually nothing," she said. "There was always lots of fun and laughter." Then the war came, and on the advice of her friend Janie McBaine (who subsequently married Marquis Childs) she went to Washington and got what she describes as "a dreadful typing job" with a government information agency whose nickname was Mellett's Madhouse. After six months, she left and joined the Office of Strategic Services. At one point, there was a call for volunteers for overseas duty, and Julia McWilliams, reasoning that she would probably be going to Europe after the war in any case, put in for Far Eastern duty. With an oddly assorted group that included the anthropologists Gregory Bateson and Cora Du Bois and a congeries of explosives experts, forgers who had done time in federal prisons, and some missionaries who had been born in the Far East, she travelled by troop train across the United States and then by boat to Australia and on to Bombay, arriving the same day that two ammunition ships caught fire and blew up a large part of the Bombay docks. From Bombay, some of them went by train across the Indian subcontinent to Madras, and from there to Ceylon. It was at the O.S.S. headquarters in Ceylon that she met Paul Child.

Child, who got to Ceylon a few months after Julia, was in charge of Visual Presentation for the O.S.S. there. That meant, for the most part, setting up and maintaining a war room for the general staff, with maps and charts to show the areas, topographies, troop concentrations, and other factors on which military planning depended. (He had recently come from New Delhi, where he had set up a war room for Lord Louis Mountbatten and General Wedemeyer.) Julia was placed in charge of the Registry, a document center for messages to and from O.S.S. agents in the field. She noticed the Visual Presentation officer because he seemed, on the whole, to be more civilized than anyone else there. Paul was ten years older than Julia, and he had seen a lot of the world. He had been a lumberman in Maine and a waiter in Hollywood, and he was a self-taught artist. During the twenties, he had knocked about Europe, spending several years in Paris, where he got to know Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and other expatriates; that supposedly golden decade had been a rather penurious one for Child, who had made a marginal living by selling his own woodcuts and making copies of the antique furniture in the Cluny Museum. After that, he had become a schoolteacher, first in France and later at the Shady Hill School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and at the Avon Old Farms School, near Hartford, Connecticut, where he taught art and French. He was, in addition, an accomplished engraver and photographer, a black belt in judo, a master of several languages, and a man who could converse interestingly and amusingly on almost any subject. Although a more or less confirmed bachelor by this time, Child also noticed Julia McWilliams. "She seemed like a pretty great woman to me," he recalled recently. "She was completely competent, unflappable—just the way she is now—and running a very complicated operation with great skill."

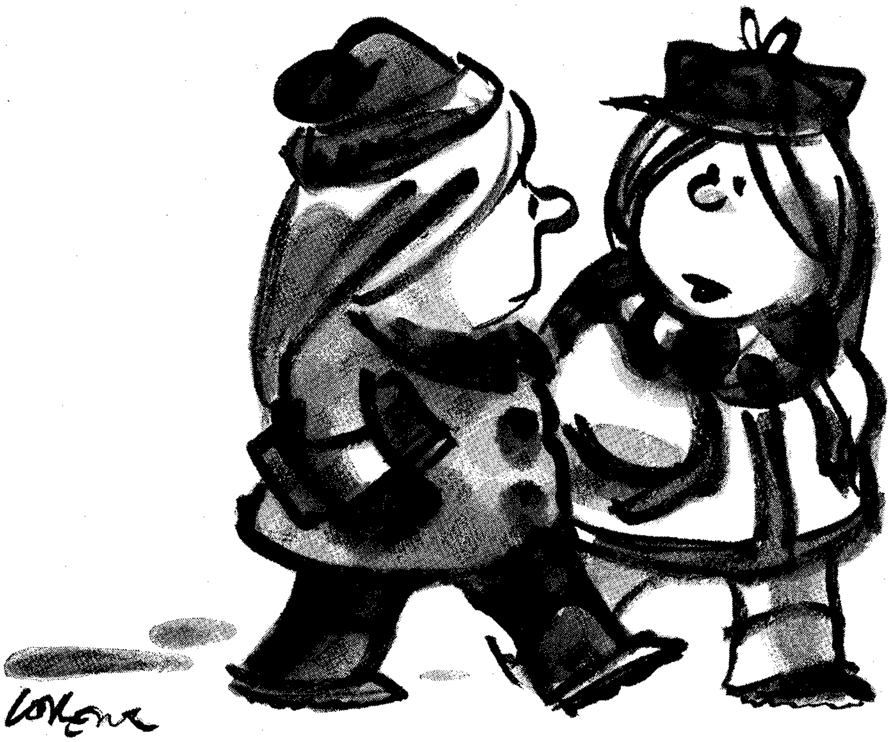
At this stage of the war, late in 1943, the Americans and the British were planning an operation to cut off the Japanese garrison in Singapore by making a surprise landing behind enemy lines on the Malay Peninsula. This plan was abandoned when it became evident that the required naval support was not available—everything was going into the approaching invasion of Normandy. Child was sent to help set up other war rooms on the Chinese mainland, at Chungking, and then at Kunming. Julia McWilliams was also assigned to Kunming, and the friendship begun in Ceylon developed into something more serious. Kunming, which had never been in Japanese hands, was full of refugees from all parts of China. There was enough food available, and Paul and Julia were able to sample and become enthusiastic about many different Chinese cuisines. They were in Kunming when the Japanese surrendered. Soon afterward, Paul made his way home by way of Peking. Julia's detachment was scheduled to go to Shanghai, but, with the war over, the unit's morale was not what it had been. "I felt we'd lost the purity of our purpose," Julia said recently. "You can see I'm a Victorian woman at heart. Anyway, I decided to go home. They flew me over the hump to Calcutta and loaded me onto a troopship, from which I disembarked, weeks later, smelling, as somebody said, like a cattle boat."

A reunion took place several months later in Washington. "We had decided that we should look each other over in civilian clothes, and that we should meet each other's families," Julia recalls. That done, they were married in the fall of 1946. Julia was thirty-four, Paul forty-four. For the first year and a half, they lived in Washington. The Office of Strategic Services had been discontinued, but O.S.S. people who had been in Visual Presentation were automatically absorbed into the State Department, and Paul was now doing graphic work for the government. Early in 1948, by a happy official stroke, he was assigned to the United States Information Service office in Paris.

France was not at all the way Julia had imagined it. "I'd never met any French people before," she said not long ago, "and I thought they'd be—you know, snippy, the way they always seemed in *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue*. I was just amazed to get off the boat at Le Havre and see all those great big beefy people. We drove to Rouen and had lunch there at the Couronne, and I was euphoric. I was practically in hysterics from the time we landed. Of course, I didn't realize how difficult it was going to be for me to learn the language. It was two years, really, before I could get along in it, and four years before I was fluent. But from the beginning I just fell in love with everything I saw. It took me a long time to get over my infatuation—now they can't fool me so easily."

The Childs found a comfortable third-floor apartment on the Rue de l'Université, behind the Chambre des Députés. Paul could walk across the Pont de la Concorde to his office, on the Faubourg du St.-Honoré. At first, Julia spent most of her time at Berlitz, struggling with the language. Both the Childs readily concede that at this point her cooking left a good deal to be desired. Paul knew and appreciated good food, but Julia, like many American women of her background, had never really learned to cook at home, and until she married Paul she had never been interested in learning. In the fall of 1949, though, she was sufficiently interested to enroll in a special early-morning course at the Cordon Bleu cooking school, where she found herself the only woman student—the twelve others were ex-G.I.s, learning cooking on the G.I. Bill of Rights. "I would leave home at seven in the morning, cook all morning with the G.I.s, and then rush home to make lunch for Paul," Julia remembers. "I'd give him the béarnaise or the hollandaise sauce I'd just learned, or something equally rich. In about a week we both got terribly bilious."

The Cordon Bleu, founded in the nineteenth century, once served as a cooking school for orphans, to help them make their way in life. By the nineteen-thirties, it had become a place where well-to-do housewives (many of them Americans) sent their servants to learn the techniques of the classic cuisine. In modern times, it has not been a professional school—to become a professional chef in France one has to serve as an apprentice for years in a restaurant or hotel kitchen, and that training is often supplemented by at-



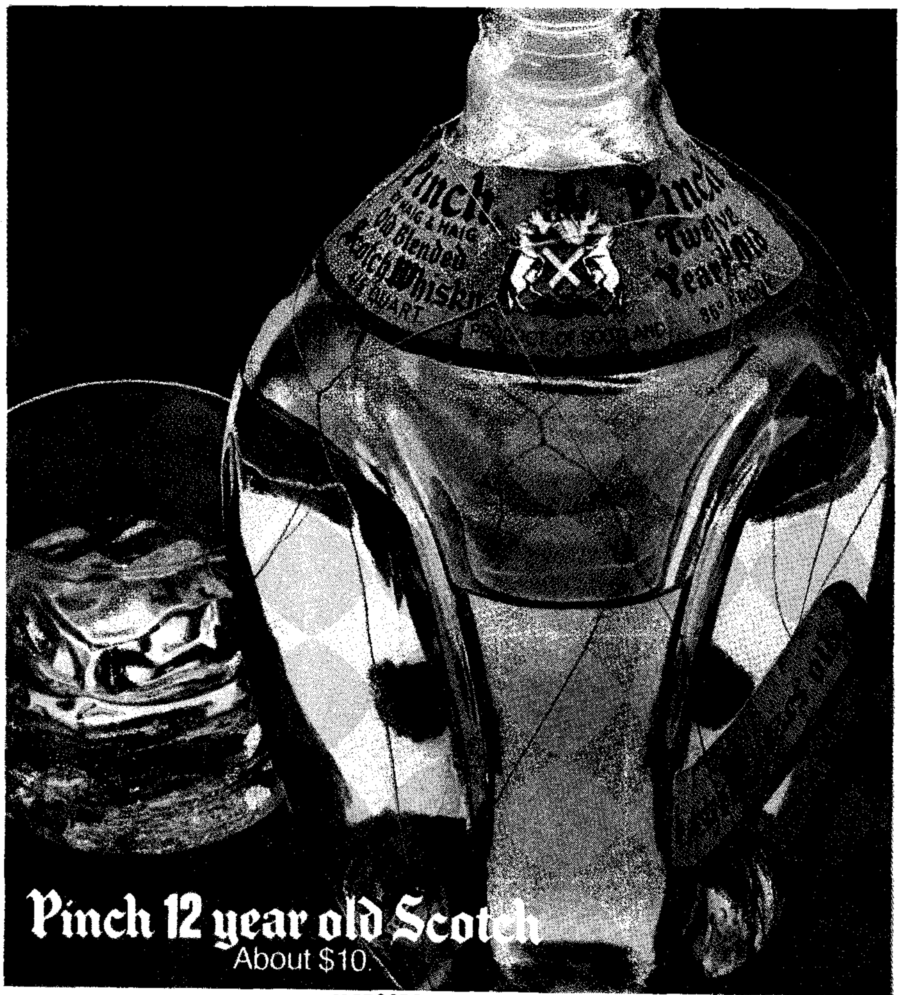
"I'm afraid by the time I grow up it will be too late to be the first woman anything."

tendance at a government-sponsored technical institution. But the Cordon Bleu hired professional chefs as teachers, and when Julia enrolled, in 1949, the teaching was excellent. Two of the three chefs whom Julia had as teachers were in their seventies: Max Bugnard, who had owned his own restaurant in Brussels before the war, and Claude Thilmont, for many years the pastry chef at the Café de Paris. The third was a younger man—Pierre Mangelatte, who was the chef at an excellent small restaurant in Montmartre, the Restaurant des Artistes.

"Bugnard was a marvellous meat cook, a marvellous sauce-maker, wonderful with stocks and vegetables, although not so much with desserts," Julia recalls. "As a young man, he had known Escoffier. Chef Thillmont had worked in the twenties with Mme. Saint-Ange on her great cookbook, 'Le Livre de Cuisine de Mme. Saint-Ange,' now unfortunately out of print. Those two men knew just about everything there was to know. And in the afternoons we would have demonstration classes by Mangelatte, who was a brilliant technician." Julia had just enough French by this time to keep up with the instruction. Her interest in the subject, she found, was limitless. "Until I got into cooking," she once said, "I was never *really* interested in anything."

MARIE-ANTOINE CARÊME (1784-1833), celebrated gastronome, personal chef (successively) to Talleyrand, Czar Alexander I, George IV, and Baron Rothschild, author of five classic books on food, is generally considered the founder of *la grande cuisine*. On the Sunday evening before the cooking demonstrations began at the Kabuki Theatre, the Chefs Association of the Pacific Coast presented its Carême Medal to Julia Child, at a dinner given in her honor in a private dining room at the Jack Tar Hotel. The dinner began, surprisingly, with matzo-ball soup, continued with a seafood coquille, paused for sherbet, forged onward with Beef Wellington, a potato basket, and cucumber salad, and concluded with a chocolate bombe and petits fours. In draping the Carême Medal around Julia's neck, the president of the association spoke of her as "the person who brought classic cooking into American homes" and "the one chef in the country who has the recognition that we are all striving for." A few of the chefs at the long table seemed to harbor reservations about the award's going, for the first

Look at it this way:
Your daughter's Christmas doll
says "Hello," "I love you,"
and "Did you have a nice day
at school today?"
In four languages.
And you're still drinking
ordinary scotch?



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Energy from the atom is one of our country's most promising sources of power. Today, nuclear power supplies 7% of America's electricity.

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Uranium ore is the raw material for nuclear fuel. So far, the known commercial deposits of uranium that have been found in America are mostly in the western states.

One of the largest deposits discovered in recent years is the site of Exxon's Highland Mine near Casper, Wyoming. Here, we are mining 2,000 tons of uranium ore a day.

Once the ore is mined, we extract the uranium from the ore and turn it into a fine powder known as "yellow cake."

It is then converted into a gas and sent to plants run by the Atomic Energy Commission. Here, the fissionable, or energy-producing, component is concentrated. This process is called enrichment.

The fuel for a reactor.

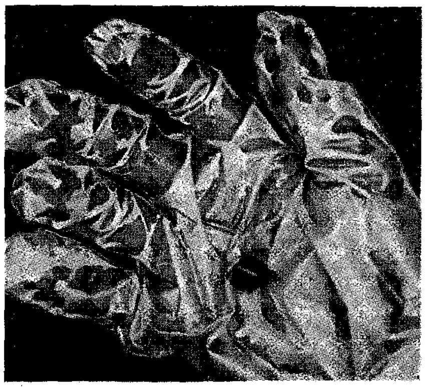
We make the enriched uranium into fuel for nuclear reactors at Exxon Nuclear Company's plant in Richland, Washington.

First, we convert it into pellets about twice the size of an aspirin tablet. After numerous checks for precise weight, size, shape and uniformity, the pellets are sealed in zirconium or stainless steel tubes. The tubes are then grouped together in a precise geometric pattern to form a fuel bundle or assembly.

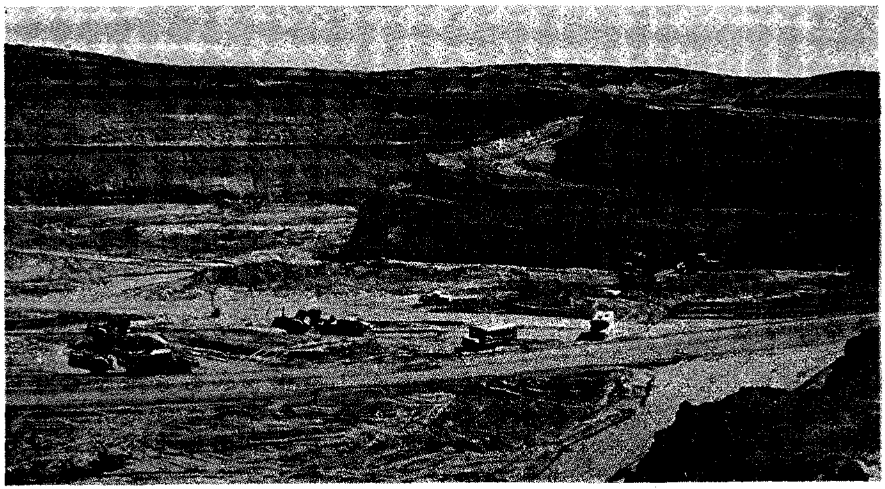
When these assemblies have passed several thousand checks and inspections, they are shipped to nuclear electric-power generating plants. It takes about 600 assemblies to make up the core or heat source of a nuclear reactor. And such a reactor can generate enough electricity to run a city the size of Boston.

Making nuclear power plentiful.

Exxon is currently working on several projects to expand the availa-

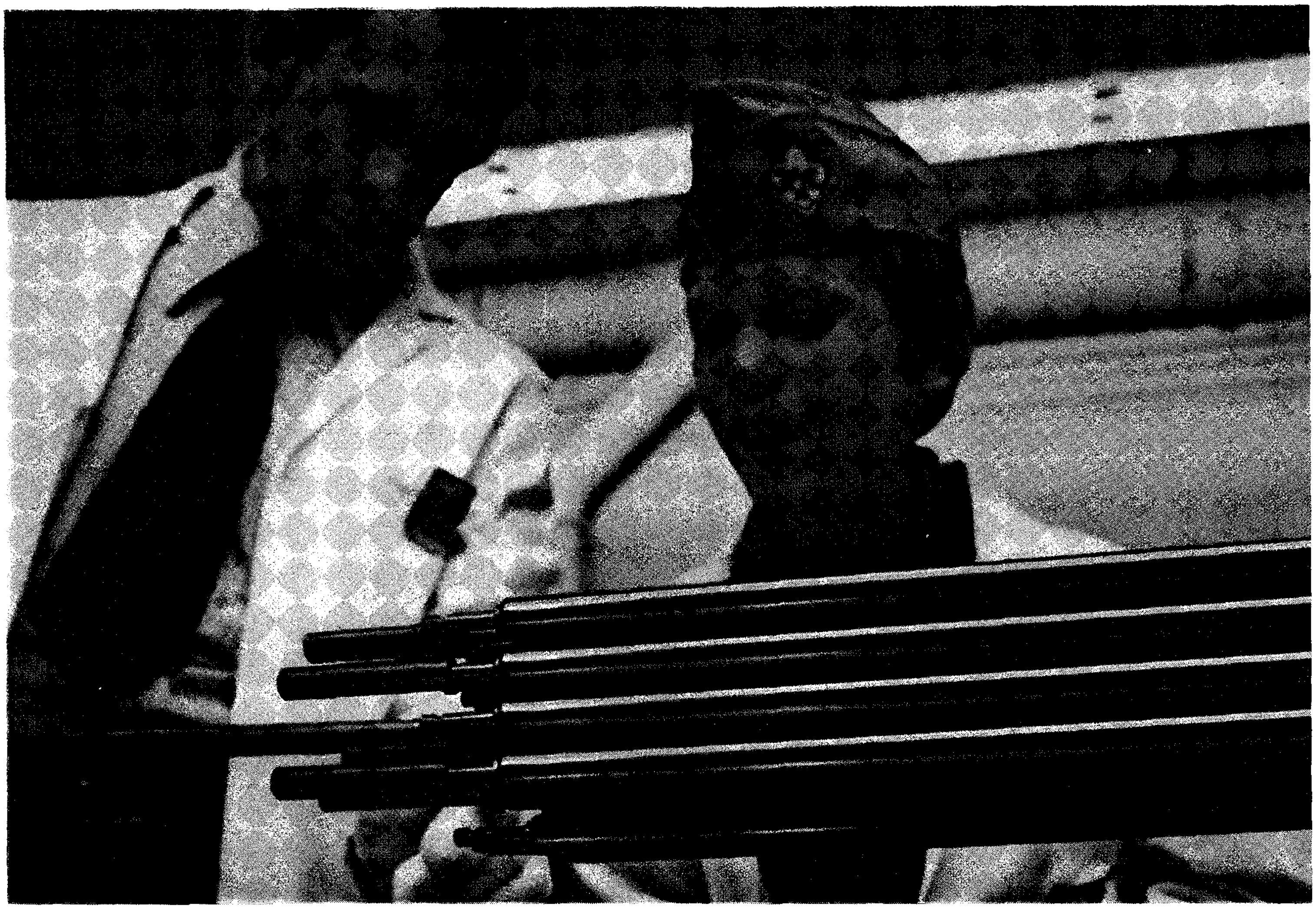


A single tiny pellet of enriched uranium can generate as much energy as 150 gallons of fuel oil. Thousands of these pellets go into a nuclear fuel bundle. A single bundle can generate enough electricity to run 4,000 average-sized homes.



This is Exxon's uranium mine in Wyoming. When the surface mining is completed, most of the area will be filled in, contoured and planted to match the rest of the countryside. Grass, wildflowers and shrubs that Exxon planted are already growing on earth that has been excavated.

Uranium.



An engineer at Exxon Nuclear Company shows a young visitor how a fuel bundle is assembled. Dozens of zirconium or stainless steel tubes are filled with uranium pellets, then grouped together to form a nuclear fuel bundle. As many as 600 bundles make up the core or heat source of a reactor.

bility of nuclear energy.

One involves the use of plutonium to conserve uranium ore. Plutonium is a by-product of today's commercial nuclear reactor. By substituting plutonium for uranium, the same amount of nuclear fuel can be produced while saving uranium.

In another project, Exxon Nuclear Company is looking into the technology and economics of uranium enrichment.

At the moment all enrichment in the U.S. is done by the Atomic Energy Commission. As the demand for enriched uranium grows, private industry may take on part of this job.

What's delaying nuclear power?

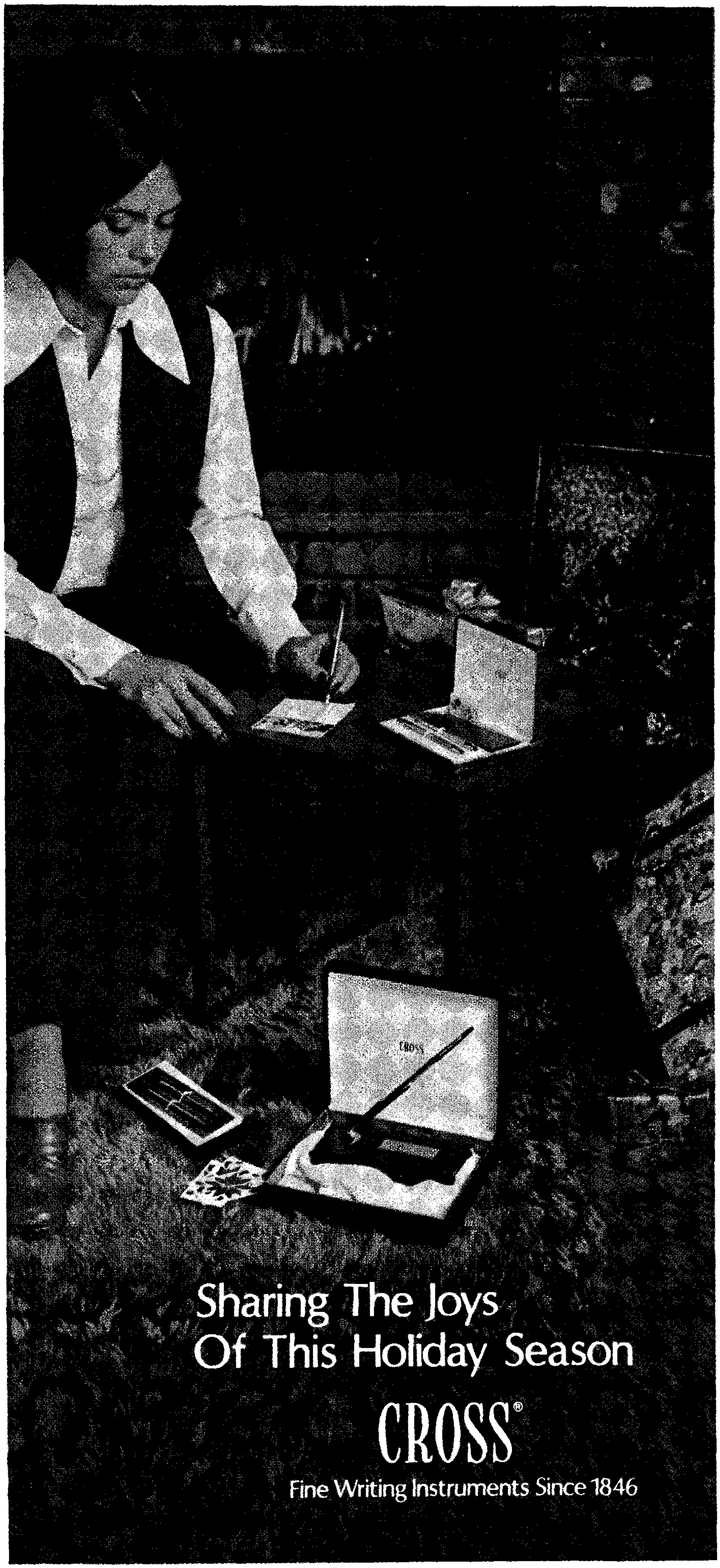
As we pointed out, today only 7% of America's electrical power comes from nuclear plants. The figure is small because the construction of new plants has been delayed. Environmental concerns, labor shortages, technical problems, late deliveries of specialized equipment and changes in regulatory procedures have all taken their toll.

As these matters are resolved, the nation will begin to depend more and more on nuclear energy to produce the electricity to run its factories, heat its homes and cook its meals.

Not an easy job.

Making America more self-sufficient as an energy-producing nation through the use of nuclear power will not be an easy job. But Exxon believes we need to reach this goal as soon as possible.

EXXON



time, to a woman—Joe Rivas, the principal chef for the Pam Pam chain of restaurants in San Francisco, said firmly that women would never make it as chefs in major restaurants, because they were not strong enough physically—but virtually every one of them, including Rivas, wanted to meet Julia and shake her hand.

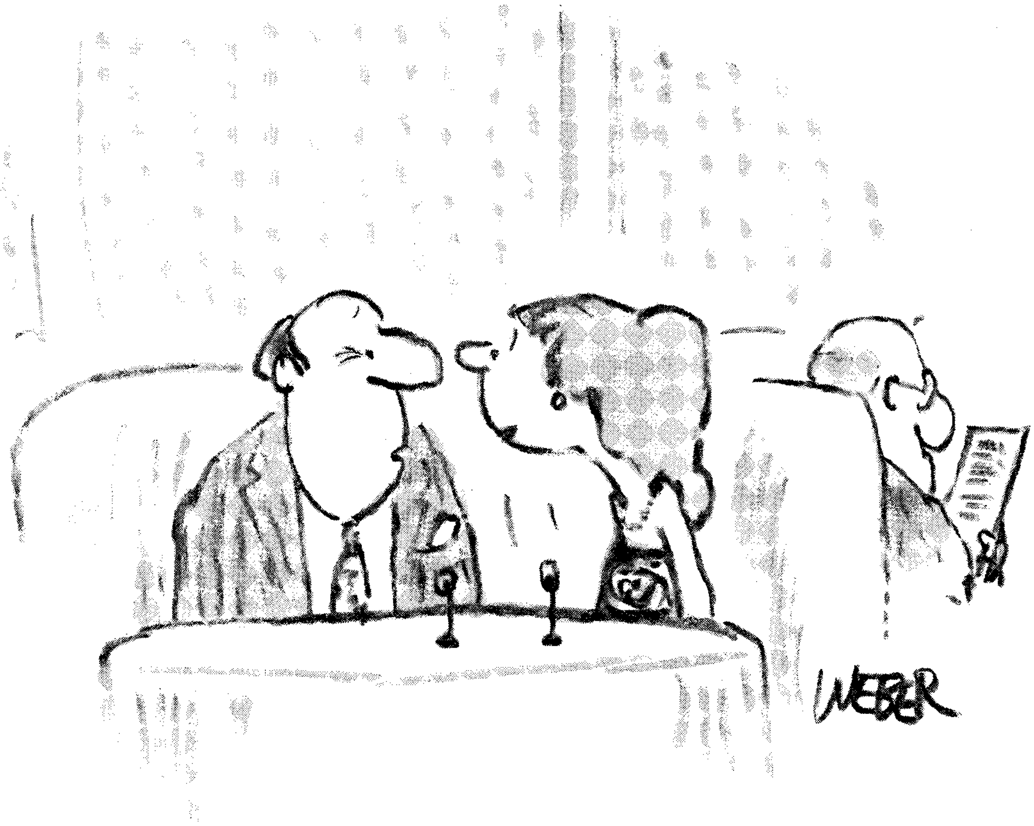
There was a good deal of talk at the dinner about the shortage of qualified chefs in this country and the absence of professional cooking schools. The Pacific Coast chefs, most of whom seemed to be European-born and in their late fifties or sixties, bemoaned the fact that so few younger men were coming up to take their places. Julia said that unfortunately the same thing was now true in France. Fewer and fewer people wanted to put in the long hours that a first-class restaurant, or even a humble village bakery, demanded. Convenience foods were taking over in restaurants as well as in private households. There were some great young chefs at work, to be sure—Julia mentioned in particular Roger Vergé, whose Hostellerie Moulin de Mougins, near Cannes, had just received its third star in the *Guide Michelin*. But, as Paul Child pointed out, men like Vergé and Paul Bocuse and the Troisgros brothers did not write down what they had learned or invented, and their discoveries would probably die with them. "Nowadays, everybody likes to run down Escoffier," Julia said, "but nobody's doing what he did to preserve the great traditions."

"*She's* doing it," Paul said, pointing at his wife.

"Oh, but I'm doing it for the home. Somebody should be doing it for the profession, the way Escoffier did."

"Nobody has that kind of dedication," Paul said.

What Paul had in mind was the dedication that went into "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," on which Julia and two collaborators worked without interruption for ten years. The book's phenomenal success—the first volume alone has sold more than a million and a quarter copies in America to date—suggests that perhaps the traditional *haute cuisine* of France may be moving not only from the restaurant to the private home (where it began) but from the Old World to the New. Only a few long-established, all-purpose cookbooks, such as Irma Rombauer's "Joy of Cooking," have sold more copies in hardcover. There are many young couples in America who start out conjugal life with what they refer to simply as "Julia Child" and continue



"They're laugh lines. I used to laugh a lot."

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to use it more or less exclusively ever after. A woman who lives on the Alaskan tundra has written to say that she is cooking her way through "Julia Child." The wife of a forest ranger in New Mexico, who lives sixty miles from the nearest town, is doing the same. Much of the book's success, of course, is directly related to the even more phenomenal success of Julia Child as a television personality, but it seems reasonable to assume that anyone who puts down twelve-fifty for the book is not just going to leave it out on the cocktail table. A lot of dedicated French cooking does seem to be going on.

Julia had no intention at first of getting involved in the book, which she heard about soon after a friend in Paris had introduced her to Simone (Simca) Beck. Mme. Beck had started to work, with another friend of hers, named Louisette Bertholle, on a book about French cooking for Americans. "Simca was very much like me," Julia has said. "A middle-class person who was extremely interested in cooking. She had gone to the Cordon Bleu in the old, prewar days, when Henri Pellaprat was teaching there. I knew nobody then who was really *deeply* interested in cooking. I had nobody to talk to about it, and so when I met Simca we just fell into each other's arms. She and Louisette introduced me into the Cercle des Gourmettes, which is a French ladies' gastronomical society—founded, I think, in 1927. The Cercle met every two weeks, and there was a chef to give instruction. By the time I joined it, most of the members were in their seventies, and they would never arrive until about noon, in time for the apéritif and lunch. Simca and Louisette and I would arrive at nine-thirty, so we got what amounted to private lessons from the chef. It was my introduction to really sophisticated French food and living—foie gras in season, and lobster dishes, and very elaborate ways of doing things. Anyway, I knew that Simca and Louisette were working on a big book, and that they needed an American collaborator—they'd had one, a man, who didn't work out for some reason—but I had no interest in it then. The book was their affair.

"What happened next was that some friends of ours from California came to Paris and, knowing about my interest in cooking, said, 'Why don't you teach us?' Simca, who is always enthusiastic, said, 'Why not?' And so the very next day we started our school, which we called the École des Trois Gourmandes. Our apartment was the perfect place for it, because we had a big, airy kitchen on the upper floor (it was a two-floor apartment) with a dumbwaiter that brought things down to the dining room. We engaged two of my Cordon Bleu chefs, Bugnard and Thillmont, to come in once or twice a week. There were never more than six in the class—mostly Americans, but one or two French. We would cook all morning, then sit down and eat it, with Paul at the head of the table to pour the wine. If you brought a guest, you had to pay five hundred francs. We three found that we were absolutely fascinated with teaching."

Sometime in 1951, Julia was persuaded to become the American collaborator on the cookbook. She had her own ideas about the project, however, one of them being that it should be a "real teaching book" rather than a mere collection of recipes. With the shining exception of Mme. Saint-Ange's classic, most of the available books for serious students of French cooking were little more than a chef's shorthand notes for the various dishes; unless the reader knew beforehand how to make a white sauce or poach a trout, or how to add egg yolks to a hot sauce without making it curdle, the book was not much help. Julia thought that every step and every technique should be thoroughly explained, and that the reasoning behind the various techniques should also be made clear. The essence of French cooking, she has often said, is knowing the properties of each ingredient and cooking it in such a way that its best points are fully brought out. If the purpose of their book was to overcome the American fear of "elaborate" French cuisine, one of the methods would be to leave nothing out—to describe, for example, what a dish should look like and feel like at each stage in its preparation, and also to discuss some of the things that could go wrong during the process, along with corrective measures. This meant long recipes—pages and pages long in many cases. (The longest is the twenty-two-page recipe for French bread in Volume II of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," an adaptation of the professional baker's art to the home kitchen that Julia and Paul, who collaborated on the research, regard as probably their most important contribution so far.) It also meant a prodigious amount of research (two years on

French bread alone), testing, and often impassioned argument among the three authors.

From 1952 on, much of the argument was by mail. After four years in Paris, Paul Child was transferred to Marseilles, and then, two years later, to the Embassy in Bonn, where he was exhibits officer, and where the Childs acquired a reputation for oddness because they did not spend much time in the Embassy's housing compound or swim in the swimming pool there (they preferred a pool on the other side of the Rhine), and because Paul did not spend weekends polishing his car. Paul concedes that he never really became reconciled to the bureaucratic aspects of government service. He and Julia had been unable to have children, and their primary interests were aesthetic and culinary. Julia was always well liked by the other Embassy wives—she was too delightful not to be—and her social talents were a notable asset to Paul in his career. "I can't tell you how important it is for a Foreign Service officer to have a partner like Julia," Paul said one day in San Francisco. At the same time, she was putting a great deal of time and energy into research on the book—experimenting and testing, amassing a private library and clipping file on the subject, exchanging information and ideas with her collaborators. One epic argument with Simone Beck, over the proper ingredients of the *vrai cassoulet*, consumed sixty single-spaced typewritten pages before it was finally resolved.

In the spring of 1951, Julia wrote a sample chapter and an outline of the book, had several copies made, and sent them to various friends in the United States. One of the recipients was Avis DeVoto, Bernard DeVoto's wife. Some time before, in his monthly column in *Harper's*, DeVoto had written a diatribe against the stainless-steel paring knife, which, he complained, would not take an edge or perform any useful kitchen function. Julia saw the column in Paris, wrote him a letter expressing vigorous agreement, and enclosed a French paring knife with a good, sharpenable carbon-steel blade. Avis DeVoto had written a friendly reply, and a correspondence had sprung up. "We both liked to write letters," Mrs. DeVoto said recently, "and there was a lot to write about. The McCarthy thing was heating up in Washington. Julia and Paul were bewildered and rather frightened by it. Sometimes we'd write each other three or four times a week." According to Mrs. DeVoto, Julia was a pretty bad writer at that point. The sample chapter of the cookbook struck her as "muddy, verbose, and awkward," and the spelling was atrocious. "But I knew the minute I saw it that this book on French cooking was really going to work," she said. "I'm not a bad cook, and I could see this was a whole new approach." She took it around to Houghton Mifflin, the publisher of several of her husband's books. Although the response there was somewhat mixed, Houghton Mifflin gave the authors a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar advance and told them to have the book finished in a year's time.

Six years later, having decided that their research demanded a multi-volume cookbook, the authors delivered an eight-hundred-page typescript that dealt, solely and exhaustively, with recipes for poultry and sauces. "That was my fault," Julia said last spring. "I've always done the writing, and the whole thing was much too detailed and academic. It was my conception that everyone would be interested in knowing, for example, that if you didn't happen to have a suffocated duck on hand you could get the same effect by using pig's blood." Not surprisingly, Houghton Mifflin turned it down. The Childs were in Washington at the time; Paul had been recalled from Bonn in 1956. Simone Beck had come over to visit them, and the Childs met her at the bus station with the bad news. "The despair in the waiting room could have been cut with a knife," according to Julia. "But then Simca, with her unfailing optimism, said we would just have to do it over again." The Childs left soon afterward for Paul's new post, in Oslo, and Julia spent the next year rewriting the book.

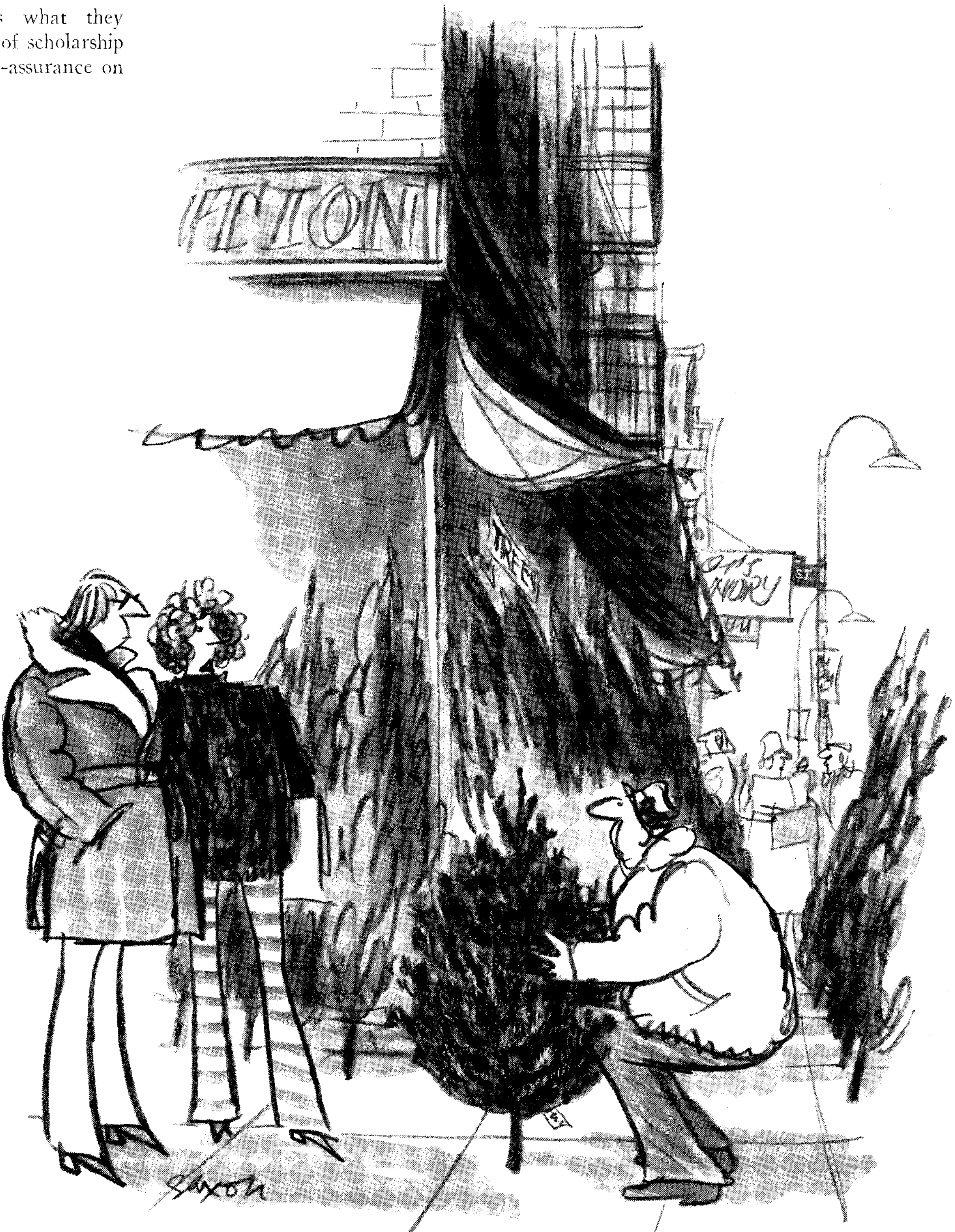
Although the second version covered more culinary ground and seemed to Avis DeVoto greatly improved in content and prose style ("I never thought anyone could really learn to write," she said, "but Julia did—she taught herself, with help from Paul and one or two other people"), Houghton Mifflin again found it unpublishable. Mrs. DeVoto submitted it next to William Koshland, at Alfred Knopf. She knew that Koshland liked to cook, and she urged him and Judith Jones, another Knopf editor interested in good food, to take it home and try out some of the recipes. Judith Jones was immediately convinced. "I was sure it was revolutionary," she said recently. "It was like having a teacher right there beside you in the kitchen, and everything really worked." Koshland liked it, too, and kept trying recipes out of it at home, but other editors at Knopf were uncertain. Time passed. From Oslo came increasingly anguished letters from Julia, inquiring whether ten years' work was down the drain. Eventually, the *fins becs* at Knopf prevailed over the doubters. The first volume of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" came out in the fall of 1961, to virtually unanimous praise. Craig Claiborne called it "probably the most comprehensive, laudable, and monumental work on the subject," written "without compromise or condescension." The late Michael Field said that it "surpasses every other American book on French cooking in print today." The New York food establishment, which is not known for its generosity of spirit, took the book and the authors to its collective bosom, and Dione Lucas even gave a dinner for the Childs at The Egg Basket, her restaurant on East Fifty-seventh Street. Houghton Mifflin has been regretting its decision ever since.

AT ten o'clock on Monday morning, Julia stood at the counter of the onstage kitchen at the Kabuki Theatre, pounding out chilled pastry dough with giant blows of a rolling pin and occasionally popping a small piece of it into her mouth. ("I love uncooked dough, don't you?") Rosie Manell was cutting green beans and red pimientos into tiny strips, with which Julia would decorate the duck aspic according to a pattern drawn in colored inks by Paul. Liz Bishop was glazing a duck, and Paul was rewriting the scripts for a group of fund-raising appeals that Julia had agreed to tape later in the week for KQED, the local public-television station. In contrast with the anxious manner of some of the ladies on the benefit committee, who appeared from time to time to discuss the length of intermissions or the proper way to handle questions from the audience, the cooking team seemed calm and relaxed. On a television talk show two hours earlier, an interviewer had asked Julia whether it was necessary for her to be "quite so sloppy" in the kitchen. It was a familiar question, often asked by television viewers who do not cook or who belong to what James Beard calls "the sanitation school of cookery." As Paul Child occasionally explains, when you are trying to cook a rather complicated dish in twenty-eight minutes on camera, you do not take time to wash the pots and scour the work spaces. Onstage at the Kabuki, at any rate, a great deal of work was getting done with a minimum of fuss.

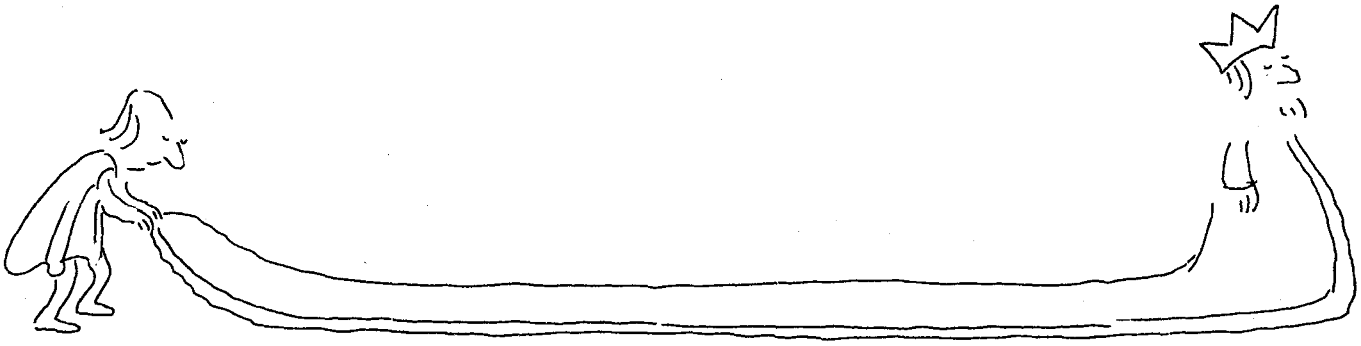
People who work with Julia Child are nearly always impressed by her sense of organization. "She may look sort of slapdash on the screen, but she's the most organized person I've ever met," according to Bess Hopkins, who now works in the office at WGBH. In the cluttered room that Julia uses as an office at home in Cambridge, her library of books on food and cooking and her extensive files of material on the subject are arranged and cross-referenced with the care and thoroughness of a major research institute, which, indeed, is what they amount to. A great deal of scholarship underlies that breezy self-assurance on camera; she can afford to appear casual, because she knows precisely what she is doing.

Some of her most ardent fans like to remember the slips and disasters of the early "French Chef" shows: the potato pancake dropped on the counter and scooped back into the skillet with the serene advice that "nobody's looking;" the spilled liquids and solids; the famous Roast Suckling Pig that defied all Julia's efforts, with several knives, to carve it up. What her co-workers remember is Julia's incredible skill at averting disasters or turning them somehow to her advantage. "The French Chef" programs have all been videotaped in continuous half-hour shooting sessions—a decision made at the beginning, because it avoided expensive editing—and only half a dozen times in more than two hundred programs taped so far has it been necessary to stop and reshoot. When a dessert began to lose its shape after unmolding on camera, Julia simply nudged it together with two spoons and urged her flock not to lose heart in similar situations. ("Never apologize—nobody knows what you're aiming at, so just bring it to the table.") When Ruth Lockwood, Julia's present producer and the person primarily responsible (with the Childs) for "The French Chef's" style and format, forgot once to take the butter out of the refrigerator to soften before a taping, Julia improvised without a tremor: "Where's the butter? Oh, I forgot to take it out of the fridge! Well, here's what you do when that happens." And that evening she called Ruth at home, because she knew how Ruth, who never forgot anything, would be feeling. Mrs. Lockwood says that in the twelve years she has worked with Julia they have never had a real dispute about anything. One of the few times anyone has seen Julia lose her temper, in fact, was one day when there was a fire on the set. A towel flared up, a pot holder caught fire, and the cameraman stopped shooting. Julia was furious. She wanted to show the viewers just what to do at home when this happened.

Paul and Julia enjoy reminiscing about the early days of the show. They had come back from Norway in



"You don't think it's too Christmassy?"

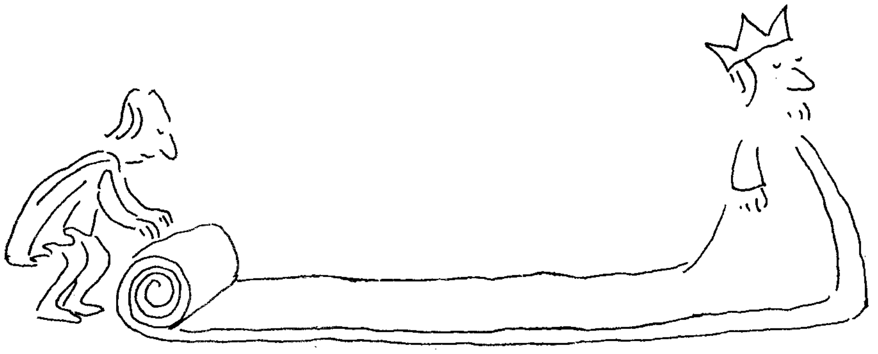


1960—it had been Paul's decision to retire from the Foreign Service before he reached the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five—and established themselves in a comfortable old house they had bought several years before in Cambridge (the house where Josiah Royce, the philosopher, once lived). Paul planned to spend his time painting and photographing, and Julia was going to give private cooking lessons and work on Volume II of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking." In the spring of 1962, a few months after the first volume had been published, Julia was invited to appear on a literary-interview program on WGBH to talk about it. Thinking it might liven things up, she brought along a copper bowl and a wire whip, and showed the viewers how to beat up egg whites. WGBH received twenty-seven letters about the interview, all expressing delight. As Russell Morash, "The French Chef's" first producer-director, put it recently, twenty-seven letters might not mean very much to a major network, but to a small, noncommercial station like WGBH it was impressive. Would Mrs. Child be willing to consider doing a pilot program for a possible series of cooking shows?

They made three pilot shows in June, 1962, using a basement display room of the Boston Gas Company in downtown Boston, because the WGBH studio had recently been destroyed by a fire. WGBH's director of programming, Robert Larsen, liked the pilots so much that he was willing to put the station's own funds into financing a series of twenty-six shows. They went into production in January, 1963, in a makeshift set on the third floor of the Cambridge Electric Company, which had better parking facilities than Boston Gas. The early shows were all "remotes," videotaped with two cameras connected by cables to a power source in WGBH's mobile unit parked outside the building. They did four shows a week. Julia and Paul and Ruth Lockwood would spend all day Monday in the Childs' big kitchen at home, drinking oceans of tea and blocking out the rough outlines, time sequences, and opening and closing lines for the week's programs. Tuesdays and Thursdays were rehearsal days, prior to tapings on Wednesdays and Fridays. Today, neither the Childs nor Mrs. Lockwood can imagine how they kept it up. Julia and Paul, who did all the shopping for the shows, would get to the Cambridge Electric Company an hour or so ahead of the others, carrying the Sacred Bag and a huge load of groceries. Whenever it snowed, Paul had to shovel the fire escape so the crew could bring in the cables and equipment. The crew numbered twenty-four, counting volunteers, and they usually ended up eating the show. Grips and cameramen would take home dishes in one state or another for their wives to finish cooking. The last show of the first series called for Lobster à l'Américaine. Julia and Paul bought enough for everyone, and plenty of dry Riesling, and after the show they had a banquet on the set. Not a farewell banquet, because the second series was already in the works, with several "subscribers" (public television does not refer to "sponsors"), such as Safeway Stores, Hills Bros., and eventually the Polaroid Corporation, to help pay for it. They did sixty-eight shows at the Cambridge Electric Company before moving to the new WGBH studios, in Cambridge, in November, 1963.

Old friends of Julia's often say that those early black-and-white shows were the best—that in spite of the mishaps, or perhaps because of them, Julia was more herself than she has appeared in the technically superior programs that followed. Julia, who is highly self-critical, does not agree at all. "I was inclined at the beginning, having been involved in writing and teaching, to be too expository, to talk too much," she has said. "Ruthie Lockwood kept reminding me that television was a visual medium and that the points had to be made visually. Also, I had no time sense to speak of, so it was very difficult for me at first. We've always worked with a system of 'idiot cards,' which they hold up to tell me when it's time to move on to the next step, but at the beginning I'd sometimes forget to look for them. And then I'd look at the wrong camera sometimes. The boys finally started putting a little hat on the camera that was shooting, and a big sign under the lens reading 'ME FRIEND.'" The videotapes of the first thirteen shows, which were made before the program started to be picked up by other noncommercial stations around the country, no longer exist—they literally wore out from overuse. Julia was rather pleased, because it gave her an opportunity to redo those programs (all basic mainstays such as Bœuf Bourguignonne, Coq au Vin, and omelettes) in a more professional manner.

The unique blend of Julia's earthy humor and European sophistication, her tendency to slap and sniff and taste everything without losing a shred of her dignity were there from the beginning. "Julia is a natural ham and a natural comic," Paul once said, "and Ruth Lockwood, with her own slightly corny sense of humor, has always encouraged that in her." Using a giant sabre to carve her Poulet Sauté Marengo, appearing in a pith helmet and firing off a popgun to bring down a squab for "Small Roast Birds," and other elements of horseplay have undoubtedly helped to build her audience, which seems, from the mail that comes in, to include a surprising number of children and husbands. Julia, moreover, is not above a little gentle baiting of her detractors, who tend to be mainly sanitationists (or "home-economics types," as Julia calls them), and those who are disturbed by her use of wine and other, more demonic spirits in cooking. "Now we'll add a quarter of a teaspoon of white wine," she will say, pouring copiously from the bottle. "The children will love it." An amazing number of people seem to think that Julia's high good humor and her occasional mishaps on the home screen can mean only that she is drunk. Cartoons have depicted her swigging from a bottle as she cooks, and some view-



ers insist that they have actually seen her do this on camera—a misapprehension that may stem, Julia thinks, from the time she carefully peeled, seeded, and squeezed a tomato and then drank off the juice in a cup. When the BBC was contemplating a "French Chef" series in Britain, the program that they put on the air to test audience reaction opened with Julia picking up the lids from two steaming saucepans and clashing them together like cymbals. This caused the steam lingering in both lids to fly right into her face, a painful surprise that she accepted with one of her more robust peals of laughter. The station received so many calls from distressed Britons wondering what on earth a drunken or demented American woman was doing on the Third Programme that the BBC decided not to run the series after all. Actually, as Paul sometimes points out, it is peculiar to assume that anything as complex as what Julia does on television—does with split-second timing and with explanations that make sense—could be done at all by someone under the influence of liquor. "She wouldn't be dropping spoons up there, she'd be falling down," Paul says. It may be that real spontaneity has become so rare that it requires an explanation. "We never really know what she's going to say on the program," Ruth Lockwood said recently. "She memorizes the opening and closing lines, and there is a sort of rough script, consisting mostly of key words and phrases, but aside from that there's just no telling what's going to happen. We always say it's the only real suspense show on television."

The last show in "The French Chef" series was taped in December, 1972. There are more than two hundred of them on tape, and reruns keep the program going in most parts of the country, but after twelve years the Childs are not sure they want to continue with it. "If I ever do any more, I want them to be more professional," Julia said recently. "I want to be sure that the closeups are correct, and things like that. One time, we had a program on roasting a turkey, and at the end you couldn't see the turkey being carved, couldn't see a damn thing." She would like to be able to edit the show after each taping, though editing would add considerably to the expense. Julia thinks of herself primarily as a teacher—" 'The French Chef,' " she says, "is really a continuation of L'École des Trois Gourmandes"—and she feels that her students should not have to put up with anything less than the highest standards.

It has been said that Julia Child really "made" public television. She was certainly the first major star to emerge from noncommercial programming—the first to become a nationally known figure. Wherever she goes now, people recognize her and speak to her; in restaurants, waiters ask her to sign the menu (which pleases her enormously), and other diners send over friendly notes and try to find out what she has ordered. A recent television commercial featured Julia Chicken, a fowl who spoke in the French Chef's unmistakably rich and breathy accents, until the Childs' lawyer put a stop to it, and "The Electric Company," a children's program, has had a character named Julia Grownup. Although Julia Child has little time to savor the fruits of her fame, she clearly enjoys it—"loves every minute of it," according to Avis DeVoto—and, just as clearly, will not miss it when it recedes. She has consistently turned down all offers from commercial TV, just as she has turned down all requests to endorse products or to lend her name to promotions other than those in support of public television. Last year, she was approached by NBC, which offered her a spot at nine-thirty in the morning five days a week; she turned it down, largely because the audience at that hour would be almost entirely women, "and our audience is bigger than that." She has given back to WGBH, through fees for demonstrations, fund-raising appeals, and royalties from "The French Chef Cookbook," far more than she has ever received from it. The Childs feel that her television exposure has been responsible in large part for the success of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking," and that alone has made them, if not rich, at least comfortable beyond anything they had ever expected. Everyone involved, it appears, is grateful to everyone else, and the television audience seems happy enough for the time being with reruns. There has been talk about presenting "The French Chef" in a new format, based on public cooking demonstrations like the ones in San Francisco. But at present, Julia's only plans for television involve a few special shows with James Beard.

Meanwhile, Julia has completed the manuscript of another cookbook, using recipes done on the show since the first one appeared, in 1968, and she and Simone Beck may do a revised edition of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking." Louisette Bertholle, who dropped out of the collaboration after Volume I, now lives near Bourges and is teaching and writing on her own. But the Childs and Mme. Beck and her husband, Jean Fischbacher, a perfumer, remain in close contact professionally and personally—particularly during the spring and summer, when the Childs stay in a little house they have built on some property of the Fischbachers' in the South of France. One purpose of a revision would be to bring readers up to date on some of the culinary equipment that has come along in recent years (such as nonstick pans and highly versatile electrical processors). In Volume I, the authors took a somewhat Olympian tone about utensils, in line with the traditional *hauteur du chef*, but Julia has come to feel that it is a good thing to speed matters up where possible in the kitchen, and that if the same effect that used to be produced by laborious handwork can be duplicated by a machine, then *vive la machine*.

AN hour before the first San Francisco cooking demonstration was to start, at two on Monday afternoon, the Childs and their two assistants were finishing a leisurely lunch in a curtained-off area at the left side of the stage. These "working" lunches were relatively simple but far from casual occasions. During the preceding days, Rosie Manell had dished up many regional specialties, such as cracked crab, tiny bay shrimps, rex sole, and abalone (sautéed twenty seconds to a side, no more), each of which had been complemented by a chilled Muscadet or some other wine from the Liberty House boutique in the theatre lobby. Each meal began with a ritual *carillon de l'amitié*, the four wineglasses held carefully by the stems so the sound would ring out clearly. "One of the good things about getting to be sixty," Julia said that Monday, "is that you make up your mind not to drink any more rotgut wine." There was a great deal of laughter and much talk of food. "When a vegetable is as beautiful as this asparagus," Rosie Manell said at one point, "you've just got to take it seriously"—a comment that Julia liked so much she repeated it to her audience a little later. Immediately following lunch, while the others made a final check of the dozens of items that would be used during the afternoon's demonstration, Julia was left alone in the dining alcove for her "quiet time," which she used to go over her notes. She showed not the slightest hint of nervousness or stage fright.

The demonstration was twenty minutes late getting started. Heavy rains had slowed traffic, but when Julia came out from the wings the downstairs area of the Kabuki was filled nearly to capacity, the audience consisting mostly of well-dressed women, who greeted her enthusiastically. Julia introduced her "team": Rosie Manell and Liz Bishop, who would be onstage throughout the performance, and Paul, "our general manager, timekeeper, and resident ogre," sitting at a table in the front row, where he could give time signals and make suggestions to the performers. The program called for soufflé on a platter, with poached eggs; Caneton en Aspic à la Parisienne; and Charlotte Malakoff. "Nobody in their right mind would want to serve all three at the same meal," Julia explained, "but each could be the centerpiece of a memorable meal. Now, then, where are my glasses?"

The difference between Julia on television and Julia live onstage is mainly a difference in timing. Without the minute-to-minute pressure and the time cards held up to tell her to move on, she can be a little more expansive, and better able to savor the amusement and delight of whatever she happens to be doing. Volunteer hostesses in stylish aprons, instructed by the benefit committee to bring portable microphones to anyone who wanted to ask a question, never did so, because nobody needed them; when someone had a question, she would ask it, and Julia would glance up from her work, grin, and answer while continuing to work. She was in her kitchen and about eight hundred people were there with her. "I know what it is about her," an attractive San Franciscan said during the intermission. "She's just like a child playing. Anybody who has that much fun just has to be irresistible."

Julia's explanations of what she was doing and why were interspersed with items of general information. French ducks, she observed, tended to be less fatty than American ducks, which made them better for Caneton en Aspic. Raffle tickets would be sold during intermission for all the food cooked onstage, including the duck bones, which could be used for stock. ("Just think, somebody's going to win all these lovely duck bones.") If you wanted to, you could use "the other spread" in the soufflé, but it wouldn't taste as good as it did with butter. "But then who am I to tell you what to use?" she went on. "It's the method that counts, really. You can substitute any ingredients you want." That morning, Rosie and Liz had cleaned out the local Safeway's entire stock of sweet butter—thirty pounds, which they would use up before the week was out. Nobody catches Julia Child using the other spread.

"All this looks a little terrible until you get it done," she noted in passing.

"Let's just taste and see if it's any good," she said a little later, dipping a spoon into the just blended duck mousse. She tasted, paused, cast her eyes upward. "It's pretty good," she said, adding a touch more cognac. Another taste, and a nod of the head. "I think," she said, patting the cognac bottle, "that that's what makes the difference between an American meat loaf and a French pâté, don't you?"

Rosie and Liz moved in and out of the work space, helping where needed. Julia chatted with them and with the audience. From his seat out front, Paul occasionally offered a suggestion, telling Julia, for example, to move to the right or the left so the overhead television cameras could pick up what she was doing and relay it to the screens on either side. "They can't see what you're doing, J.C.," Paul would say. "Hold up the pan."

James Beard spoke recently of the "all-embracing quality" that draws people to Julia Child. "She has the kind of bigness that all great artists have," he said. "Singers especially. She just sweeps everyone up and carries them away. I think she could run for political office and do very well." The choreographer Merce Cunningham, a great fan of Julia's program, has observed that she moves like a dancer. "Everything is direct and clear—no superfluous gestures," Cunningham said. "That must be how she gets through all that complicated business within the time limit, and it's one reason she's so fascinating to watch." She is also very good at building to a dramatic climax.

The Charlotte Malakoff provided the climax of the first day's demonstrations. Instead of serving the velvety almond-cream dessert (flavored with chocolate and rum) molded in homemade ladyfingers, as the printed program had said she would, Julia decided to serve it in a cage of spun caramel. Donning a thick red rubber glove from the Sacred Bag to keep from burning her hand, she took a small cake pan, held it upside down, carefully buttered the exterior surface, then set to work covering it with molten caramel dripped from a spoon. The skeins of caramel glittered in the stage lights. It took several minutes for her to cover the pan. She let it cool, then carefully began to work the caramel loose, chatting the while about the need for patience in cooking. After a tense interval, the caramel slid free, and she held up a gossamer cage. Applause from the audience. "Don't clap yet," Julia warned. She thought the cage needed fixing in a couple of spots, so she slipped it back over the bottom of the cake pan and added more hot caramel. "Anything you spill you can turn into taffy," she said. Again the cage was delicately pried loose from the pan. Julia started to hold it up for all to see, and in doing so dropped it. Gasps and groans from the audience; the cage was in smithereens. Julia put her head back and laughed. "We'll just have to do it all over again," she said, and did it all over again, successfully, to thunderous applause.

The same thing happened at the second performance, that evening, except that she broke the cage when she went to put it in the freezer. "Never give up!" she cried. "This is a fine illustration of not getting discouraged." The

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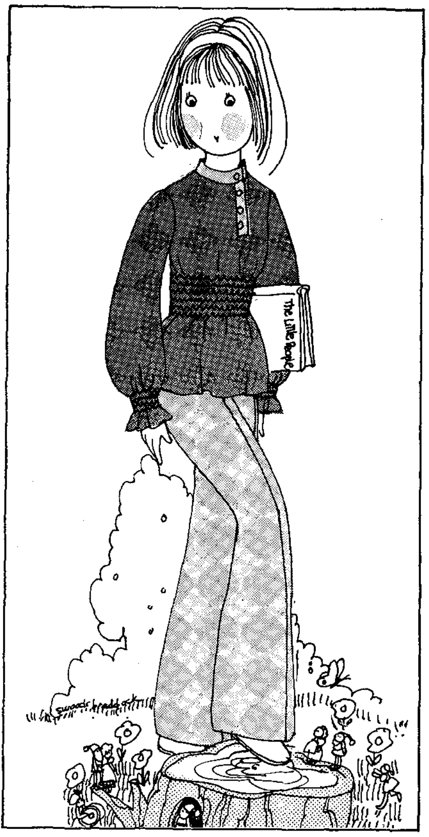

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audience, which this time included a substantial number of men, was limp with delight. Fifty or more people stayed on after the show to stand in line and have their copies of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" autographed by Julia and Paul, and nearly all of them wanted to talk with the Childs, to say something about what Julia had meant in their lives and how grateful they were. Julia asked questions about each person's home or family or kitchen. They were signing autographs until after midnight.

Later, back at the hotel, the team gathered in the Childs' suite for a nightcap. They had ridden up in the elevator with Rudolf Nureyev, who was in town with the National Ballet of Canada and was staying at the same hotel; the two "superstars," as Herb Caen referred to them in his column in the *Chronicle*, rode up together silently, without a sign of recognition, but afterward Julia commented with interest on Nureyev's costume, which consisted of knee-length snakeskin boots and a snakeskin shirt. It looked, Liz Bishop said, as though the snake were eating him. The conversation in the suite flowed without effort. Julia and Paul talked about Norway, which they had both adored. They liked the Norwegians and their way of life, they liked the countryside, and they even liked, in moderation, the food. "You have to learn how to order there," Julia said. "Their poached sea trout is delicious. The fried food is awful. And their idea of vegetables is four kinds of potato and some parsley." Julia learned more Norwegian than Paul did, because Paul was too busy at the Embassy to give full attention to lessons. Julia has been known to sing the Norwegian national anthem at parties, her great, plummy voice swooping up and down the scale with utter confidence, though in no discernible key.

Before going to bed, they talked a little about the various groups, mainly in California, that were now dedicating themselves to mysticism, psychic experimentation, and the transformation of consciousness. Julia didn't seem to know much about the new consciousness, but she thought it sounded interesting. "I just hope," she said at one point, "that good food is a part of it."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

HIGHS AND LOWS
New Highs—1
Homesex
New Lows 873
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It figures.

THE THEATRE

GOOD INTENTIONS

THAT brilliant writer and actor Peter Ustinov has just done something wholly unnecessary—he has taken the trouble to compose still another play about Hell. He calls it "Who's Who in Hell," and it put in a brief appearance last week at the Lunt-Fontanne, with the author taking one of the major roles. At this late date, few new metaphors for a state of damnation after death are likely to prove interesting to us (the fate of the poor heroine in the movie "The Devil in Miss Jones" is a remarkable exception), and unless we are being continuously astonished by the playwright's fancies we run the risk of being continuously bored. It turns out that Mr. Ustinov has little in mind to astonish us with; his view of the hereafter is unexpectedly conventional, both in its topography and in its theology. "Good" people are thought of as going up to a permanent place of residence, and "bad" people are thought of as going down. Moreover, the goodness and badness of people are judged by standards that would raise no eyebrows in the Old Bailey or in Foley Square; it appears that the Ten Commandments are still in operation and that mention of the apocryphal Eleventh Commandment—"Thou shalt not get caught breaking any of the ten others"—would be regarded as an act of unbecoming levity. "In my Father's house," so the Bible says, "are many mansions," but, to judge by Mr. Ustinov, the jokes to be cracked there are not very funny and the philosophical speculations not very profound. Molière, da Ponte, Shaw, Sartre, Beckett—others have found the mansions merrier or more dreadful and therefore better theatre.

The setting of "Who's Who in Hell," designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, was an anteroom that might have been the first-class lounge of some fourth-class airport in, say, Tierra del Fuego. It was too big and too ugly for any purpose save intimidation. We saw a number of lively corpses plunge through a dark central doorway: an American President, newly assassinated at Disneyland; a visiting Russian dignitary, also assassinated on the same occasion; the pleasant-faced American boy who had done them in; and the boy's best girl, who had committed the Christian sin of suicide. Several seasoned dead folk wandered about, among them a black man who had been lynched in the thirties, a female Nazi storm trooper, an American general bitterly wise to the Army's corrupt ways in Vietnam, and an English judge of an earlier century. The constant mingling of these characters led to much chaffering and no conclusion, for it is precisely the function of eternity—which is itself, of course, a function of Hell—that nothing *can* conclude; this is all very well as an idea, but it makes a poor plot for a play.

Mr. Ustinov was very funny as the Russian dignitary, and so was George S. Irving as the American President (in appearance and speech uncannily like former President Nixon). In the role of the young assassin, Beau Bridges remained oddly at a distance from the action of the play, but Joseph Maher was ever in the thick of things as the English judge, and I enjoyed Olympia Dukakis, Bob Lawrence, Josef Sommer, and Christina Pickles in smaller parts. The costumes were by Nancy Potts, the lighting was by John Gleason, and the direction was by Ellis Rabb.

"IN PRAISE OF LOVE," at the Morosco, is a new comedy by Terence Rattigan, starring Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel. Mr. Harrison is one of the most accomplished actors alive, and he has reached a point in his career at which, in part by the perfection of his timing and the unction of his utterance and in part by our gleeful anticipation of that perfection and that unction, he can make the merest scrap of a three-word throwaway seem charged with meaning; a flicker of an eyelid, an infinitesimal clearing of the throat, and—presto!—a pinch of wit becomes an epigram. The skimpier the play, the more resourceful Mr. Harrison, with the result that we find ourselves perversely grateful to Mr. Rattigan for giving us so little substance and thus requiring of his star that he give us so great a display of his magicianship.

The plot of "In Praise of Love"—what a pleasing, all-purpose title that is!—has to do with a middle-aged Marxist book reviewer in London; his wife, long ago a refugee from Estonia; their anti-Marxist son, newly down from the university and about to see his first play performed on TV; and an American friend of the family who writes synthetic, highly profitable novels. The wife is dying and knows it; so does her husband, but each is trying to keep the sad truth from the other for as long as possible by pretending to believe that she is on the mend. It is rueful comedy of calculated errors, heightened by the fact that the father and son are bickeringly at odds over politics and other matters; the wife hopes to arrange an accommodation between them that will last through the days when she will no longer be there to keep the family peace. Sentimental in tone and burdened with too much talk about the grim Estonian past (which Miss Harris's on-and-off Estonian accent makes it hard for us to believe in), the play is unabashedly designed as a vehicle. Thanks to Mr. Harrison, Miss Harris, Mr. Gabel, and Peter Burnell, who plays the promising son, the vehicle rolls at an agreeable speed through familiar country, and only a churl would call attention to the fact that, as in movies, the spokes of the wheels appear to be spinning backward. The setting consists of a commodious duplex in Islington, which few book reviewers in Manhattan could hope to possess the equal of (our Marxist must have private means); it is the handiwork of Jo Mielziner, who also designed the lighting. The costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the direction is by Fred Coe.

"WHO'S WHO IN HELL" was paved with good intentions, and so is "In Praise of Love," but Neil Simon's new play, "God's Favorite" (at the Eugene O'Neill), consists entirely of bad intentions, in the form not of pavings but of pitfalls. Mr. Simon has dug these pitfalls laboriously, one gross shovelful after another, without seeming to notice how deep they are and how often he has tumbled into them. To my surprise, my response to "God's Favorite" is one of indignation. I would have expected to content myself with reporting that, despite its having been written as a comedy, it amounts to a grim and often distressing medley of trumped-up, unfunny jokes, ill told and thoroughly unsuited to the action they purport to embody; instead, I find that I feel more strongly about the play than that. I find that it looms before me as a colossal impertinence—a jeer not at religion, though Mr. Simon in his ignorance manages to affront both Judaism and Christianity, but at literature.

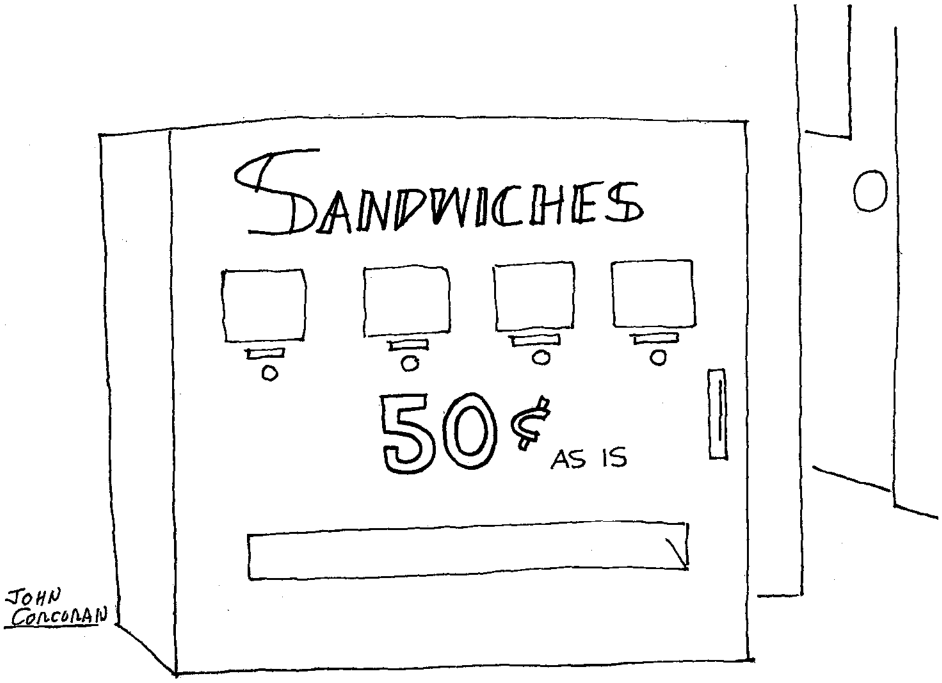
The Book of Job is one of the most

exquisite poems ever written; its words are always in our ears:

> Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.
> Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?
> Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof;
> When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

It is also superbly dramatic. The description of Job's many afflictions requires only a few verses; the rest of the poem is a series of debates between Job and three old friends, Job and young Elihu, and Job and God. If our ears (in Hopkins' phrase) are rinsed by the music of the language, our minds are ravished by the give-and-take of the dialogue. And it is this masterpiece that Mr. Simon has decided to retell, in the colloquial New Yorkese that one hears on the stage and on television but that is a parody of true New York street speech. Mr. Simon's Job—Joe Benjamin, in case we should need the hint and in case it would be helpful to have Archibald MacLeish's "J.B." recalled to us—is a vulgar Jewish millionaire who manufactures cardboard boxes and lives on the North Shore of Long Island in a mansion of incomparably sleazy grandeur. His wife is a ninny who accumulates jewels and carries them about with her in a big, gold-encrusted box. His elder son is a glib drunk, his younger son is an oaf, and his teen-age daughter continually fantasizes that she is about to be raped. There we have Mr. Simon's Job, and the play consists of illustrating the misfortunes that befall him. He has no friends and therefore nobody to debate with, and that may be just as well; little evidence is adduced that he has a mind capable of carrying on a debate. The Book of Job begins, "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." Mr. Simon's Job is a repellent humanoid, who suffers and survives; good and evil and the fear of God are far beyond him.

Vincent Gardenia, being a fine actor, does everything he can to make Joe Benjamin sympathetic. Charles Nelson Reilly plays God's messenger as a gushing twit from Jackson Heights; that takes care of insulting the homosexuals in our society. The two blacks in the cast (Rosetta LeNoire and Nick LaTour) are called on to play typical black stage servants, who say "ain't" but carry Gucci shopping bags and are much admired for being willing to pray for Joe Benjamin on their day off; that takes care of insulting the blacks in our society. At one point, Joe criticizes God on the ground that He doesn't know what it is to be human; since the primary tenet of Christianity is that God became human and died in order to redeem man (and, as God, must always have known that He was going to die in such a fashion), that takes care of insulting all the Christians in our society. As for all the Jews in our society, it strikes me that nearly every word spoken in the play insults them, and all the more odiously because nearly every word has been written to secure a laugh. I am sorry to say that the audience often *does* laugh; I cannot tell you why.



"God's Favorite" has a wonderfully ingenious setting by William Ritman, costumes by Joseph G. Aulisi, and lighting by Tharon Musser. The director, Michael Bennett, has guided his cast around many a dangerous corner with aplomb.

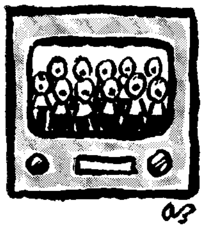
THE New Phoenix Repertory Company is putting on at the Helen Hayes a workmanlike production of Pirandello's "The Rules of the Game." It is an extremely interesting play, not least because it contains scarcely a trace of those overcelebrated Pirandelloesque ambiguities. It is, on the contrary, as straightforward as, say, "The Misanthrope." It states a problem of no great complexity but of profound import and then proceeds coolly, step by step, to resolve it, with that minimum of means which in science is called elegant. A well-mannered, affluent upper-class Italian has separated from his pretty wife. She continues to occupy their fashionable city apartment, while he lives in a farmhouse on the outskirts of the city, among cabbages. He has chosen in middle age to live a life governed entirely by reason; his wife wishes to live by intuition. He practices a continual discipline of non-feeling. (His metaphor for the ideal state of being is a sucked-out egg.) She indulges her daydreams and rails against his power to limit her freedom by the mere brute fact of his continued existence. The wife has a lover, whom she manipulates without regard for any feelings that he may possess except lust; her husband also manipulates him, to the point where the lover must give up his life as a consequence of his mistress's impromptu attempt to destroy the husband. The play is short, without an incident too many, and yet there is room in it for what amounts to a surprise ending: the icy, rational man, empty of feeling, ends by— But if you do not know the play (as I did not), you will do better to go and see for yourself.

To be blunt, John McMartin is miscast as the upper-class husband; he looks and sounds just like Sam Dodsworth and for some reason wears light-colored tweeds like Dodsworth's, and it is disconcerting to observe him making himself at home in an Italian drawing room of about 1918, filled with Art Nouveau furnishings. Joan van Ark is fetching as the sly, desperate wife, and David Dukes is superb as her lover. The scenery is by Douglas Higgins, the costumes are by Nancy Potts, and the lighting is by Ken Billington. The colloquial translation is by William Murray. —Brendan Gill

THE AIR

The Holiday Dinner: A Fable

MOTHER said that on account of what the President had said on the news the other night about there being a recession, perhaps she ought to cut back on the holiday dinner this year. But Father said he wouldn't hear of such a thing. Father said that a holiday wasn't a proper holiday without one of Mother's special holiday turkeys, with her homemade stuffing on the inside, and a platter of her fresh-baked sweet potatoes on the table and one of her fine homemade pies for dessert, and Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. agreed. Father said that what Mother should do was to "shop around" and find the "best price." Father wasn't sure what the "best price" was, but he said that he knew that Mother would find it, and that that was the way to fight Mr. Ford's recession.



The afternoon before the holiday, Mr. Bienstock didn't let Mother out of work until nearly four o'clock, but Mother shopped around quite a bit and finally found some good buys out in the new supermarket near Wildwood Meadows. Mother came home on the last bus with a fine turkey, some sweet potatoes, fresh carrots, cranberry jelly, flour, butter, onions, parsley, the right bread for the stuffing, and two cans of filling for the pumpkin pie. Father said that it was too bad that Mother had had to shop so late and so had missed Andy Williams' guest appearance on the "Doris Day Holiday Special," but Eddie Jr. pointed out that Doris Day would soon be appearing on the "Andy Williams Post-Holiday Special," and Little Margaret reminded Mother that she had already read all about the show in *TV Guide*, including the part about the comedy skit with Andy and the reindeer, and so Mother realized that she hadn't really missed anything, and told Father not to feel bad about it. Father said that he would go into the living room, where the color set was, and make sure that there was nothing else on that Mother might be missing, and that Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. should help Mother put away the holiday groceries and be quick about it. Little Margaret put the jar of cranberry jelly on the stove. Eddie Jr. picked up the loaf of bread and put it on top of the pile of laundry. Little Margaret opened a Coke from the refrigerator and asked if there was anything else to do. Eddie Jr. moved the loaf of bread to the top of the stove and then remembered that the "Children's Holiday Special" was about to start. He asked Mother if she would like to watch the program while he and Little Margaret tried to figure out where the rest of the groceries should go, but Mother said that she would take care of the groceries and that he and Little Margaret could go and watch the television for a while.

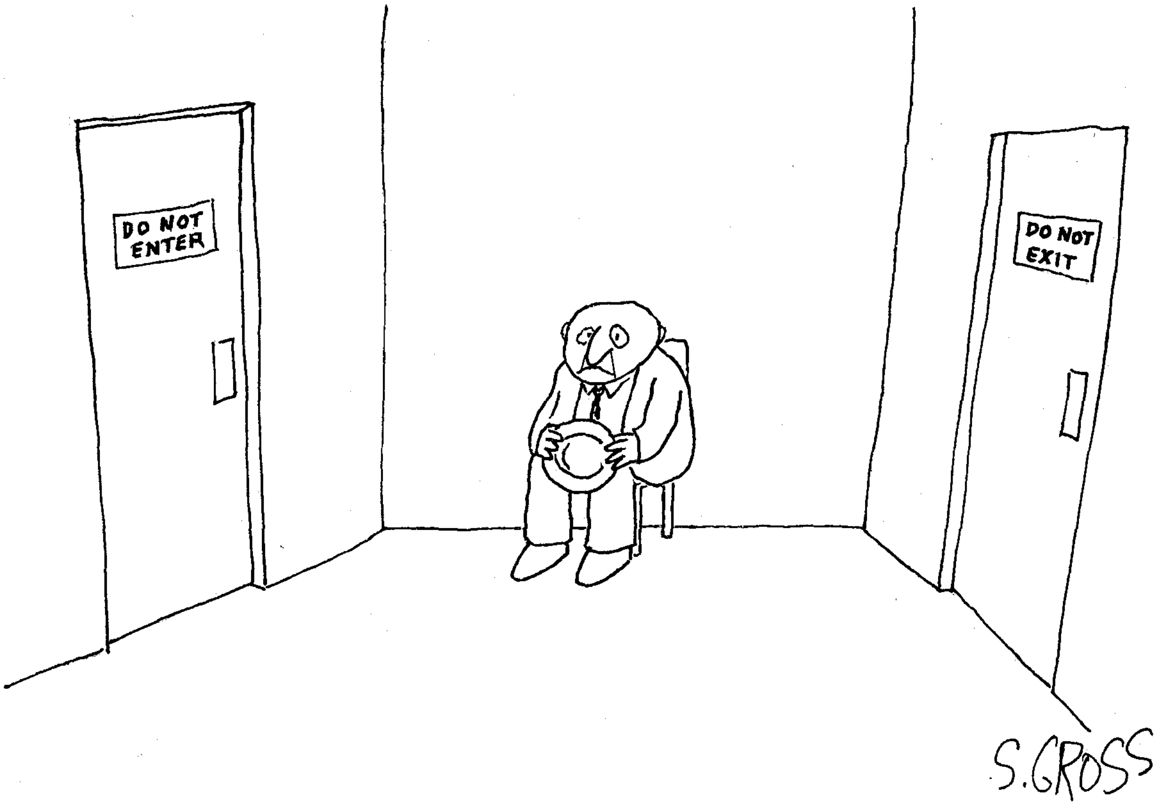
Mother had to work late in the kitchen that evening, preparing the sweet potatoes, and getting the bread and onions and parsley chopped right for the stuffing, and fixing the piecrust for the pumpkin pie. After the "Children's Holiday Special," Father and the children watched the "Charles Dickens Holiday Showcase," which featured a special reading, by a leading astronaut, from the original manuscript of "A Christmas Carol;" and "Holy Journey," which featured a personal tour of the Sea of Galilee by the middleweight champion of the world; and a rerun of the award-winning "holiday episode" from "Kojak." During commercial breaks, Father made it a point to go out to the kitchen to have a chat with Mother. Father said that he was keeping an eye on the TV to make sure that Mother wasn't missing anything, but that all that was happening now was that Detective Kojak was trailing a homicidal maniac through an abandoned toy store. Father said that nobody made piecrusts the way Mother did. Father offered to open Mother a beer, but Mother said that first she would finish the stuffing and that Father should have a beer, if he would like a beer, and go back to his detective show. Father said that he might do that.

ON the morning of the holiday, the alarm clock rang very early, which woke Father and made him irritable, but Mother said that there was no need for him to get up just then. Mother said that she had to start getting the turkey into the oven, and cleaning the platters, and getting the table ready, and Father said that in that case it would be better not to get in her way. When Father came downstairs later, Mother had the table all set, and the turkey was sizzling in the oven, and Mother was putting cranberry jelly in the jelly bowl. Father said that there was nothing like a holiday morning to bring out family spirit. Father said that no matter how hard the times might be, no family of his would ever go without a traditional holiday dinner. Father tasted the stuffing and asked Mother if perhaps she had put in too many onions. Mother said that she didn't think so, because she had made her special homemade stuffing the way she always had. Father sat in the kitchen and sipped at a cup of coffee. Father said that it was funny that the stuffing tasted so strongly of onions. The sound of a marching band came from the television set in the living room. Father got to his feet, and yawned, and said that he might very well step in there and see what was going on.

Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. were in pajamas on the floor of the living room, watching balloonlike cartoon characters float down a city street. "Isn't this the most exciting parade you've ever seen?" a woman announcer said to a tall man in a fur coat. "It sure is, Linda," said the man. An enormous balloon version of Mickey Mouse wafted by. Except for the remainder of the marching band, and two television trucks, there appeared to be only a handful of people on the street. "Wow, isn't that Mickey Mouse?" said Linda. "That's right," said the man in the fur coat. "That's Mickey Mouse, all right." Father reached forward and switched channels. A different city street appeared, with bright sunlight this time. Another marching band went by. An announcer's voice said, "That's the Pollard Junior High School marching band." A second voice said, "That's right, Bob. They're one hundred and twenty-eight strong, and they've been participating in these festivities for seven years." A float featuring floral replicas of cartoon characters moved slowly down the sunlit street. "Say, isn't that Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs?" said the first announcer. "That's right, Bob," said the other voice. "And, right behind, that looks like Dumbo the Flying Elephant! I'd call this a magical time, wouldn't you?" Little Margaret appeared to be poking Eddie Jr. with her foot. Father asked Little Margaret what she was doing with her foot. Little Margaret said that she wasn't doing anything with her foot. Suddenly, Eddie Jr. reached out and hit Little Margaret in the stomach. Little Margaret howled. Father kicked Eddie Jr., and Eddie Jr. began to cry. Mother called from the kitchen to ask what was happening. Father called back that everything was under control. Father told Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. to go upstairs and get dressed or he would knock their heads together. Father switched channels to where a man in a turtleneck sweater was seated at a desk in front of a blackboard on which the word "Defense" had been written. Or, rather, it had been written in two words: "De fense." "The name of the game in today's N.F.L. is *de*-fense," said the man in the turtleneck sweater. There was a film of a football player running and being tackled. Then of another player running and being tackled. Then of a third player running and being tackled. "They don't come any better than Roger Conboy," said the man in the turtleneck sweater. From the kitchen there was the sound of a plate breaking. Upstairs, Little Margaret shrieked. The doorbell rang. "I'll get it," said Father. There was another film, this time of a quarterback dropping back to pass. As he stepped backward, three enormous tacklers ran in toward him. The quarterback started running to the side. He threw the ball—a long, arcing pass. A man juggled it, caught it. Began to run. At the door, Mother greeted Aunt Sarah and Uncle George. Cousin Phil helped Grandmother into the house—at least, as far as the bench in the hallway, where she sat down to rest.

Aunt Sarah and Mother went out to the kitchen. Uncle George and Father and Cousin Phil stood in front of the television set and watched highlights from last week's Kansas City-Oakland game. Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. came downstairs. Father said that they should go out and help Mother, instead of always hanging around. Eddie Jr. asked why Grandmother was sitting on a bench out in the front hall. Uncle George and Cousin Phil went out to the hall, where Grandmother was asleep, and reminded Grandmother that it was the holiday, and brought her into the dining room. Father and Uncle George and Cousin Phil stood in the living room and watched highlights from last week's Pittsburgh-Cincinnati game and from last week's Dallas-Washington game. Mother said that dinner was ready.

EVERYONE agreed that Mother had never produced a better-looking turkey than she had this year. Even Aunt Sarah, who was Father's sister and was a stickler for tradition, pronounced it as fine-looking a bird as she could remember. Father suggested that Uncle George should "do the honors" in carving the turkey, because, as Father said, Uncle George really knew his stuff when it came to carving, and Mother's turkey deserved the very best. Father stepped into the living room, where, on the television set, two football teams were in position for a kickoff. A whistle blew. The ball sailed into the air. "Hardy takes it on the five," said the announcer. "He picks up blocking. The fifteen, the twenty. He's brought down by Dobson and Gilpenny." Father sat down in the chair in front of the television set. "It's a pitchout to Owens," the announcer said. "He gets to the twenty-six, where he's brought down by Mayes." And "Johnson steps back to throw. It's over the head of tight end Walter Jethroe. Jethroe has been plagued by injuries this year. Lew, I think he's still bothered by that hamstring." And "It's third and four. Johnson will put it in the air. No, it's a draw to Enderby." And "Lew, just then we saw a change we didn't get a chance to comment on. I think I better comment on that now. Willie Smith, defensive end, is in there playing for Eddie Naismith." Mother called to Father that his turkey was ready, and Father said that he would be right in. Father sat down at the table and smacked his hands together. Father said that that certainly looked to him like a plateful of turkey. Father said that Eddie Jr. should stop scooping up all the cranberry jelly and leave some for other people. Uncle George asked if there was any score yet. Father said that there was no score yet but that Johnson's arm was still cold. Little Margaret said that she thought football was a stupid game. Mother said for Little Margaret not to talk to her father that way. Father looked at Little Margaret. Father cleared his throat and put his napkin on the table. Father said that what was stupid for some people was not always stupid for other people. Father said that some people were not always in a position to judge what was stupid or not. Father said that in his opinion somebody who had spent his or her entire life watching reruns of "Gilligan's Island" and "McHale's Navy" while talking to pimply adolescents on the telephone might be such a person. Father said that "McHale's Navy" wasn't even accurate about the war. "What war?" Grandmother asked. "Oh, *Grandmother!*" Aunt Sarah said. Cousin Phil said, "There isn't any war." Grandmother started to cough. "I hope you're pleased with yourself," Aunt Sarah said to Father. "Pass Grandmother some more candied sweet potatoes," Mother said. "Grandmother, don't you want more of those candied sweet potatoes?"



Father got up to get some cider for Mother from the kitchen. On his way back, he thought he might pass through the living room. Uncle George and Cousin Phil were standing in front of the television set. Uncle George said for Cousin Phil to sit back down and finish his dinner. A mass of green-and-white and red-and-white players were at the center of the field. "Henderson gets no farther than the twenty-two," said the announcer. "The first medical reports on Gilpenny have just come in," said another announcer. "He's torn the ligaments in his knee." "That sounds like the right knee, Lew," the first announcer said. "Loomis drops back to pass. He's got plenty of time. He fires. Right on the button to Billy Van Edwards, who is upended on the thirty-six-yard line by Harry Widcombe." Father and Uncle George sat in two chairs. The announcer said, "Enderby bangs up the middle for three." And "Johnson pitches out to Owens. He goes out of bounds on the forty-two." And "Let's take another look at that. Here's Johnson moving to his left. There's Big Ed Fogarty coming down the middle. Third and long yardage. Johnson goes back and throws. It's over the head of Otis Farney."

Mother and Aunt Sarah cleared the dishes after the main course. Aunt Sarah asked Eddie Jr. what he was doing underneath the table. Eddie Jr. said that he wasn't underneath the table. Mother brought in the pumpkin pie and the dessert plates. "Billy Van Edwards was out there in the flat, but the pass was wide," the announcer said. "That was great protection, Lew." And "Now Bengston gets back to kick. He hangs it high. Rowen is under it. He's hit hard by Delmonico and Harry Widcombe." And "Enderby bangs for two yards down the middle." And "Enderby gets the call again. Three, maybe four. Lew, you'd have to say the middle of that line is tough." Mother called to Father that his favorite dessert was on the table. Father and Uncle George went back into the dining room. Uncle George said that that was what he would call a piece of pie. Father smacked his hands. Mother said that she hoped that Father's team was ahead. Father said that football was not such a big deal with him that he would pass up a piece of pie like this one. Father told Eddie Jr. to go easy on the whipped cream. Grandmother said that she was reminded of the time she once visited her sister in San Francisco. Her sister was married to a man who had a telescope on the back lawn. She thought his name was Harding or Todhunter—

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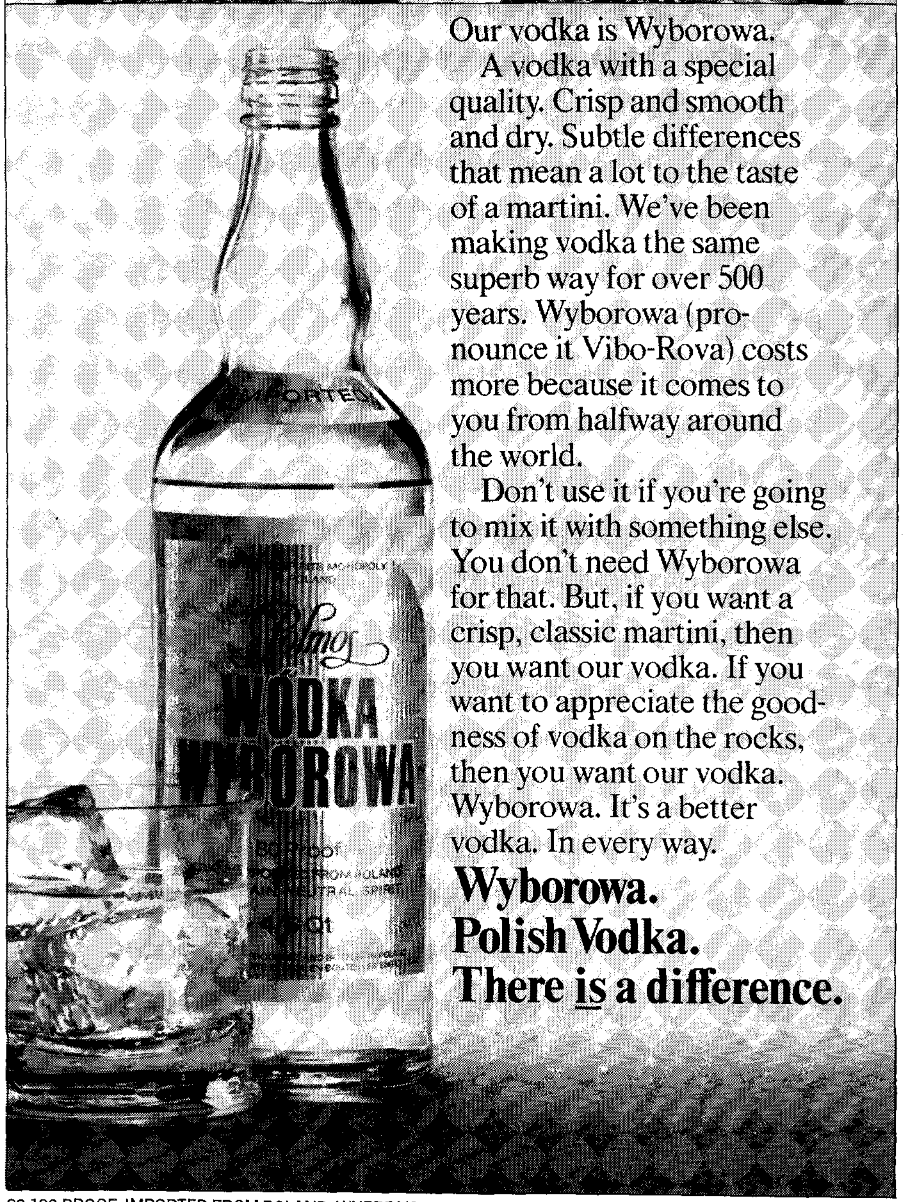

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she wasn't sure. A cheer emanated from the television set. Father said that he would be back in half a moment.

The announcer said, "Johnson throws deep to Walter Jethroe." And "Simmons pitches out to Henderson. Henderson gets to the thirty-five." And "Owens goes in for the score." And "Harry Widcombe is getting up slowly." And "Talbot just made it 27–10." And "Enderby goes nowhere up the middle." Aunt Sarah brought two cups of coffee into the living room for Father and Uncle George. After a while, Father switched channels. Men in green-and-yellow uniforms were running after a man in a red-and-brown uniform. "That's some kind of day Larry Temple is having," said the announcer. Mother brought out the plate of pie that Father hadn't finished, and put it on the table beside him. Two men in red-and-brown uniforms fell on a man in a green-and-yellow uniform. "They're going to have to figure out a way of containing Elroyd and Luchetti," said the announcer. Father told Mother that he had never tasted such a fine pumpkin pie. Uncle George said that he would certainly go along with that. A man in a green-and-yellow uniform threw a pass into the sideline. "Oh, my!" Mother said. Father asked if Mother would like to watch for a bit, but Mother said that she had better clear up the dinner things first, since otherwise she would only worry over them. Father said that if that was what Mother wanted to do, Mother should feel free to do as she pleased, and Uncle George said he would go along with that, too.

At halftime, Father came out to the kitchen to get two beers for Uncle George and himself. Mother was washing the dishes. Aunt Sarah was reading one of Mother's recipe books. Father asked where the children were. Mother said that they were helping take out the garbage. Father went upstairs and found Little Margaret, Eddie Jr., and Cousin Phil watching the "Holiday Cartoon Festival" on the upstairs television set. Father said that they should go downstairs and help or they would all be in big trouble. "I did the clearing, but Eddie Jr. didn't," said Little Margaret. Eddie Jr. and Cousin Phil said that they hadn't known that any clearing was being done. Little Margaret stuck out her tongue at Eddie Jr., and Eddie Jr. hit her on the neck. Father went downstairs. "Let's watch that fake again," said the announcer. "Here's Joe Don Nevelson on the inside. We still don't know what the penalty is." And "Grigsby cracks over the right side for three yards." And "Bendix fires one to Larry Temple. He's upended by Wally Hindenburg on the thirty-six." Aunt Sarah came in to say that Grandmother was asleep at the dining-room table. Aunt Sarah came back in to say that it was time for Uncle George to leave, in order to drive Grandmother to the bus station. Uncle George and Aunt Sarah had an argument. "Purvew and Carraway are wide," said the announcer. "Simmons hands to Patterson. He makes six. I think Vic Luchetti was in on that one, Bill." Aunt Sarah, Uncle George, Grandmother, and Cousin Phil made ready to leave in Uncle George's car. It was dark outside. Aunt Sarah said that they were going to be late to the bus station, on account of the traffic. Uncle George said that there wasn't going to be any traffic. Cousin Phil forgot his windbreaker and had to go back in to look for it. Mother gave Grandmother a package of candied sweet potatoes wrapped in tinfoil. Father waved goodbye and told Mother that she should get back inside, on account of the cold.

Back in the house, Father said that if Cousin Phil didn't get his head screwed on properly, one of these days he was going to lose it. Father picked up an ashtray and an empty can of beer from the hall table and carried them to the sideboard in the dining room. In the living room, the sunlit football field glowed yellow-green. "Simmons fires to Murdoch," the announcer said. And "Trezevant reaches the midfield stripe." And "Snelling goes wide. Simmons rolls to the right and fires. Incomplete." Father went out to the kitchen, where Mother was drying the glasses. Father said that he didn't know where Mother got all her energy. Father said that since it was a holiday and Mother had all the dishes nearly put away, maybe she would like to go to a show or something, or maybe go bowling. Mother said that that was a very nice invitation, because she had certainly enjoyed the time she and Father and Mr. Van Ness had gone bowling last summer, but she thought that she might prefer just to sit down as soon as she was finished and watch some television. Father said that that was a very sensible idea. Father said that there was no point in driving all over town on a holiday evening, even if Charlie Van Ness and a good bunch of fellows were likely to be at the bowling alley. Father picked up one of the glasses Mother had dried, and held it for a moment, and then put it down on top of the washing machine. Father said that he would be out in the living room.

On the television set, there was a blur of people streaming out of a stadium. "Ted, I think you'd have to say that the key to today's upset was that Bob Bendix was never able to get his running game going," said the announcer. Father switched channels. A man in a pink denim jacket and with a guitar was singing "Ave Maria" in a Southern accent. Father switched again. Football players in orange-and-black uniforms were lined up against football players in blue-and-white uniforms. "Third and a long six," the announcer said. "Hawkins gets back. He throws. Travis Dobson takes it on the forty-one and is knocked out of bounds by Dover Welling." And "Hawkins throws deep to Domrich." And "Langthorne gets four across the middle." And "That was great second effort from Marvin Langthorne. Now second and seven. Moncrieff is blitzing. Hawkins throws incomplete to Homer Hayden." The football field shimmered in the darkened room. There was a closeup of six girl cheerleaders in cowboy costumes. A man in a leopard suit stood on the sideline. A mass of players converged at the far end of the field. "That was some kind of catch," said the announcer. "Let's take a look at the move that Travis Dobson made on Sonderby." During halftime, Father went upstairs to see how Mother was getting along. Mother was in bed asleep. The dim sound of gunfire came from Little Margaret's room. Father looked in. Little Margaret and Eddie Jr. were face down on the floor, also asleep. On the small television set, a black policeman was carrying a white policeman out of a burning house. Father turned off the set and poked Little Margaret and Eddie Jr., who both started to cry, and told them to get to bed. Father went back downstairs. "Second and seven," said the announcer. "Phillips goes back. He's looking downfield. He throws to Wally Binton on the thirty." Father went out to the kitchen, where he opened the refrigerator and took out a can of beer. The remains of the turkey were under a layer of tinfoil on the bottom shelf. Father reached under the tinfoil and wrenched off a drumstick. Father closed the refrigerator, and took the drumstick and the can of beer back into the living room and sat down in a chair. "Carraway is upended by Billings," the announcer said. "Second and six. Henderson and Bonfils are wide. Foster hands off to Noonan, and Noonan bangs up the middle for about two." There was the sound of a toilet flushing upstairs. A man in a Santa Claus costume came on to sell car batteries. "Let's take another look at Big Manny Enriquez," said the announcer. "Here he reads the draw perfectly and cuts down Speedy Tompkins at the line of scrimmage." Father took a bite out of the drumstick and a sip from the can of beer. There was a closeup of the man in the leopard suit dancing with one of the cheerleaders. Father leaned forward and turned the color knob so that the field was the right shade of green. "Henderson is stopped at the forty-five," the announcer said. Two men in orange-and-black uniforms stood motionless upon the field of green and then began to run diagonally. A whistle blew. A car door slammed far down the street. "Veronis was offside on that one," the announcer said. The house was dark and still, except for the glow of the football field and the voice of the announcer. Father put the drumstick on the table and held the can of beer on his knee.

The trouble with some people, Father always said, was too much holiday.

—Michael J. Arlen

•

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

Section 1. As used in this Act—

(1) the term "Woodsy Owl" means the name and representation of a fanciful owl, who wears slacks (forest green when colored), a belt (brown when colored), and a Robin Hood style hat (forest green when colored) with a feather (red when colored), and who furthers the slogan, "Give a Hoot, Don't Pollute," originated by the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture;

(2) the term "Smokey Bear" means the name and character "Smokey Bear" originated by the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture in cooperation with the Association of State Foresters and the Advertising Council.

(3) the term "Secretary" means the Secretary of Agriculture...

—*Public Law 93-318, 93rd Congress, S. 1585.*

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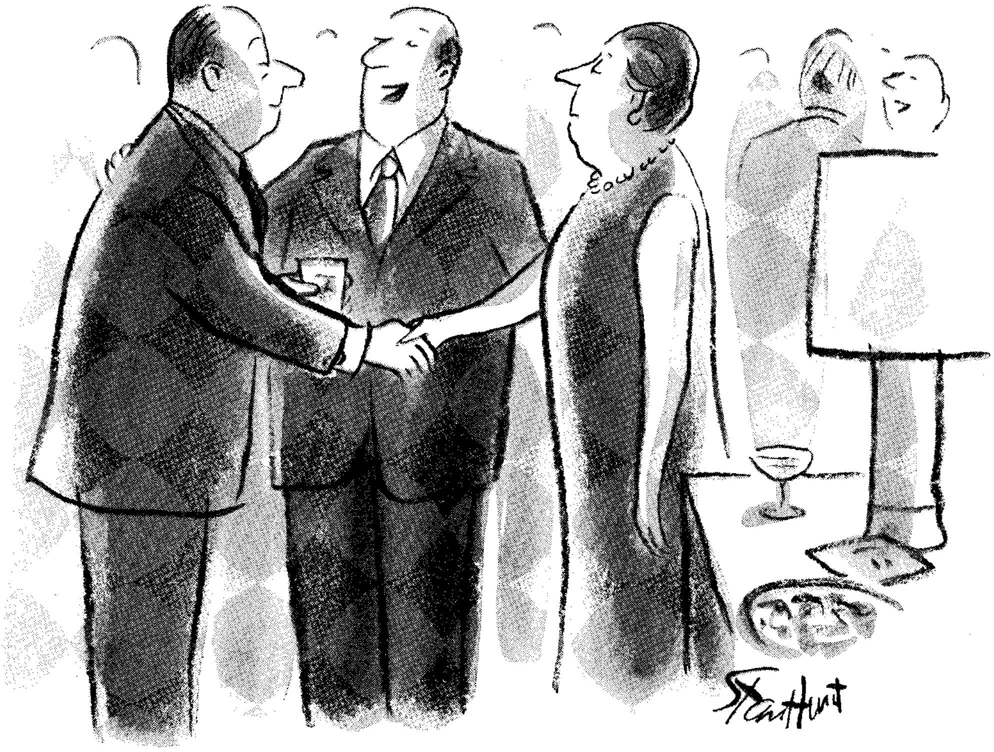
THE RACE TRACK

What Next!

IF it isn't one *cause célèbre*, it's another. On Thanksgiving Day, Frank Martin, better known around Belmont and Aqueduct as Pancho, saddled his hundred-and-thirtieth winner on the New York tracks this season, thereby breaking a record set by Hirsch Jacobs nearly forty years ago. Five days later, the stewards at Aqueduct announced that they had received laboratory reports that two horses Martin trains for Sigmund Sommer—Long Hunt and Corporate Headache—had had medication in their systems they shouldn't have had when they ran earlier in the meeting. Forthwith, Martin was suspended for sixty days and barred from the track. Before the suspension went into effect, however, he took his case to court, declaring that he had given no medication of any sort to either of the horses for three days before they ran, and he received a show-cause order in the New York Supreme Court in Mineola staying the suspension, which was to have run through February 5th. Martin went right on piling up winners. The following Saturday, he sent out Mr. Sommer's Rube the Great in the first division of the Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct, and the big colt obligingly won by lengths from Holding Pattern, who had beaten both Little Current and Chris Evert in the Travers at the Spa last August. By last weekend, Martin's total had reached a hundred and forty, and his case had been transferred from the courts to the State Racing and Wagering Board for a hearing. Whatever happens, he plans to take the Sommer horses to Santa Anita after the New York season closes, on January 4th.

For the record: Louis Wolfson's Green Gambados, who has had problems off and on all season, won the second division of the Discovery, coming through the stretch with a great rush to beat Best of It.

RECENTLY, your wandering correspondent, searching for sunshine to warm his old bones, spent a delightful afternoon at the new Agua Caliente track in Tijuana, just across the Mexican border from San Diego. As you may remember, the old Caliente, where Jim Coffroth put on the first regularly scheduled $100,000 race ever run in North America, burned down three years ago. (Nobody ever found out how the fire started.) Little was left of the stand or of the clubhouse, which had once been a famous gambling hell, and, although the rest of the place was undamaged, it was generally felt that this marked the end of merry weekends for Los Angeles horseplayers. Happily, as it has turned out, Fernando Gonzalez, a Mexican publisher who breeds and races horses in addition to pursuing his many other interests, decided that what ordinarily happens to superannuated race tracks shouldn't happen to Caliente, so he and several associates moved in. Thanks to his efforts as director general, the track opened with a bit of hoopla last May and has been running in fine style on Saturdays and Sundays ever since. What is more, the racing is going on simultaneously with the building of a triple-decker grandstand, a clubhouse, and a posh Turf Club. There will also be a fine restaurant and a discothèque, along with a shopping center, already completed, where you can buy Mexican pretties if you're not too much of a loser. Señor Gonzalez, a warm, quiet person with a dry wit, is planning to have a showplace that will attract tourists as well as horseplayers. It will take more than a year to get everything the way he wants it, and it will cost at least fifteen million dollars—but he'll do it.



"*Herb, this is my wife, Angela. Clairvoyance, telepathy, extrasensory perception—you name it, she's got it.*"

As its slogan has it, the new Caliente is "hotter than ever." There are eleven races a day, three with exactas (as at Aqueduct), two quinielas (to win, your selections may finish either one-two or two-one), a daily double, and the famous 5–10, in which you try to pick the winners of the fifth race through the tenth. The ticket or tickets that come closest win, and the payoff often runs into boxcar numbers. Last weekend, only one ticket was turned in that picked the 5–10 correctly, and it took the pot—$88,136. Not bad for a $2 bet. Post time for the first race is high noon, but the track gate is open hours before that for punters—and there are many of them—who want to get a bet down on something running at Aqueduct, or at San Francisco's Bay Meadows, or at Calder in Miami, or at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans.

And if that isn't enough action for one afternoon you can stay on for the greyhounds. About an hour after the horses are back in their barns, a track for the long dogs is set up in front of the stand, and there are ten races, with quinielas on every one and daily doubles on the first two and the last two. Incidentally, dog racing is so popular that they have it five nights a week. "There goes the rabbit!"

WELL, we'll finally have racing on Sunday—seven afternoons during the summer meeting at Belmont Park (and I couldn't think of a better place), and three at Saratoga Springs. It should be fun.

—AUDAX MINOR

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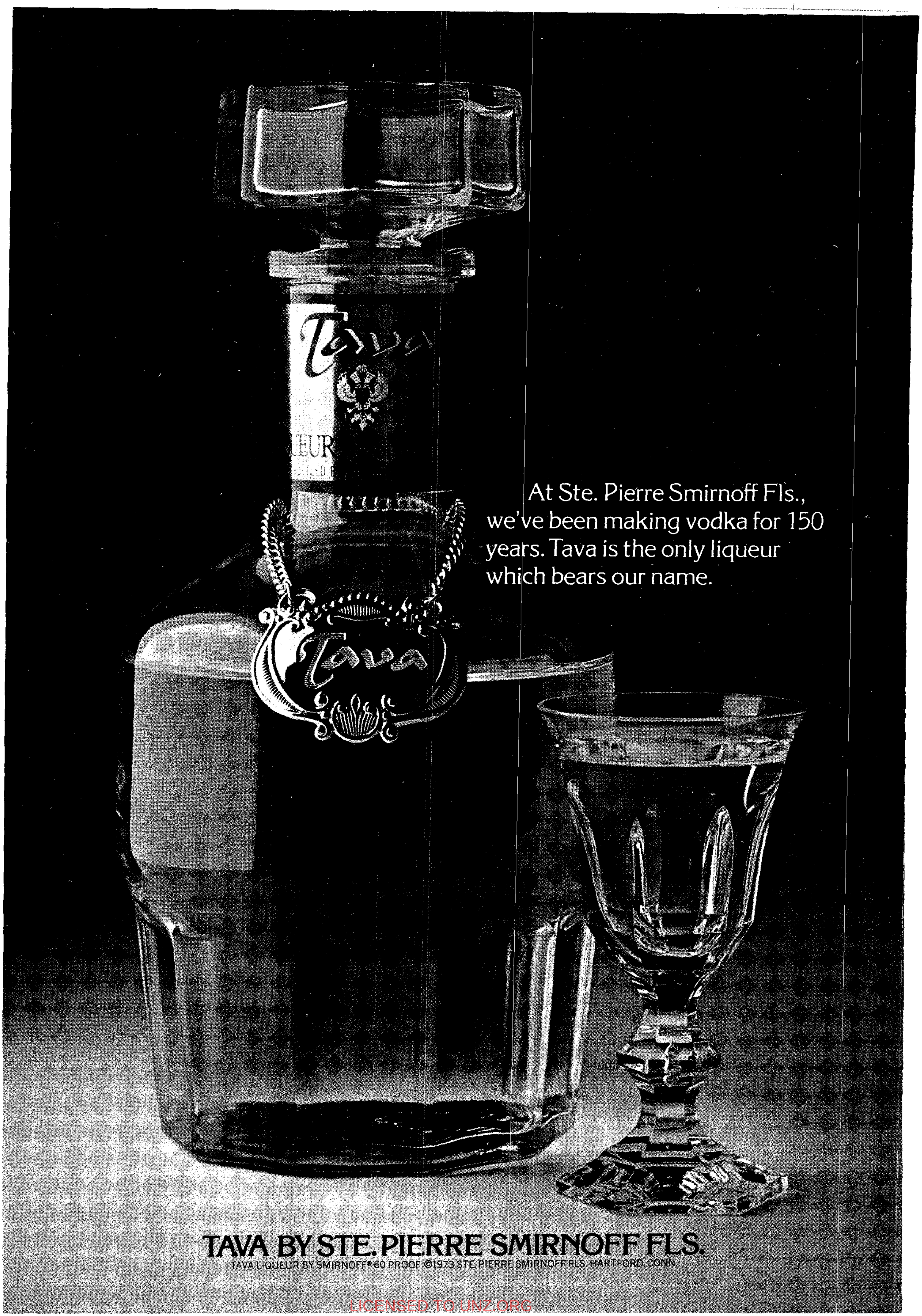

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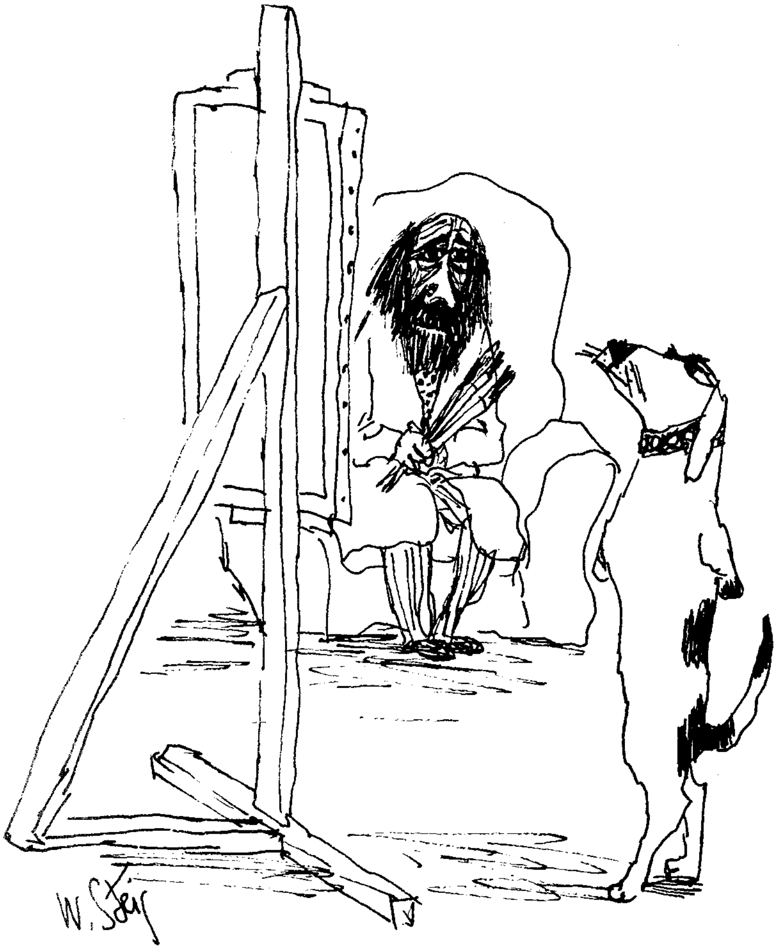
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fathers and Sons

AT the close of "The Godfather," Michael Corleone has consolidated his power by a series of murders and has earned the crown his dead father, Don Vito, handed him. In the last shot, Michael—his eyes clouded—assures his wife, Kay, that he is not responsible for the murder of his sister's husband. The door closes Kay out while he receives the homage of subordinates, and if she doesn't know that he lied, it can only be because she doesn't want to. "The Godfather, Part II" begins where the first film ended: before the titles there is a view behind that door. The new king stands in the dark, his face lustreless and dispassionate as his hand is being kissed. The familiar "Godfather" waltz theme is heard in an ambiguous, melancholy tone. Is it our imagination, or is Michael's face starting to rot? The dramatic charge of that moment is Shakespearean. The waltz is faintly, chillingly ominous.

By a single image, Francis Ford Coppola has plunged us back into the sensuality and terror of the first film. And, with the relentlessness of a master, he goes farther and farther. The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film; "The Godfather" was the greatest gangster picture ever made, and had metaphorical overtones that took it far beyond the gangster genre. In Part II, the wider themes are no longer merely implied. The second film shows the consequences of the actions in the first; it's all one movie, in two great big pieces, and it comes together in your head while you watch. Coppola might almost have a pact with the audience; we're already so engrossed in the Corleones that now he can go on to give us a more interior view of the characters at the same time that he shows their spreading social influence. The completed work is an epic about the seeds of destruction that the immigrants brought to the new land, with Sicilians, Wasps, and Jews separate socially but joined together in crime and political bribery. This is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. It's an epic vision of the corruption of America.

After the titles, the action begins in Sicily in 1901, with the funeral procession of Michael's murdered grandfather, and we realize that the plaintive tone that was so unsettling in the opening music is linked to funeral drums and to a line of mourning women. The rot in Michael's face starts here, in his legacy from his father. The silent nine-year-old boy walking behind the coffin with his strong, grief-hardened mother is Vito, who will become the Don, the Godfather (the role played in the first film by Marlon Brando). Shots are heard, the procession breaks up—Vito's older brother has just been killed. And in a few minutes Vito, his mother dead, too, is running for his life. The waltz is heard again, still poignant but with a note of exaltation, as a ship with the wide-eyed child among the hordes in steerage passes the Statue of Liberty. The sallow, skinny boy has an almost frightening look of guarded intelligence; not understanding a word of English, he makes no sound until he's all alone, quarantined with smallpox on Ellis Island. Then, in his hospital cell, he looks out the barred window and, in a thin, childish soprano, sings a Sicilian song. As he sings, we see the superimposed face of another dark-eyed little boy, a shining princeling in white with a pretty flower-face—Michael's son, the little boy who had been playing in the garden with the old Don Vito when he died. It is the rich princeling's First Communion, and there is a lavish celebration at the Corleone estate on the shore of Lake Tahoe. The year is 1958, and the surviving members of the Corleone family, whose base of operations is now in Nevada, are gathered for the occasion.



The first film covered the period from 1945 to the mid-fifties. Part II, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (played by Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), spans almost seventy years. We saw only the middle of the story in the first film; now we have the beginning and the end. Structurally, the completed work is nothing less than the rise and decay of an American dynasty of unofficial rulers. Vito rises and becomes a respected man while his son Michael, the young king, rots before our eyes, and there is something about actually seeing the generations of a family in counterpoint that is emotionally overpowering. It's as if the movie satisfied an impossible yet basic human desire to see what our parents were like before we were born and to see what they did that affected what we became—not to hear about it, or to read about it, as we can in novels, but actually to see it. It really is like the past recaptured. We see the characters at different points in their lives, with every scene sharpening our perception of them; at one moment Michael embraces his young son, at another

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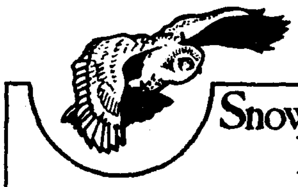

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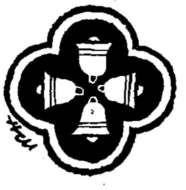
Vito cradles young Michael in his arms. The whole picture is informed with such a complex sense of the intermingling of good and evil—and of the inability to foresee the effects of our love upon our children—that it may be the most passionately felt epic ever made in this country.

Throughout the three hours and twenty minutes of Part II, there are so many moments of epiphany—mysterious, reverberant images, such as the small Vito singing in his cell—that one scarcely has the emotional resources to deal with the experience of this film. Twice, I almost cried out at acts of violence that De Niro's Vito committed. I didn't look away from the images, as I sometimes do at routine action pictures. I wanted to see the worst; there is a powerful need to see it. You need these moments as you need the terrible climaxes in a Tolstoy novel. A great novelist does not spare our feelings (as the historical romancer does); he intensifies them, and so does Coppola. On the screen, the speed of the climaxes and their vividness make them almost unbearably wounding.



Much of the material about Don Vito's early life which appears in Part II was in the Mario Puzo book and was left out of the first movie, but the real fecundity of Puzo's mind shows in the way this new film can take his characters further along and can expand (and, in a few cases, alter) the implications of the book. Puzo didn't write the novel he probably could have written, but there was a Promethean spark in his trash, and Coppola has written the novel it might have been. However, this second film (the script is again by Coppola and Puzo) doesn't appear to derive from the book as much as from what Coppola learned while he was making the first. In Part II, he has had the opportunity to do what he was prevented from doing before, and he's been able to develop what he didn't know about his characters and themes until after he'd made the first picture. He has also been able to balance the material. Many people who saw "The Godfather" developed a romantic identification with the Corleones; they longed for the feeling of protection that Don Vito conferred on his loving family. Now that the full story has been told, you'd have to have an insensitivity bordering on moral idiocy to think that the Corleones live a wonderful life, which you'd like to be part of.

The violence in this film never doesn't bother us—it's never just a kick. For a movie director, Coppola has an unusual interest in ideas and in the texture of feeling and thought. This wasn't always apparent in the first film, because the melodramatic suspense was so strong that one's motor responses demanded the resolution of tension (as in the restaurant scene, when one's heart almost stopped in the few seconds before Michael pulled out the gun and fired). But this time Coppola controls our emotional responses so that the horror seeps through everything and no action provides a melodramatic release. Within a scene Coppola is controlled and unhurried, yet he has a gift for igniting narrative, and the exploding effects keep accumulating. About midway, I began to feel that the film was expanding in my head like a soft bullet.

The casting is so close to flawless that we can feel the family connections, and there are times when one could swear that Michael's brother Fredo (John Cazale), as he ages, is beginning to look like a weak version of his father, because we see Marlon Brando in the wide forehead and receding hair. Brando is not on the screen this time, but he persists in his sons, Fredo and Michael, and Brando's character is extended by our seeing how it was formed. As Vito, Robert De Niro amply convinces one that he has it in him to become the old man that Brando was. It's not that he looks exactly like Brando but that he has Brando's wary soul, and so we can easily imagine the body changing with the years. It is much like seeing a photograph of one's own dead father when he was a strapping young man; the burning spirit we see in his face spooks us, because of our knowledge of what he was at the end. In De Niro's case, the young man's face is fired by a secret pride. His gesture as he refuses the gift of a box of groceries is beautifully expressive and has the added wonder of suggesting Brando, and not from the outside but from the inside. Even the soft, cracked Brando-like voice seems to come from the inside. When De Niro closes his eyes to blot out something insupportable, the reflex is like a presentiment of the old man's reflexes. There is such a continuity of soul between the child on the ship, De Niro's slight, ironic smile as a cowardly landlord tries to appease him, and Brando, the old man who died happy in the sun, that although Vito is a subsidiary character in terms of actual time on the screen, this second film, like the first, is imbued with his presence.

De Niro is right to be playing the young Brando because he has the physical audacity, the grace, and the instinct to become a great actor—perhaps as great as Brando. In "Mean Streets," he was a wild, reckless kid who flaunted his being out of control; here he's a man who holds himself in—and he's just as transfixing. Vito came to America to survive. He brought nothing with him but a background of violence, and when he believes the only choice is between knuckling under to the gangsters who terrorize the poor in Little Italy—just as gangsters terrorized his family in Sicily—and using a gun, he chooses the gun. In his terms, it's a simple matter of self-preservation, and he achieves his manhood when he becomes a killer. Vito has a feudal code of honor. To the Italians who treat him with respect he's a folk hero—a Robin Hood you can come to in times of trouble. No matter what he does, he believes he's a man of principle, and he's wrapped in dignity. The child's silence is carried forward in the adult. De Niro's performance is so subtle that when he speaks in the Sicilian dialect he learned for the role he speaks easily, but he is cautious in English and speaks very clearly and precisely. For a man of Vito's character who doesn't know the language well, precision is important—sloppy talk would be unthinkable. Like Brando's Vito, De Niro's has a reserve that can never be breached. Vito is so secure in the knowledge of how dangerous he is that his courtliness is no more or less than noblesse oblige.

The physical contrasts between De Niro's characterization and Pacino's give an almost tactile dimension to the theme. Driving through the streets of Batista's Havana, which he's buying into—buying a piece of the government—Michael sees the children begging, and he knows what he is: he's a predator on human weakness. And that's exactly what he looks like. He wears silvery-gray nubby-silk suits over a soft, amorphous body; he's hidden under the price tag. The burden of power sits on him like a sickness; his expression is sullen and withdrawn. He didn't have to be what he is: he knew there were other possibilities, and he chose to become a killer out of family loyalty. Here in Part II he is a disconsolate man, whose only attachment is to his children; he can never go back to the time before that moment in the restaurant when he shot his father's enemies. In the first film, we

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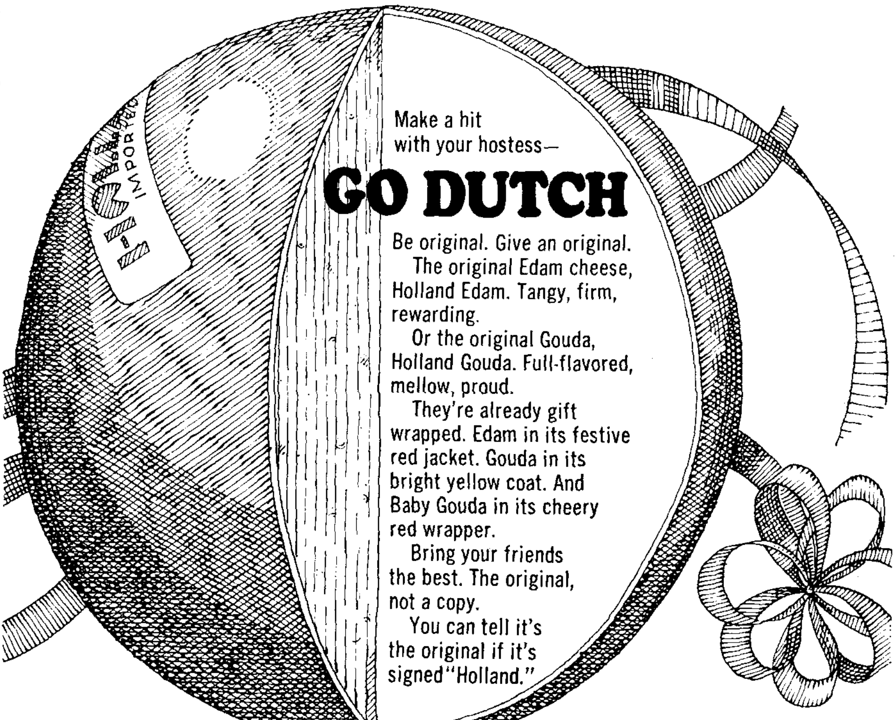

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Be original. Give an original.

The original Edam cheese, Holland Edam. Tangy, firm, rewarding.

Or the original Gouda, Holland Gouda. Full-flavored, mellow, proud.

They're already gift wrapped. Edam in its festive red jacket. Gouda in its bright yellow coat. And Baby Gouda in its cheery red wrapper.

Bring your friends the best. The original, not a copy.

You can tell it's the original if it's signed "Holland."

HOLLAND
IMPORTED CHEESE

saw Don Vito weep when he learned that it was Michael who had done the killing; Michael's act, which preserved the family's power, destroyed his own life. Don Vito had recoiled from the sordid drug traffic, but since crime is the most competitive business of all (the quality of what you're peddling not being a conspicuous factor), Michael, the modernist, recoils from nothing; the empire that he runs from Nevada has few links with his young father's Robin Hood days. It's only inside himself that Michael recoils. His tense, flaccid face hovers over the movie; he's the man in power, trying to control the lives around him and feeling empty and betrayed. He's like a depressed Brando.

There are times when Pacino's moodiness isn't particularly eloquent, and when Michael asks his mother (Morgana King) how his father felt deep down in his heart the question doesn't have enough urgency. However, Pacino does something very difficult: he gives an almost immobile performance. Michael's attempt to be the man his father was has aged him, and he can't conceal the ugliness of the calculations that his father's ceremonial manner masked. His father had a domestic life that was a sanctuary, but Michael has no sanctuary. He cannot maintain the traditional division of home and business, and so the light and dark contrasts are not as sharp as in the first picture. His wife knows he lied to her, just as he lies to a Senate investigating committee, and the darkness of his business dealings has invaded his home. Part II has the same mythic and operatic visual scheme as the first; once again the cinematographer is Gordon Willis. Visually the film is, however, far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, more full. Willis's workmanship has developed, like Coppola's; even the sequences in the sunlight have deep tones—elegiac yet lyrical, as in "The Conformist," and always serving the narrative, as the Nino Rota score also does.

Talia Shire had a very sure touch in her wedding scenes in the first film; her Connie was like a Pier Angeli with a less fragile, bolder nature—a spoiled princess. Now, tight with anger, dependent on her brother Michael, who killed her husband, Connie behaves self-destructively. She once had a dream wedding; now she hooks up with gigolo playboys. (Troy Donahue is her newest husband.) Talia Shire has such beauty and strength that she commands attention. It's possible that she didn't impose herself more strongly in the first film because Coppola, through a kind of reverse nepotism (Miss Shire is his sister), deëmphasized her role and didn't give her many closeups, but this time—pinched, strident, whory—she comes through as a stunningly controlled actress. Kay (Diane Keaton), Michael's New England-born wife, balks at becoming the acquiescent woman he requires, so he shows her what his protection means. It's dependent on absolute fealty. Any challenge or betrayal and you're dead—for men, that is. Women are so subservient they're not considered dangerous enough to kill—that's about the extent of Mafioso chivalry. The male-female relationships are worked out with a Jacobean splendor that goes far beyond one's expectations.

There must be more brilliant strokes of casting here (including the use of a batch of Hollywood notables—Phil Feldman, Roger Corman, and William Bowers—as United States senators), and more first-rate acting in small parts, than in any other American movie. An important new character, Hyman Roth, a Meyer Lansky-like businessman-gangster, as full of cant and fake wisdom as a fund-raising rabbi, is played with smooth conviction by the near-legendary Lee Strasberg. Even his breath control is impeccable: when Roth talks too much and gets more excited than he should, his talk ends with a sound of exertion from his chest. As another new major character, Frankie Pentangeli, an old-timer in the rackets who wants things to be as they were when Don Vito was in his heyday, Michael V. Gazzo (the playwright-actor) gives an intensely likable performance that adds flavor to the picture. His Pentangeli has the capacity for enjoying life, unlike Michael and the anonymous-looking high-echelon hoods who surround him. As the bland, despicably loyal Tom Hagen, more square-faced and sturdy now, Robert Duvall, a powerful recessive actor, is practically a genius at keeping himself in the background; and Richard Bright as Al Neri, one of Michael's henchmen, runs him a close second.

Coppola's approach is openhanded: he doesn't force the situations. He puts the material up there, and we read the screen for ourselves. But in a few places, such as in the double-crossing maneuvers of Michael Corleone and Hyman Roth, his partner in the Cuban venture, it hasn't been made readable enough. There's a slight confusion for the audience in the sequences dealing with Roth's bogus attempt on the life of Pentangeli, and the staging is a little flatfooted in the scenes in which the Corleone assassin first eliminates Roth's bodyguard and then goes to kill Roth. Also, it's a disadvantage that the frame-up of Senator Geary (which is very poorly staged, with more gory views of a murdered girl than are necessary) comes so long after the provocation for it. Everywhere else, the contrapuntal cutting is beautifully right, but the pieces of the Senator Geary story seem too slackly spaced apart. (The casting of G. D. Spradlin in the role is a juicy bit of satire; he looks and acts like a synthesis of several of our worst senators.) These small flaws are not failures of intelligence; they're faults in the storytelling, and there are a few abrupt transitions, indicating unplanned last-minute cuts. There may be too many scenes of plotting heads, and at times one wishes the sequences to be more fully developed. One never wants less of the characters; one always wants more—particularly of Vito in the 1917 period, which is re-created in a way that makes movies once again seem a miraculous medium.

This film wouldn't have been made if the first hadn't been a hit—and the first was made because the Paramount executives expected it to be an ordinary gangster shoot-'em-up. When you see this new picture, you wonder how Coppola won the fights. Maybe the answer is that they knew they couldn't make it without him. After you see it, you feel they can't make *any* picture without him. He directs with supreme confidence. Coppola is the inheritor of the traditions of the novel, the theatre, and—especially—opera and movies. The sensibility at work in this film is that of a major artist. We're not used to it: how many screen artists get the chance to work in the epic form, and who has been able to seize the power to compose a modern American epic? And who else, when he got the chance and the power, would have proceeded with the absolute conviction that he'd make the film the way it should be made? In movies, that's the inner voice of the authentic hero.

—PAULINE KAEL

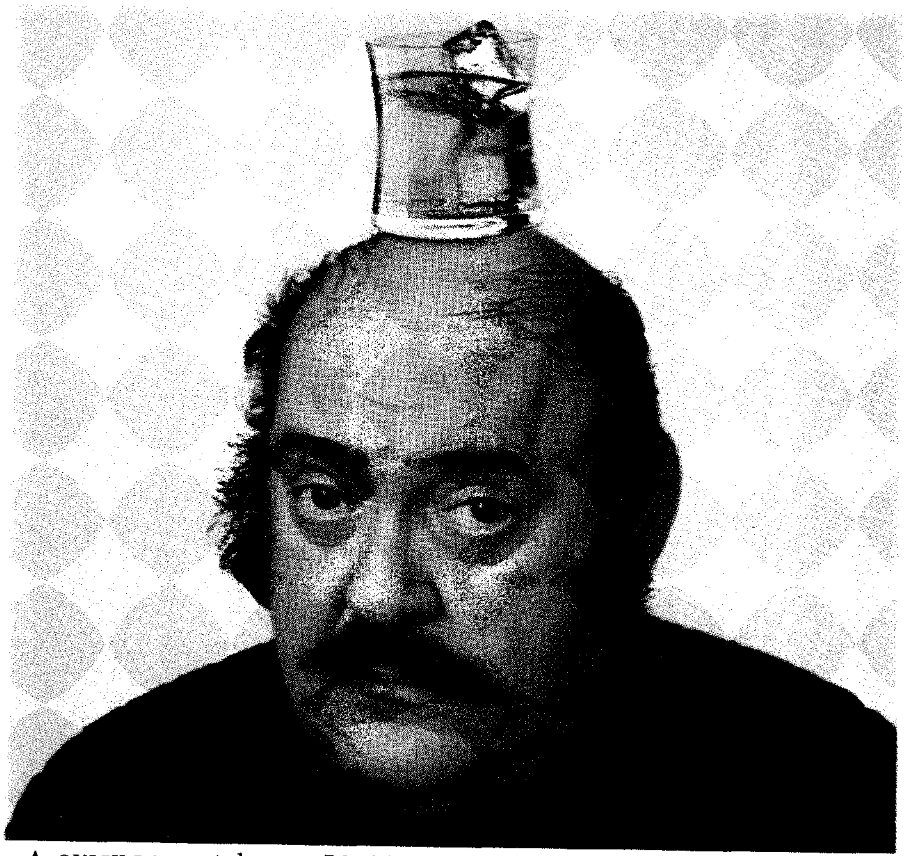
•

New Mexico has a total area
pincushions, peanuts, cattails
of 121,666 square miles.
—*Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal.*

It's big, and it's varied.

You can always tell a lot about a man by how he holds his liquor.

BY ZERO MOSTEL



A QUICK LOOK at the way I hold my liquor can tell you that I should have my head examined. A reasonable conclusion.

For, you see, I happen to have a hole in my head. When I first discovered this, I took advantage of the situation, quickly drilling a hole in my drinking glass and placing it over the hole in my head.

The scotch sifted deliciously through my body. Which sometimes has been referred to as a beached whale. As it passed my eyes, I chased it with a little eye wash. At my knees it ran into a large body of water. Scotch and water on the knee can be very painful. In fact, it's not commonly known but the drainage on my knee was the model for the Hoover Dam.

Drinking scotch my way does have its advantages. It allows me to chew gum and drink at the same time. Besides. it's because I drink that way that I drink Teacher's. I've tried a lot of other brands, but nothing sits better on me or goes down softer.

As a matter of fact, in the hope that the Teacher's people would ask me to endorse their scotch, I set down on tape some observations about my life. The following then are the transcripts from the scotch tapes of Zero Mostel.

"My Mother (bless her) carried me a long time. I was born at the immature old age of 2. Father (inaudible.)

"In (inaudible) school, I majored in hooky. I was even going for my masters, but I couldn't find their rooms. Later I fought with the Foreign Legion.

"And lost.

"In the theater, I've worked with Burbage, Kean, Rudolph Schildkraut and the divine Sarah Schwartz, learning nothing on my way to star failure. But I've also done a lot outside the theater. Under a pseudonym I wrote War and Peace, Beowulf, Godey's Lady's Book, Timon of Athens and Bei Mir Bis Du Schoen. I was turned down for the Knighthood only because I had one bad knee. I have affixed the names of Caravaggio, Le Nain, Menzel, Rembrandt, Turner, and Rosa Bonheur to the canvasses I've painted which hang by a rope in many (expletive) museums all over the world. In addition, I served and laundered for years as Gandhi's fashion consultant.

"I've often contemplated suicide, but I was out of town too much. Besides, as an actor, what do you do for an encore?

"(Gap)

"My (expletive deleted) secretary just kicked the tape recorder. (Expletive deleted, expletive deleted.)

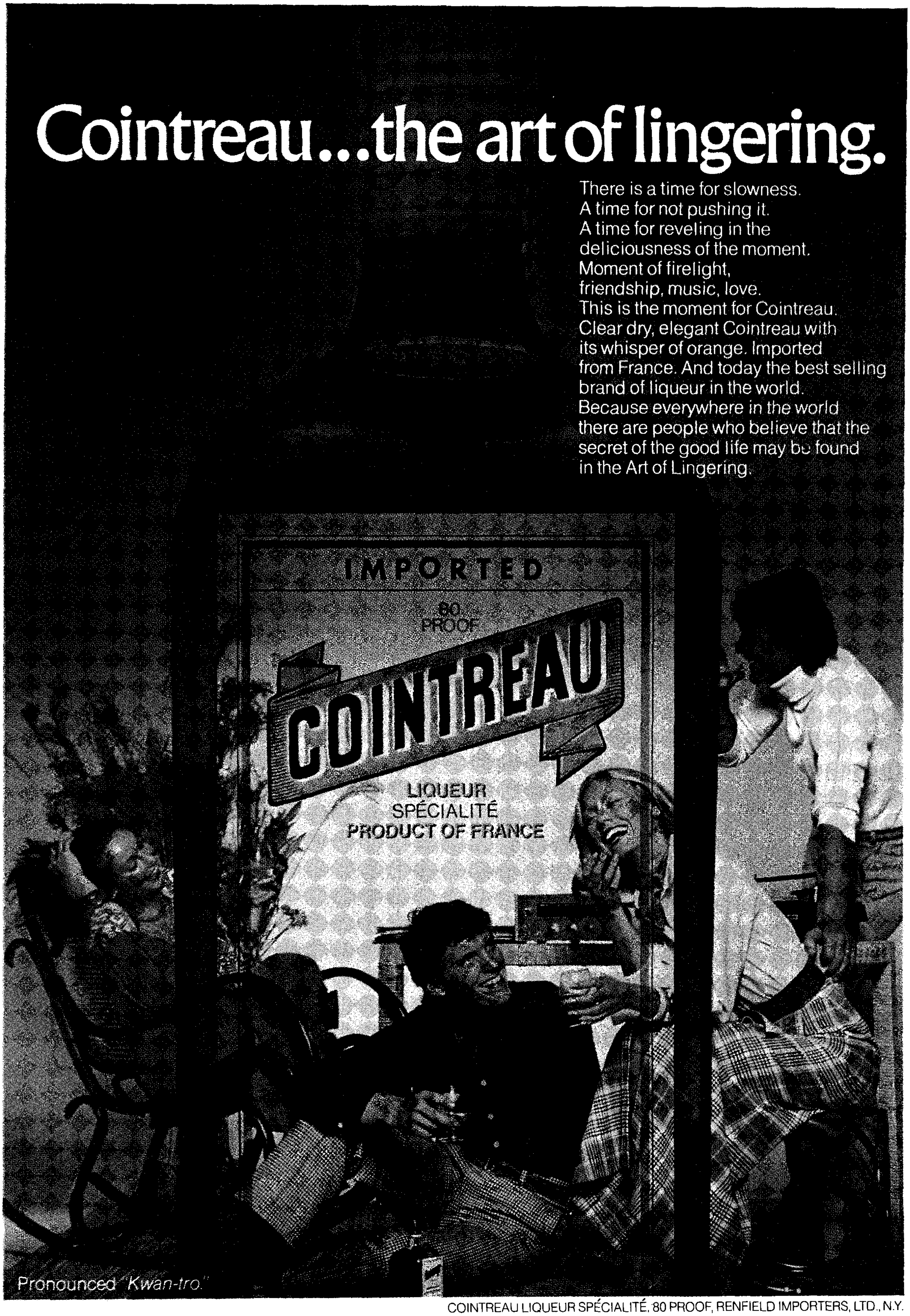
"Altogether my life has been a happy one filled with sadness. And vice versa. When I was Lincoln Steffens, I saw the future and it didn't work. So, in the twilight of my life, I look behind me. Which can be a shattering experience when you're walking around with a glass on your head.

"As this ad draws to a close, if you didn't buy the hole in the head story, at least by now you must believe that I have rocks in my head. (Expletive, inaudible, gap, hic, haec, hoc, hup, nolo contendere, etcetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.)"

TEACHER'S
TEACHER'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

No Scotch improves the flavour of mistletoe like Teacher's.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers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Pronounced "Kwan-tro."

There is a time for slowness.
A time for not pushing it.
A time for reveling in the
deliciousness of the moment.
Moment of firelight,
friendship, music, love.
This is the moment for Cointreau.
Clear dry, elegant Cointreau with
its whisper of orange. Imported
from France. And today the best selling
brand of liqueur in the world.
Because everywhere in the world
there are people who believe that the
secret of the good life may be found
in the Art of Lingering.

COINTREAU LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ, 80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

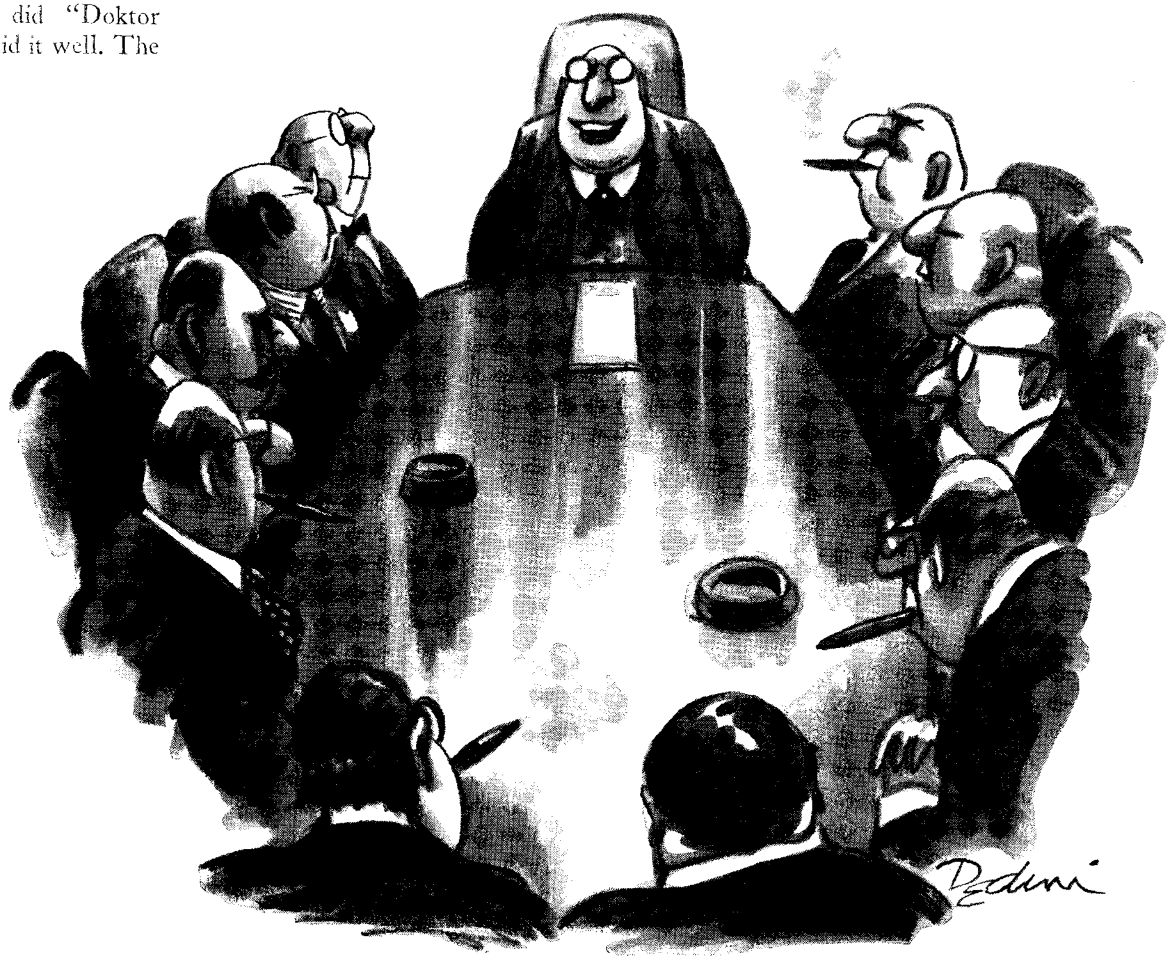
MUSICAL EVENTS

Faust Is Alive and Well in Indiana

Gounod's "Faust" has been dead for decades, although its obsequies continue to be celebrated in style and its pretty tunes to be enjoyed. Busoni's "Doktor Faust" awaits adoption by the great opera companies of the world. (The German Opera in Berlin is the only house where it thrived for several seasons on end.) Like Pfitzner's "Palestrina" and Szymanowski's "King Roger," "Doktor Faust" is an opera of high spiritual enterprise and uncommon musical richness. Enthusiasts will travel hundreds, thousands, of miles to attend the rare performances of these works. "Palestrina" may never become popular, for it is long and wordy and calls for special patience. Nothing bars the wider acceptance of "King Roger," a glittering, voluptuous score, or of "Doktor Faust"—except, perhaps, the public's reluctance to try what is not already familiar. Yet the City Opera, which has played "The Makropulos Affair" and "A Village Romeo and Juliet" with success, might well dare them and not regret it.

The Indiana University Opera Theater, in Bloomington, did "Doktor Faust" this season, and did it well. The conductor was Tibor Kozma, precise and persuasive. The prowess of the Bloomington student orchestra is well known; there was eloquent playing (even if the Cortège calls for something like the Chicagoans under Solti to invest it with full glamour). The choirs were strong. The décor was by Max Röthlisberger—a giant astrolabe overhead, and beneath it clean, simple scenes that caught the mood of each episode and shifted swiftly. Hans Busch and Mr. Röthlisberger shared the direction. The former is the son of Fritz Busch, who conducted the first performance of the opera, in Dresden, in 1925 (the same year that "Wozzeck" appeared). By a pleasant piece of symbolic casting, the role of the Youth, Faust's son, charged with continuing the hero's work, was played by Hans Busch's son, another Fritz. "Doktor Faust" is an opera about the continuity of human endeavor, about claiming the best of what the past can offer, mastering it, adding what one can, and bequeathing the sum to the future. It is likely to mean most to someone who lives habitually amid the landscapes, historical and imagined, of classical/Christian civilization; who is conversant with Helen and Hamlet, Goliath, Guinevere, and Goethe; whose imagination is stirred by Leonardo, Laura, and Luther, by Nausicaa, Nebuchadnezzar, Newton, and Neil Armstrong; and who enjoys ordering such romantic richness.

"Faust" is a tale continued in each age. The scholar-magician himself practiced in the early sixteenth century. The "Historia von D. Iohañ Fausten" was published in 1587, in Frankfort on the Main, and a little later in London, as "The Historie of the Damnable Life, and Deserued Death of Doctor Iohn Faustus." Marlowe first shaped the matter into art. The English play crossed the Channel, and the Faust-stuff passed into the hands of German puppeteers. As a youth, Goethe saw a puppet performance—and in time he gave to the legend its greatest and grandest working. Busoni—as he rhymes out in a spoken prologue to "Doktor Faust"—for a while considered Goethe's "Faust" as a libretto for the opera that was to be his testament, but then "took more modest aim, and to the play of puppets back I came." Loose references to "the old puppet play" have led to some confusion about his source; the other day, someone even wrote that "he went back to the Italian medieval puppet plays about Faust." Busoni said that he "inspected several versions." So did I. (They were published by German professors from 1823 onward.) Two things became clear: that by the time the puppet scripts reached print they had been influenced by the Goethe drama they once gave rise to; and that Busoni's chief source was the version published by Simrock in 1846, described by one scholar as "the most literary and least reliable." (On Simrock's own admission, "the dialogue



"All the powers that be being present and accounted for, let us begin."

and, generally speaking, the arrangement, are for the most part mine.")

Every serious reworking of "Faust" is to some extent autobiographical. An artist who ponders on impulses toward good and evil, on the limits to human knowledge, understanding, and achievement, on the oft opposed claims of benefaction and personal gratification is likely to be drawn to the subject. Then in writing—or painting, or composing—his "Faust," he joins his autobiography to others'. Behind Busoni's "Doktor Faust" stand Marlowe, Lessing, the anonymous puppeteers and the learned professors, Delacroix—and, above all, Goethe. In the future are Thomas Mann's "Doktor Faustus" and other "Faust"s still to come. Destiny seems to have directed the six-year-old Busoni toward the subject when, "one unforgettable evening," he was taken to see a puppet play (shades of Wilhelm Meister, of Goethe himself) and on the way home from it encountered an imposing Signor (accompanied by a poodle—another Faustian touch), who proved to be his errant father. "My life changed completely after that evening." His father forthwith made a musician of him.

While experiencing "Doktor Faust," the listener has a sense of "everything coming together" (Britten's "Death in Venice" provides it, too)—the author's life, his thought, his discovery of the past, and his personal inventions. In Busoni's words—from a passage about his hope for the future of opera, but plainly indicative of his own venture—"a composer, a creator, brings to a single opera all that moves him, all that swims before his eyes, all that is within his powers to achieve; he becomes a musical Dante, and his work a Divine Comedy." This inclusiveness is disciplined, given bounds and form, by Busoni's strict notions of what the lyric theatre—which demands "purer and more absolute music" than the concert hall or chamber—can decently treat of. Having found his subject and sketched his libretto, he then had "to mold musically independent forms that at the same time suited the words and the scenic events." There is calculation in this—"Doktor Faust," like many great works of art, is rigorously planned—but in the score there is also inspiration. Busoni's beliefs in melody as the main element of composition, and in the human voice as a sound more eloquent than any instrument, combine with his mastery of form and his sure, individual orchestration to create a series of marvellous sound pictures, filling the stage and at the same time making audible the unseen backgrounds of the action.

His music is hard to describe. We can find autobiographical overtones, perhaps, in his obituary of Boito, a deeply serious composer who died—as did Busoni—with his long-contemplated major work unfinished (Philipp Jarnach completed "Doktor Faust," most skillfully), who studied Bach and late Beethoven yet strove to remain Italian, who wished "to play his trumps against Richard Wagner, and hold up a great example to the young" but was outstripped by them even while he was leaving his own once vanguard ideas behind. Early in the century, Busoni investigated new scales, and new divisions of the octave into third tones and sixth tones. His little book, "Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music," was influential. In the twenties, he felt that its ideas had been distorted: "By 'freedom of form' I did not mean formlessness; by 'oneness in music,' not illogical and vagrant harmony; by 'freedom of the individual,' not the noisy self-expression of any blunderer. . . . A seed of corn, however strong and fruitful, takes time to produce a harvest." More important than his prose is the practice in "Doktor Faust." Both subject matter and score exemplify "the sifting and the turning to account of all the gains of previous experiments and their inclusion in strong and beautiful forms." The harmonies and scoring are new; they spring from his belief that each instrumental line, whether leading or subordinate, should be a statement ("This is not only more beautiful but it sounds better") and that each motif carries within itself its own proper development. "Doktor Faust" is contrapuntally spun, from melodies. In sum, one is—to quote Edward Sackville-West—"enthralled by an intellectual power, a spiritual magnificence, and an austere yet luminous beauty that are found together only in Bach and the great polyphonic masters of the sixteenth century;" by an opera that—to quote Edward Dent—"moves on a plane of spiritual experience far beyond that of even the greatest of musical works for the stage."

In Bloomington, there were alternate casts. In mine, Roy Samuelsen (a former student, now faculty) sang Faust in firm, lyrical tones; his acting lacked subtlety. All the others were students. Michael Ballam was an alert, dapper little gnome of a Mephistopheles. (The fiend's incarnations, as monk, herald, chaplain, courier, and, finally, nightwatchman, recall the strange messengers in Mann's "Death in Venice;" they are among Busoni's additions to the traditional Faust matter, and may have been suggested by that story.) Ken Haering produced a brave, romantic baritone in the role of Gretchen's brother. The directors had been more successful in laying out the lines of the action to potent effect than in inspiring individuals, in the Parma scene, to a deportment convincingly aristocratic; and the bearing of Faust's scholars was more modern Hoosier than medieval Saxon. But they sang well. The Musical Arts Center, seating fourteen hundred and sixty, is the ideal size for an opera house. Dent's English translation was very clear.

* * *

THE Opera House of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, in Washington, is a little larger, seating about two thousand—two hundred more than Bayreuth—when the pit is extended to house a full Wagnerian orchestra. But it is not too large to inhibit vivid, direct experience of a Wagnerian music drama. The Opera Society of Washington began its season with a very successful performance of "Die Walküre," the latest installment in the "Ring" production—directed by George London, designed by John Naccarato, and (let me declare this partial interest at once) on occasion sung in my English translation—which several companies across the country have arranged to share. The Washington "Walküre" opened in German. Eszter Kovacs, from the Budapest Opera, was a clear, young, bright Brünnhilde, not yet heroic, not majestic in the Annunciation of Death, but talented and true. Noel Tyl, a young American giant (just an inch under seven feet), has the noble, forceful tones of a Wotan but not yet the nobility of bearing and gesture to make the most of his stature. Bozena Ruk-Focic's Sieglinde was a shade ladylike, more genteel than spontaneous, but carefully studied and sensitively sung. Helge Brilioth's Siegmund lacked romance but his voice flowed free and strong. Less able singers than these can often be heard at Bayreuth. Gwendolyn Killebrew was a magnificent Fricka—tall, imperious, and beautiful, keen in conveying the sense of each utterance, more sharply focussed of tone than I have ever heard her before. And Peter Lagger was a Hunding whose voice was big and beautiful; he conveyed the man's harshness by incisive words and rhythm, not rough singing.

Mr. London’s direction underlines no single, special aspect of the boundlessly rich work. The ram-drawn chariot, the patient steed of Act II, and the flying horses of Act III are banished, but otherwise Wagner’s stage directions are largely observed. Sieglinde serves supper, and Hunding eats it. The Valkyries wear byrnies, and winged helmets over streamy, curly manes. Mr. Naccarato has forgotten to provide the great door that should fly open in Act I, when spring moonlight floods the room. Nothing happens, nothing moves (even though there is a hanging that could easily fall), and the effect is spoiled. Otherwise his crags, clefts, and knarred, knurled tree roots deck the drama very successfully, and once again we can enjoy a “Ring” whose staging has color in it and the essential sense of the natural world. In the heat of the Act II battle, the lighting men evidently lost their heads, for both Brünnhilde and Wotan intervened in darkness. In Act III, Sieglinde implored a weaponless Brünnhilde to use her sword. But in general this production, not limited to a particular political or psychological “interpretation” of the action, served the opera uncommonly well and inspired fresh responses to its greatness. As Busoni once said, an opera audience should do half the interpretative work for itself. Antal Dorati’s conducting was eventful, stirring, often brisk but never glibly routined. The playing of the National Symphony was dramatic.

“Die Walküre” was followed, two days later, by a “Valkyrie” in my English. So it would be improper for me to try to describe the effect of this. But I must at least hail a new Siegmund, a very promising young Heldentenor, Robert Rue. His voice is fresh and full, at once lyrical and powerful, poured out in an easy, unforced flow. His musical manner was still a trifle summary, but his direct, honest delivery and his strongly formed words were an uncommon pleasure. The American pronunciation of short *o* (“bond”) is rounder than the English; of short *i* (“sister”) fuller; of the *a* in a word like “command” fuller. The metamorphosis of final *t* into *d* before a vowel (“O voice thaddenchants me”) makes for smooth phrasing.

—Andrew Porter

•

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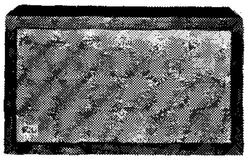
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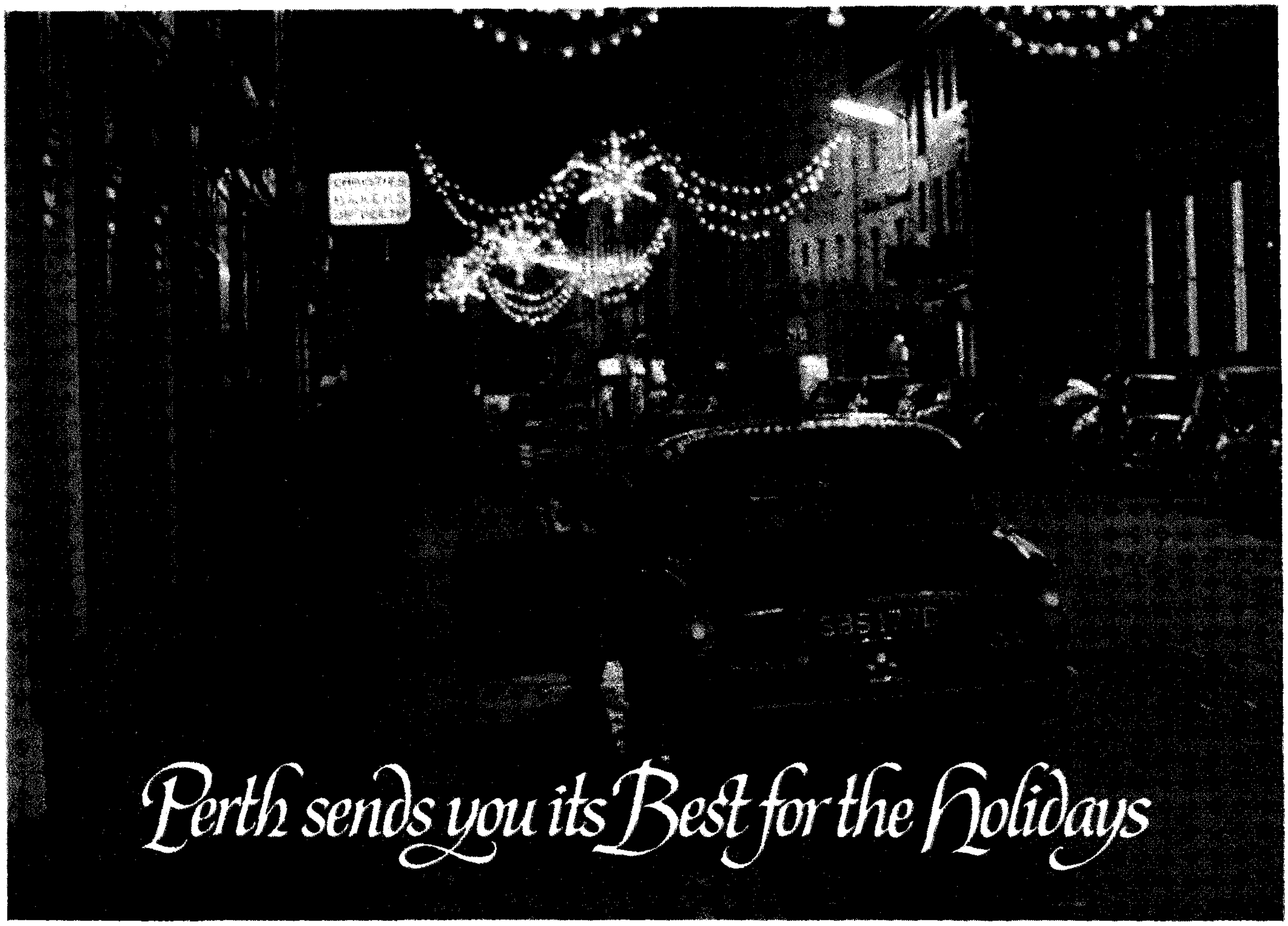
JAZZ

New York Notes

OCTOBER 9TH: On the night of June 16, 1927, a skinny, audacious seventeen-year-old saxophonist and clarinettist named Harry Carney joined Duke Ellington, Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam Nanton, Rudy Jackson, Wellman Braud, Freddy Guy, and Sonny Greer on the bandstand at Nuttings-on-the-Charles, a ballroom in Waltham, Massachusetts, and began an unrivalled stint with Ellington that lasted forty-seven straight years, that lasted, indeed, until yesterday, when Carney died, at the age of sixty-four. (Ellington, who was eleven years older, died last May, but Carney continued with the band, which was taken over by Ellington's son, Mercer.) One of Carney's nicknames was Youth, and his boundless stamina and pleased, persistently unworn face made it appear he would last forever. But, in fact, he died of sheer wear and tear ("The way the band never stops," he once said, "it sometimes seems that the year has at least four hundred days"). And he died, too, of bereavement, for the two men had an extraordinary relationship. They spent more time together than most married people—on bandstands, at rehearsals and recording dates, on trains, ships, and planes, and, since the late forties, driving from gig to gig in Carney's car, with Carney at the wheel and Ellington beside him, snoozing or writing music or "navigating." Carney regarded Ellington as part father, part older brother, and Ellington treated Carney with affectionate jocularity. Carney responded with laughter or feigned insult, but he lost his cool whenever Ellington, who had his share of perversity, kept him waiting in the car too long after a gig. Carney revered his baritone saxophone. It became an extension of him: when he wasn't playing it he was carrying it or cleaning it or fitting it out with a new reed. Carney patterned his playing on Coleman Hawkins early in his life, and he was not an innovator in the conventional sense. He was, however, probably the first estimable jazz musician to be hypnotized by tone, by sound. "I was always crazy about tone," he said. "All my teachers instilled that in me. It was always tone. Practice sustaining tones and you develop ear pitch, you strengthen your lip muscles, you develop diaphragm breathing, breathing from the stomach. Take a note and sustain it from pianissimo to double forte and try to keep it from varying pitch. And do it with and without a vibrato. That way, you eventually develop an exact tone center." Carney developed not only an exact tone center but a sound on his instrument that no other baritone saxophonist has matched. It summoned up mountains and chasms and cathedrals. It could have housed an army. It was Wagnerian and Churchillian. And it was one of the most beautiful musical sounds ever devised. Carney became the foundation of the Ellington band, which would not have had the same texture and depth and warmth without him. He made Ellington's minor inventions sound noble and his noble inventions sound empyrean. "Sophisticated Lady" is still with us because of the way Carney, who came to own it, played it. Carney, for all his great staying powers, inclined toward fragility. He said one cool fall day, "I can't change into turtlenecks and scarves when the weather turns and then change back, if it warms up, without getting a cold. The same is true of putting on a hat the first time. And I can't take a bath without getting a cold unless I go straight to bed after. But eventually I found out from our travels around the world that human beings can make wonderful adjustments to climatic change. If I were just starting out, though, I'd probably suffer, but having done it so long it doesn't bother me." And it didn't. Carney probably missed only a couple of weeks at work during the half century he served his two masters.

OCTOBER 17TH: Ellington's best sidemen became indispensable to him, and he, in turn, became indispensable to them. Few who wandered out on their own made much of a mark, and most of them eventually came back. But Sonny Greer didn't, and the band never really recovered. Greer left in 1951, after thirty years, and none of his replacements—not even the whizzbang Louis Bellson—matched him, because he had virtually grown up with the band and was an organic, root part of it. He knew what kind of backing Johnny Hodges and Cootie Williams and Tricky Sam liked, and he could tell pretty much which way their solos were going, so he could be there at every turn. He knew which cymbals sounded right behind the trombones and what kind of rimshot would send Ben Webster on his way. He knew which rest to fill with a couple of thundering quarter notes on his tomtoms. Greer spoiled Ellington's horn men; they were always surprised when other drummers failed them and they had to stand on their own. Greer had class and a trim sense of melodrama. Enshrined above and behind the band in his gold-and-silver forest of chimes and cymbals and gongs and timpani, he performed an endless in-place ballet, twirling his sticks in the air, snapping his head smartly from side to side, alternating mysterious hooded expressions with diamond smiles, and reaching out to tap a cymbal as if he were knighting it. Listening to him was equally tonic. He was not much of a technician, nor was he much of a soloist, but he could make the Ellington band roar and lilt and rock. His brushwork, which had a wall-to-wall effect, was superb, and he shared Harry Carney's frenzy over tone. He got a unique sound out of a set of drums. It was precise and metallic, yet it had a loose, belling sound, an unhurrying afternoon sound. The magic of Greer's sound was such that any other drummer who sat in on his drums would get a completely different tone. And he would nowadays, too, for Greer has emerged from a long spell of retirement and is visible five nights a week at Gregory's, in a trio led by Brooks Kerr and including Russell Procope, on both alto saxophone and his Barney Bigard clarinet. Greer is in his mid-seventies and is roughly the shape and size of one of his drumsticks, but he is still dapper and stylish and snappy. Kerr is a walking Ellington archive, and tonight he stocked a set with "Scattin' at the Kit Kat," "Jeep's Blues," "Jumpin' Punkins" (Greer's old specialty), "Mood Indigo," "I Got It Bad," "Don't You Know I Care or Don't You Care to Know?," and "Jump for Joy." Throughout, Greer's sounds and motions—the popping eyes, the mock lunges, the imperious chin, the fly-swatting wrists—suggested that he was once again up there behind the band, making it sound like the savviest musical organization around, which, during most of his tenure, it was.

NOVEMBER 14TH: The best of the surviving pop singers from the forties and early fifties have suddenly started going off like Roman candles. Rock blotted them out for a decade, but they are reappearing in the new guise of self-styled superstars. A good many of them started out as band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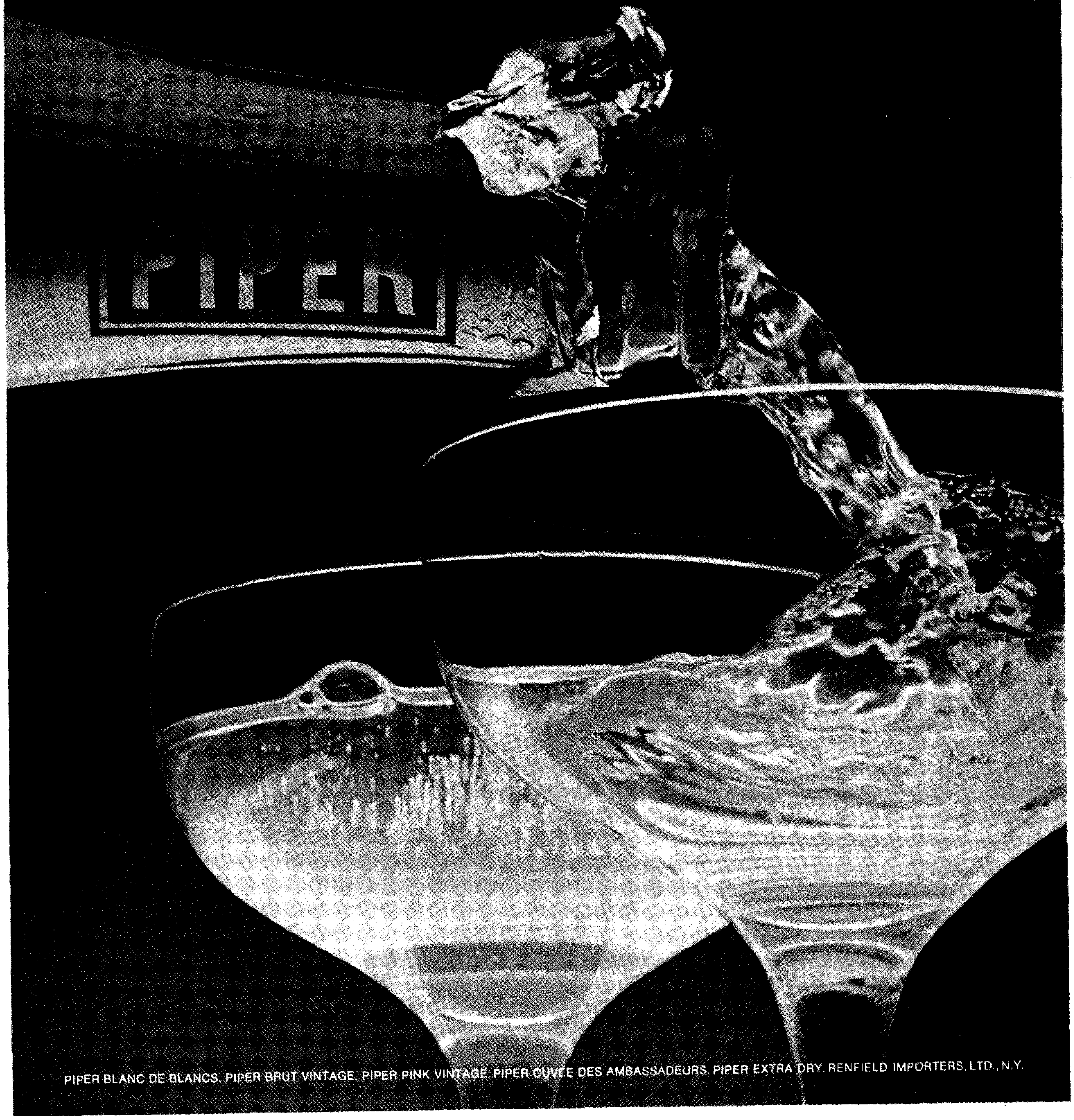

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singers—a position in the musical pecking order equivalent to scullery maid or third footman. Now, middle-aged and sometimes a little runny in voice and demeanor, they have begun renting the largest halls in the land for long, hushed concerts attended by huge audiences that exude an almost evangelical ardor. Tony Bennett and Lena Horne have taken this recrudescence one step farther by holding forth in a Broadway theatre (the Minskoff) for several weeks. I went tonight, and it was a queer evening. Lena Horne has been belabored in the local press for her shortcomings as a singer, but her singing has never been more than a prop, a bit of stage business. She is one of nature's nearly flawless constructions, and her work is not to sing but to allow herself to be observed by as many people as possible. But she is far from limpid onstage. Indeed, her mannerisms are rather tigerish. They include a variety of hand motions (the cocked pistol, the falling leaf, the soaring bird) and torso motions (leaning on Klopman, the washtub hunch, the twenty-yard lateral run) that obliterate the singing, which, in its arch, rigid way, isn't really that bad. So the ears rest during Lena's half of the evening and the eyes rest during Tony's. Nobody goes to *see* Bennett, because there is very little to watch beyond a succession of lunges, lariat motions with the microphone cord, and sprints from one end of the stage to the other. But the voice is always worth hearing. We were given rocking fortissimos, ardent whispers, and soft, hoarse jazz phrases. He made "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" sound fresh and even *subtle*, and there was a fine Billie Holiday passage in George Harrison's "Something." It was a good Bennett evening.

NOVEMBER 15TH: The second season of George Wein's New York Jazz Repertory Company is off at Carnegie Hall. The first concert was given a week ago and the second tonight, and both were celebrations of Louis Armstrong. Altogether, forty or so Armstrong-associated tunes were played, in rough chronological order, by various small groups and a big band, all of them augmented from time to time by such Armstrong-embossed soloists as Vic Dickenson, Ruby Braff, Bobby Hackett, Ray Nance, and Taft Jordan. A lot of Armstrong's solos from the twenties and thirties (the end of the thirties was as far as the celebrations went) were transcribed and played in unison and/or harmony by two trumpet sections (one consisted of Mel Davis, Pee Wee Erwin, and Joe Newman, and the other of Bernie Privin, Ernie Royal, Newman, Jimmy Owens, and Doc Cheatham) or as solos by these men. The section work was in the main vigorous and disciplined, although it only approximated Armstrong's ingenious rhythmic calibrations. Two of the facsimile trumpet solos were marvellous—Bernie Privin's rendition of Armstrong's 1932 solo in "That's My Home," in which Privin came within a hair of catching the noble, sorrowing, bending course of Armstrong's statement, and Doc Cheatham's re-creation of Armstrong's opening muted chorus in his 1930 recording of "Sweethearts on Parade," which is surely one of the wittiest and most brilliant of all recorded trumpet solos. Armstrong was got at in other ways. There were some delightful film clips, among them Dizzy Gillespie doing an extremely funny takeoff of Armstrong's handling of "I'm Confessin'," and several sequences shot at a Louis Armstrong day at the 1970 Newport Jazz Festival, during which Armstrong reminisced and then sang with Mahalia Jackson, who, before she joined him, got off a version of "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" that was filmed from the wings and afforded an extraordinarily intimate and affecting glimpse of a great performer at work. (All things considered, it was the most exhilarating number at the first concert.) The guest soloists at Carnegie Hall applauded Armstrong by demonstrating how many first-rate, totally different trumpet players he sent on their way. We had Ruby Braff's dense, spinning locutions in "Someday Sweetheart" and "Rosetta," Bobby Hackett's old-silver look at "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" and "Just a Gigolo," and Ray Nance's beautiful, megalithic obbligatos behind the singer Carrie Smith in "You've Been a Good Old Wagon" and "St. Louis Blues." And to tamp it all down we heard two early Armstrong recordings—King Oliver's 1923 "Chimes Blues," in which he took his first recorded solo, and his 1926 "Heebie Jeebies," in which he sings what is supposed to be the first recorded scat vocal.

There were soft spots in the two evenings, and the concerts could easily have been compressed into a single, streamlined affair. (Taft Jordan's imitations of Louis Armstrong were tedious when he first did them, with Chick Webb, in the thirties, and they were tedious tonight.) Yet the concerts were the most successful the New York Jazz Repertory Company has given. They brought to the fore attractive and even brilliant copies of superb Armstrong recordings that had long ago sunk out of sight and that were completely unknown to a good many in the audience. And the musicians did their archeological work with an enthusiasm and intelligence that should send us all, neophytes or not, back to the originals. Which is what a jazz repertory company should be all about.

The company has been reshuffled since last year, and its musical directors are now Dick Hyman (who did most of the hard work in the Armstrong concerts), Jimmy Owens, Billy Taylor, and Bob Wilber. But it is still in financial straits and is hoping to organize a large body of "friends." Those interested should call 874-3666 or write Box 754, Ansonia Station, New York City 10023.

NOVEMBER 25TH: After several farewell performances in this country and abroad, the Modern Jazz Quartet gave its closing-out, all-sales-final concert tonight in Avery Fisher Hall, and, not surprisingly, it was a far from sentimental occasion. The group's previous farewell concert was given in Sydney, Australia, on July 16th, and it was, as far as the group was concerned, just that. Then it was pointed out to them recently by Harold Leventhal, who produced tonight's concert, that since the quartet had started in New York it should finish in New York, and the men reluctantly agreed. Several days before the concert, John Lewis talked about the dissolution of the quartet, which had been together steadily for twenty years (it played its first gig in 1952, though) and had not had a personnel change for nineteen, which may be a record for longevity in Western music, give or take the Budapest String Quartet and the Trio de Trieste. Lewis said, "An enormous amount of fatigue had set in. We hadn't had any vacation in three years, and the road was getting to us. We were becoming too old for all those 5 A.M.s at airports. And Milt Jackson was getting restless. So we had a meeting in April, before we left for a tour of Japan, and we agreed to break up. There was never any question of hiring replacements, and we couldn't have a quartet with only two or three people. So there was nothing for it but to agree. I think there were some little regrets among the members toward the end, but I can't be sure. I didn't feel that way myself. As a group, the quartet had surpassed many goals set by other groups, and it had surpassed most of the goals it had set for itself. It's hard to evaluate the group's contributions over-all, but specifically it's not. There's no other vibraharpist in the world like Milt. He's the most brilliant. What Connie Kay did was never that new, but it was *always* platinum. And Percy Heath developed so tremendously. He developed the most of us all. I enjoy listening to myself as a pianist, and if I had only been the piano player in the group and not had to conduct rehearsals and write and arrange music I would have enjoyed playing much more. My wife, Mirjana, plays quartet records now when I'm in, and I see for the first time how good the group played. But we were so busy we never thought of *how* we were doing it. We had the luxury of playing together for so long that everyone always knew what everyone else was going to do. When the quartet was together, we were always wound up musically, and now we're trying to get used to being unwound. I still have the feeling I'm about to go out on the road again, and I think all the time about how much I can get done here before I do. All four of us are big gossips, and I think we miss our rehearsals, where we used to socialize. So we've taken to calling each other on the phone to talk, and there has even been some visiting. But I think we were right to break up when we did. When we started rehearsing for this concert we hadn't played together for over four months, and I expected, I wanted, our playing together again to feel strange and new. But it didn't."

When the quartet started out, it gave the impression—largely because of its occasional use of such devices as rondos and fugues—that it had dangerous egghead leanings. But it became clear soon enough that the group, instead of being revolutionary, had taken on the great task of distilling and conserving the best of what was going on around it and the best of what had gone before. It also revealed a strong distaste for musical cant, and it immediately countered through its own superb example all the dreary practices that had begun to appear in jazz (the long, windy solos, the insane tempos, the showoff rhythms, and the vacuous ensembles). By 1960, Lewis's graceful

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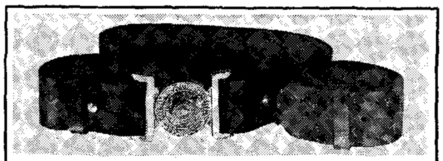

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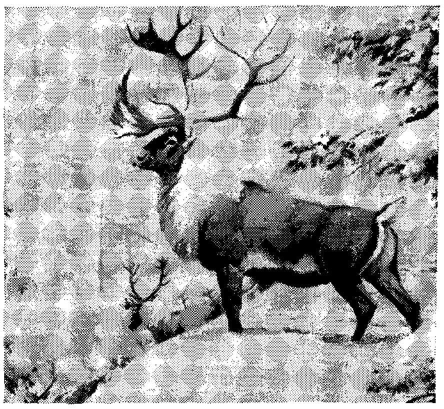

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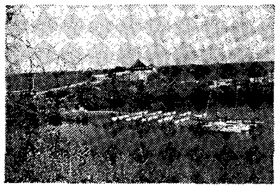

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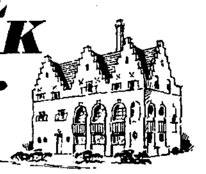

songs and the lighter-than-air way the quartet played them had brought a new, high lyricism into jazz as well as an unprecedented degree of elegance and precision. The quartet seemed to do everything right. It dressed beautifully, comported itself onstage with dignity and sangfroid, and played consummately. And the higher its standards became the harder it swung. But unalterable excellence tends to unnerve even the most appreciative, and the longer the quartet sailed so serenely on the more it was said that it didn't swing, that it was effete, that it played too much fancy music, that it was lightweight—that, in short, it was a bore. Nonsense. The quartet managed *nothing* less than to preserve, enhance, and carry forward the lyrical and emotional heart of jazz, just as Ellington and Basie and Armstrong had done before. And it did this with an intelligence and style and wit that made its appearances occasions for recharging and restoring the spirit.

The concert tonight was like no other Modern Jazz Quartet concert I can recall. It was loose and a little wild. The solos were longer than usual, and they had a singular urgency and brilliance. The exchanges and counterpoint between Lewis and Jackson had an extraordinary gaiety and density and excitement. Kay was supercharged and (for him) quite loud, and Jackson was breathtaking throughout. Heath took a couple of extended solos, and his ensemble playing (almost inaudible the first half of the evening) was without flaw. Every facet of the quartet was on view—a host of blues, a waltz, a Spanish piece, "Summertime," a North African piece, "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," a couple of program pieces, " 'Round Midnight," and a "Night in Tunisia" with a Jackson break that lifted his birdlike self right off the floor.

The members of the quartet are commoners again. John Lewis is teaching a couple of courses at City College, and will record on his own for Columbia. Jackson is working as a single. Kay has been recording with Paul Desmond. And Heath, in between gigs with his brother Jimmy, has been fishing down at Montauk. During its last year, he reports, the quartet grossed more money than it ever had before. You can't quit any cooler than that.

DECEMBER 13TH: A classic singer, Anita Ellis, has come out of hiding after twelve years (two of them spent rehearsing) and is appearing with the uncanny Ellis Larkins five nights a week at the Bird Cage, in Michael's Pub. She is quietly famous on two counts: she once dubbed in the singing voices of Rita Hayworth and Vera Ellen, and she is regarded by her admirers, one of whom is Eileen Farrell, as possibly the best singer of her kind alive, albeit one of the shyest and least confident. (Her arms hang little-girl loose in front of her when she sings, and she keeps her hands desperately clasped, and in between numbers she sometimes tells her listeners what agony it is to stand in front of them and perform.) Yet she is remarkably forceful and dramatic. She has a handsome, wide-cheeked face and a halo of short, dark hair, and the way she moves her head, opens and closes her eyes, and aims her chin gives just the right emphasis to each word. Her tones, both high and low, are filtered sound. She is a highly skilled technician, whose intervals are elegantly and even joyously maneuvered, and her pitch sails down the center of each note. Her daring sense of dynamics allows her to move with utter assurance from a high, wiry phrase in "Porgy" to a dying shout. Her songs are hand-chosen—such standbys as "Porgy" and "Prelude to a Kiss" and "Someone to Watch Over Me" as well as such out-of-the-way numbers as Harold Arlen's "Riding on the Moon" and "I Wonder What Became of Me," Frank Loesser's "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," Willard Robison's "The Four Walls and One Dirty Window Blues," and a Henry Souvaine-Johnny Mercer song from the early thirties called "Wouldja for a Big Red Apple?"

Anita Ellis in the Bird Cage is a special New York experience, once common in the city. The room is small and high-ceilinged and filled with plants, and it has glass walls that let in the night city and that seem, too, to let in the old loves and worlds and times that she tells us about so beautifully.

Ellis Larkins is accompanying Anita Ellis with such humor and imagination and sympathy that he is, in truth, a collaborator.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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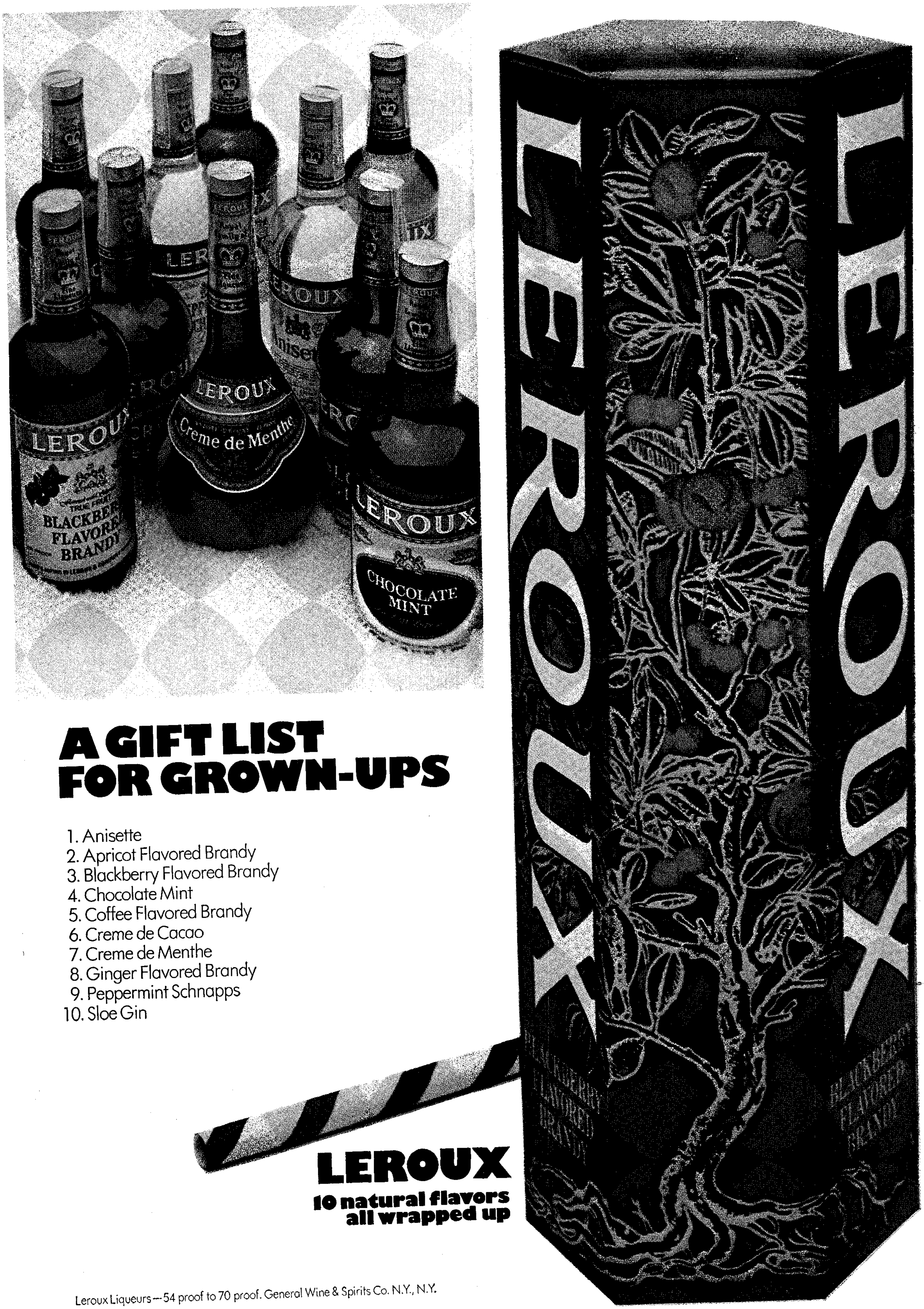
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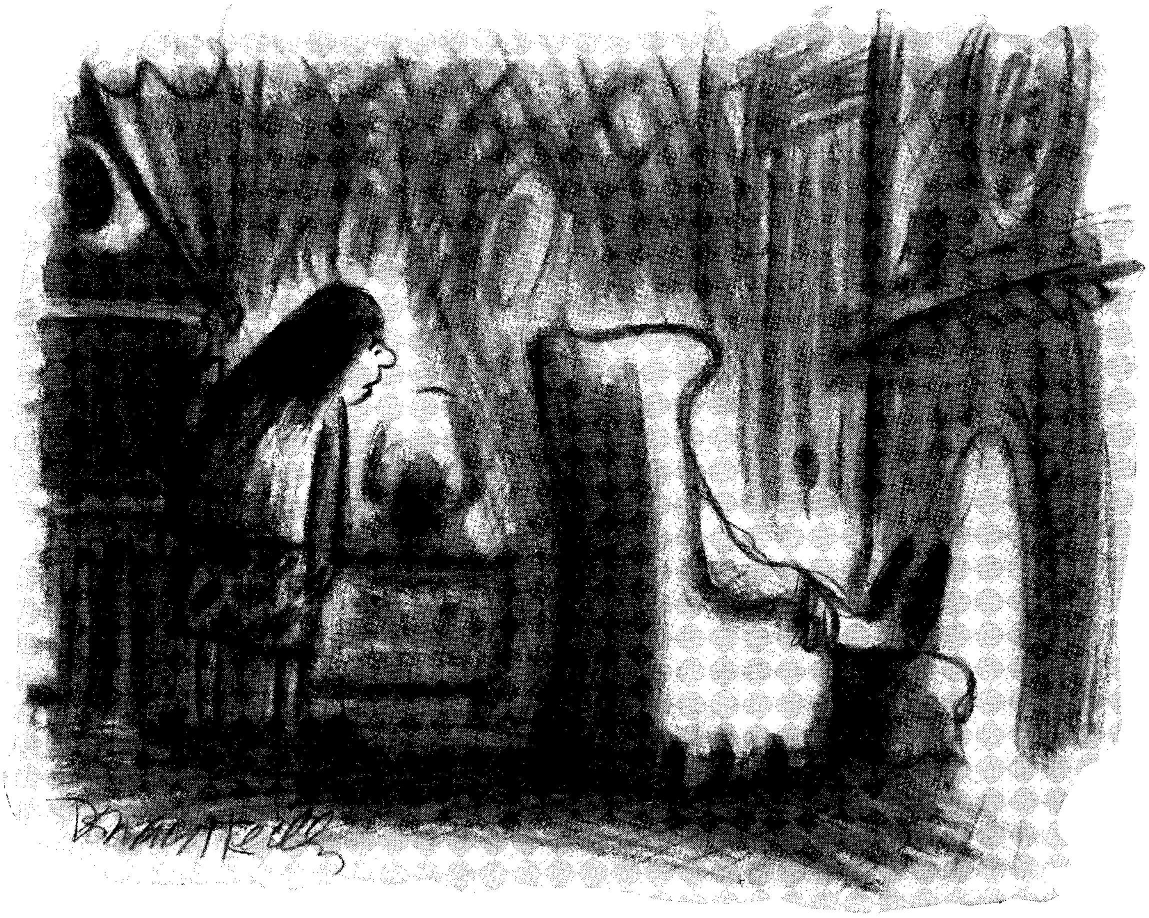
BOOKS

The Prolific Stammerer

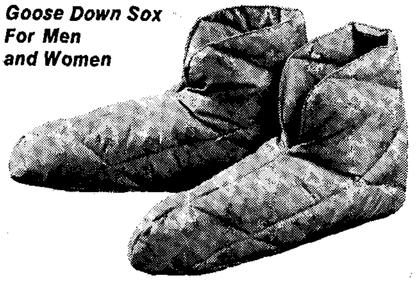
Arnold Bennett's life was led with a worldly success that would have abashed the average Southern-born Englishman into fearing himself to be intellectually suspect. But as he came from the industrial lower North of his own imaginary Five Towns (six, in reality: Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke, Longton, and Fenton) he was free of that particular snobbery. He saw no paradox in being a Socialist and at the same time a close friend of the eccentrically Tory Lord Beaverbrook. It mattered very little to him that his habits of living and writing were to earn him in London literary circles the label of middlebrow. His struggles were elsewhere. For one thing, he had to lay the ghost of the tenet of thrift, discipline, and censoriousness that the Methodism of his birthplace had taught him. When he bought a yacht, in his wealthy heyday, it was not the act of an upstart but the gesture of a rebel surprised by his own boon luck. By nature, he was actually the opposite of censorious. So far as the bequest of Methodism was concerned, only discipline remained. His journals meticulously record his annual earnings and his annual output of words. This may well strike strangers to the North of England as the maniacal mathematics of a hack, but to people who are the place's familiars, through literature or life, it is likely to seem a stirring native characteristic of anxiety about thrift in a prodigal man. One probably has to be in communion with the Spartan will and startling sense of communal fun of the North of England—with its generosity, its harsh self-judgment that poverty is a moral failing, its forbearance under loads of hardship as spectacular as the ones that Bennett described in "Clayhanger," its inspired jets of the debonair—to be an ally of Arnold Bennett's.

Margaret Drabble, the English novelist, who comes from the same part of the country, is his companion in arms. Her heart, like his, is nowhere near her sleeve. Her "Arnold Bennett" (Knopf) is long, and its rewards are not immediate. Its careful meaning comes slowly, like Bennett's in his own speech, with its impeding stammer that always struck just when he wished to be most instant and forthright. While he was talking, the words obviously piled up behind his tongue like timber in a logjam. His affliction of utterance may have had to do with his prodigious output on paper. It may also have had to do with his ferocity toward himself. Perhaps he looked on his stammer as a fault, classing it as indecision. Affectingly good to his friends—to people like Frank Swinnerton and H. G. Wells—he withheld forgiveness from himself. It seems certain that he gave himself no easy excuses for the failure of his long marriage to a Frenchwoman called Marguerite, whom he married just after his fortieth birthday. He had resolved to get married at forty, and he did. The decision seems to have been made in the spirit of his self-assigned tasks about deadlines and output, though he convinced himself that he loved her, though he was always good to her. It was many years before he threw in his hand and lived with another and more gentle woman, by whom he had a beloved illegitimate child. Marguerite, a grasping shrew, refused him a divorce. It was probably not in his nature to recognize her character as raucous. He was neither hard nor sentimental in his relations with people. In a Wesleyan fashion, romance for him remained in manufacture. His emotional dispensations were a replica of the material habits of his famous character Auntie Hamps in "Clayhanger." They contained both frugality and wealth: frugality toward himself, wealth to his friends.

Bennett's family had been potters for generations, back to his great-great-grandfather, when the atrocities of child labor were a commonplace and youngsters of nine or ten ran home in bare feet while the mercury stood at twenty degrees below freezing. There was lead poisoning from the factories then, and consumption and asthma were rife. It was felt to be wicked to



"Something is rising out of the mulch."



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teach poor children to read and write. Literacy inculcated dreams of something better. Something better: the fancy of it hangs powerfully in the best of his novels, like the occasional haunting architectural conceits that decorate the solid buildings of the industrial North and make them beautiful. A golden weathervane will appear on one of the typical dust-blackened civic buildings. What has seemed foursquare becomes lit from within, like imaginings of worlds elsewhere. The same gleam will glint out of the works of Arnold Bennett—an eloquent phrase embedded in a hard-won passage, or an exchange of talk recorded with the intensity of a real writer who cares brilliantly for people's underlying meanings. Sometimes he achieved a marvellous control over literary jumps in time, as Margaret Drabble says. He criticized but still proffered his devotion to Methodist society, noting but forgiving its principle of a fiscal order for religion. He loved without reservation the gaiety that lies buried under the surfaces of Northern brusqueness: the singing, the circuses, the pubs, the music halls, the football clubs, the trips to seaside resorts for roaring fun in Wakes Week, which is the holiday that the poorest worker always insisted on. The books Bennett wrote in his greatest days were about the life his forebears came from, though he characteristically felt he had to research it because he had gone to London by then. He seemed to himself never to have been as true a Northerner as the people he wanted to write about, who lived a life of meat teas and stone front doorsteps scrubbed as clean as sheets every morning. His descriptions of the bricks and mortar of poor Northern life were to be a lasting annoyance to Virginia Woolf. They had a long feud. I suspect it was more about matters of social cliquishness and the cultivation of Bloomsbury's elegant androgyny than about literary style. Virginia Woolf cannot have liked, for instance, his brave leap into speaking bad French after living in Paris. She would probably have waited and learnt in privacy and then spouted with fluent fragility. Fluency and fragility were neither of them things he found easy to command. His stammer prevented the one, his masked shyness the other. He had to work at his desk day and night to achieve his enormous yet apparently easy output; he had to labor just as hard to cover his bashfulness with a layer of mock abruptness. People expect Northerners to be bluff, so he gave them what they looked for. Very few people—Margaret Drabble is one of them, in her painstaking and steady-eyed book—sensed the lower layer of the man.

The book is perhaps his best will and testament, even if it is scattered with ugly repeats and the occasional leaden piece of sub-Freudian analysis, such as the humorless speculation about Earlforward's fury in "Riceyman Steps" toward his wife's vacuum-cleaning, taken in this biography to be part of "an attempt to escape a morbid anally-fixated inheritance." But still. Margaret Drabble's weightiness goes with a careful love of the man, the legwork of a good reporter, and some splendid passages of literary criticism. She even, rather unexpectedly, responds to his half-buried taste for the raffish. The book records that, before Bennett went to France and eventually married according to schedule, he drummed up a piquantly rakish ancestor. Then he became a rent-collector, accepting circumstance, and plunged into learning Pitman. Qualified, he got a job in London as a solicitor's shorthand clerk. He tried taking law exams and kept failing them: in resistance to his father's overbearing will, Miss Drabble perceptively guesses. The book makes a good deal of the effect of the senior Mr. Bennett's overexpectations for his children. In the event, it was something of a psychiatric achievement that the young Arnold managed to retain a determination to be a genius and not a train-driver. It seems certain that it must have been his experience of his father which made him marry so late, and that the same experience gifted him to write as he did to a nephew whom he virtually adopted and whom he scribbled to with an unclutching and often clownish intimacy. He got on greatly with this nephew. From his early days, he had known all about the feeling of being callow and out of step.

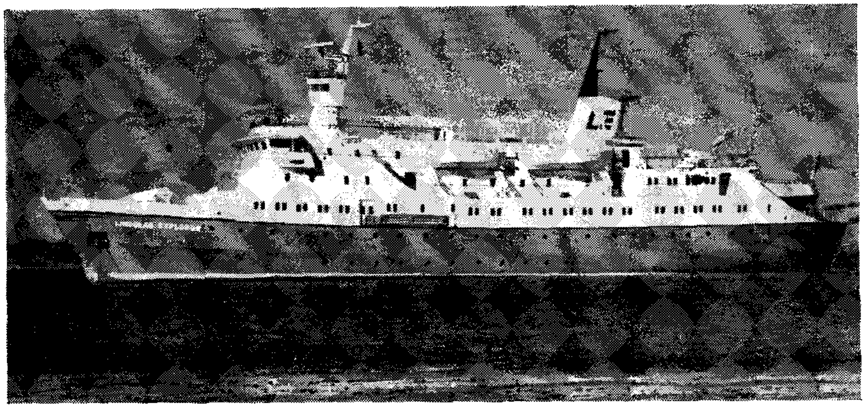
Bennett had the true yearning of the provincial for the capital. He may have done some mediocre journalism along with his masterpieces ("The Old Wives' Tale" surely stands as one of the most remarkable novels of the first half of the century, and almost alone in being by a man about unneurotic heroines), he may have had some false playmates, such as Beaverbrook, with his inanely cruel vendettas, and he may have been all too open to the clutches of salon hostesses, but it is also to the point that he valued longevity of friendship, that he sought out Watts, Burne-Jones, Sickert, and Wilson Steer, that he had a touching passion for books in overexpensive bindings, and that he was absolutely without anti-feminism at a time when feelings about the rights of professional women were overfervent and when his private life could well have led him to be hostile to women. He would say to a woman subeditor about her work, in an endearingly period phrase of fraternalism, "I liked your stuff." He saw himself, perhaps, as a mediator between the popular and the intellectual. He had enormous readership and financial success; but at times he was to suffer from them. He was a man of superior energy and high hopes, though. He didn't like the diluted atmosphere of the intellectuals of his time, even if he was human enough to want their approbation. He loved eating, writing, music, and all the visual arts. The theatre was something that tempted him but that he never mastered. He had neither the didactic vivacity of Shaw nor the theatricality of Ibsen, let alone the flapper fun of the stage generation that was to succeed him. Yet he longed to write a play that would be a London hit. One has the feeling that he perhaps underestimated his wonderful chronicles of the North, just as he underestimated his own strength of character and had to depend on his annual assessments of work done. London drew him: an arcane city, not worth social conquering by such a solid man but a place that he knew by wish, with as much force as an Indian I once met, a boy of natural learning and insight without experience of anywhere beyond Udaipur, whose great ambition was to be a London taxi-driver and who knew every street in London by heart. Margaret Drabble's intelligent biography and Bennett's best novels make one want to reassure him that his imaginary Five Towns, where each street and twitching net curtain was laid out like a map in the head of a newspaper boy on a bicycle, was a great place to have made known.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EBONY TOWER, by John Fowles (Little, Brown). Four long short stories and an impressive translation of a twelfth-century *lai*, or love story, written by Marie de France. The *lai* is about a married knight who falls in love with a foreign princess. The title story, by far the



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best in the book, is related to the *lai* in mood, theme, and setting. Both explore the ambiguities and the ironies of courtly and carnal love, and of loyalty and deception. In both stories, we witness a collision of strong social conventions with equally strong human passions—a recurrent theme with Mr. Fowles. The modern variation is about the visit of a fastidious young English art critic and painter to the satyr's lair of a famous old painter. It is beautifully paced and rich in nuance, and is only occasionally marred by the *froideur* and archness that spoil one's enjoyment of the three other stories—a high-toned detective story, a sinister tale about a political housebreaking, and an endless (and probably unexportable) one about a group of chatty, petulant English men and women on vacation together in France.

WINTER IN THE BLOOD, by James Welch (Harper & Row). The narrator of this interesting, if seriously flawed, first novel is a thirty-two-year-old Blackfeet Indian who lives with his mother, stepfather, and grandmother on a reservation in Montana. Although the "Indianness" of the book is felt more in terms of mood than in specific details, Mr. Welch manages to convey that it is a part of almost every emotion that the man feels and of every move he makes. The man is unhappy at home, unhappy with his Cree girl friend, and a brief venture into the outside world has not encouraged him to try to join it. Gradually, one comes to feel that all the shoddy bars the man frequents, all the parched prairies and seedy streets he wanders through, and a good part of his loneliness are related, in a hundred subtle and not so subtle ways, to his being racially dispossessed and cut off from the American mainstream. Unfortunately, however, there is too much that is simply callow and unappealing about the character, and though the author's observations about nature are almost always satisfying, his portraits of the other characters are frustrating. The reader longs to know more about the man's (beautifully sketched) silent, aged grandmother, and his scruffy girl friend, and his clownish stepfather, and his handsome, bitter mother—but in vain.

GENERAL

MARK TWAIN AND HIS WORLD, by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster). A richly illustrated afterthought to Mr. Kaplan's Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, "Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain." The conflict here is less between Clemens' two opposing sides than between Clemens and the rapidly changing America of his time, the all-embracing money culture that developed after the Civil War. In 1900, ten years before his death, Clemens told an interviewer, "I disseminate my true views by means of a series of apparently humorous and mendacious stories," and there is every reason to believe he spoke the truth. All his most savage opinions are rendered palatable by wit: "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress." And on accident insurance: "I have seen nothing so seraphic as the look that comes into a freshly multilated man's face when he feels in his vest pocket with his remaining hand and finds his accident ticket all right." And on Mary Baker Eddy: "When we contemplate her and what she has achieved, it is blasphemy to longer deny to the Supreme Being the possession of a sense of humor." Nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

THREE MOBS: LABOR, CHURCH, AND MAFIA, by Wilfrid Sheed (Sheed & Ward). The author has done research on the American trade-union movement, is a Roman Catholic, and has reviewed books about the Mafia. The three essays in this book reflect these different degrees of connection with their subjects. The longest piece, on labor, is full of well-thought-out, fresh ideas suggested to the author's intelligence by data. The piece on the Church is personal, and full of arguments with other Catholics—it reads more like a family fight than one that anybody can join—and Mr. Sheed leaves the Mafia pretty much where he found it. As usual, he is constantly entertaining.

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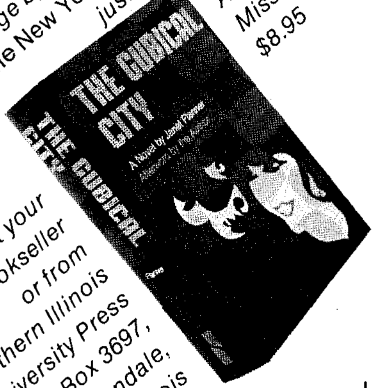

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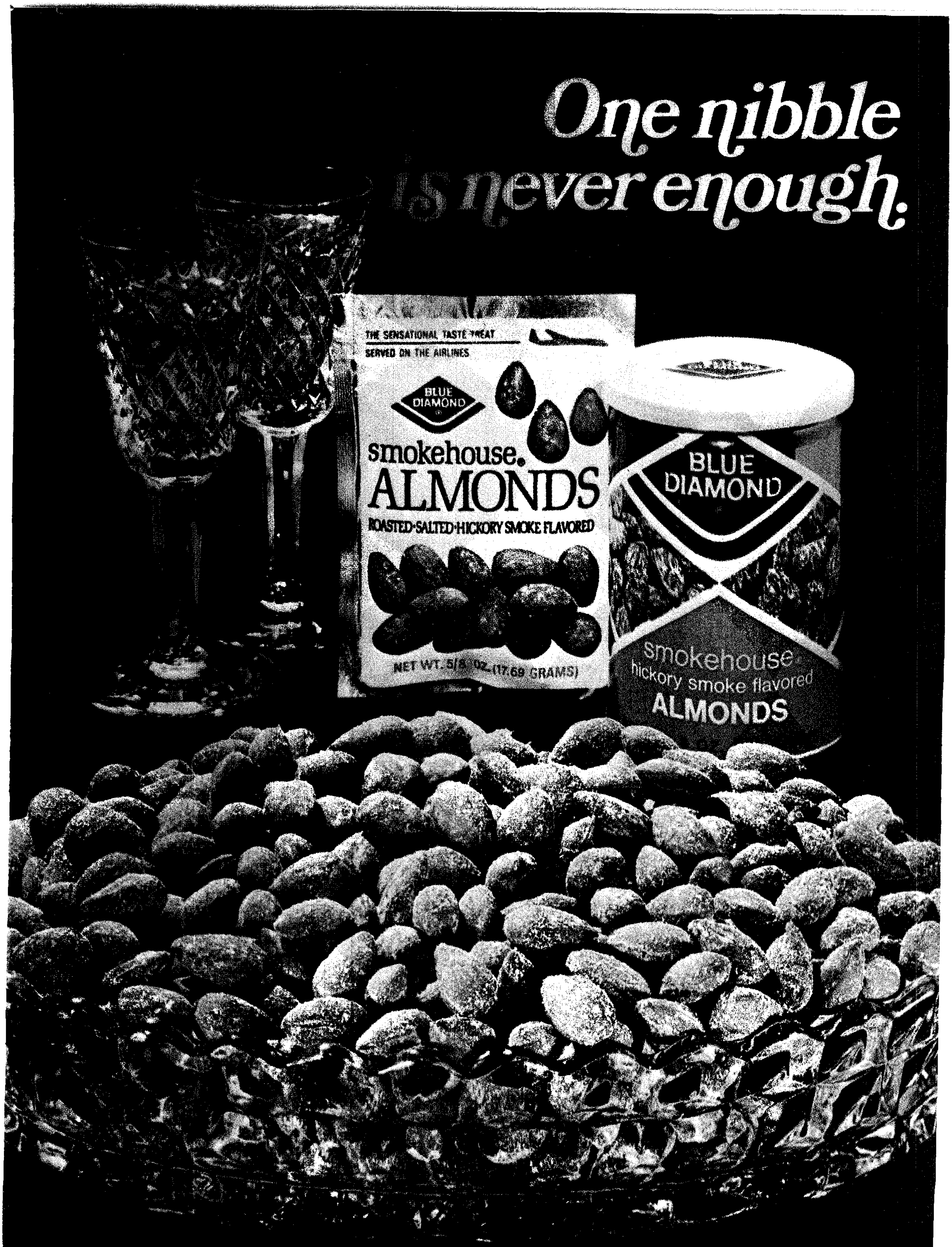
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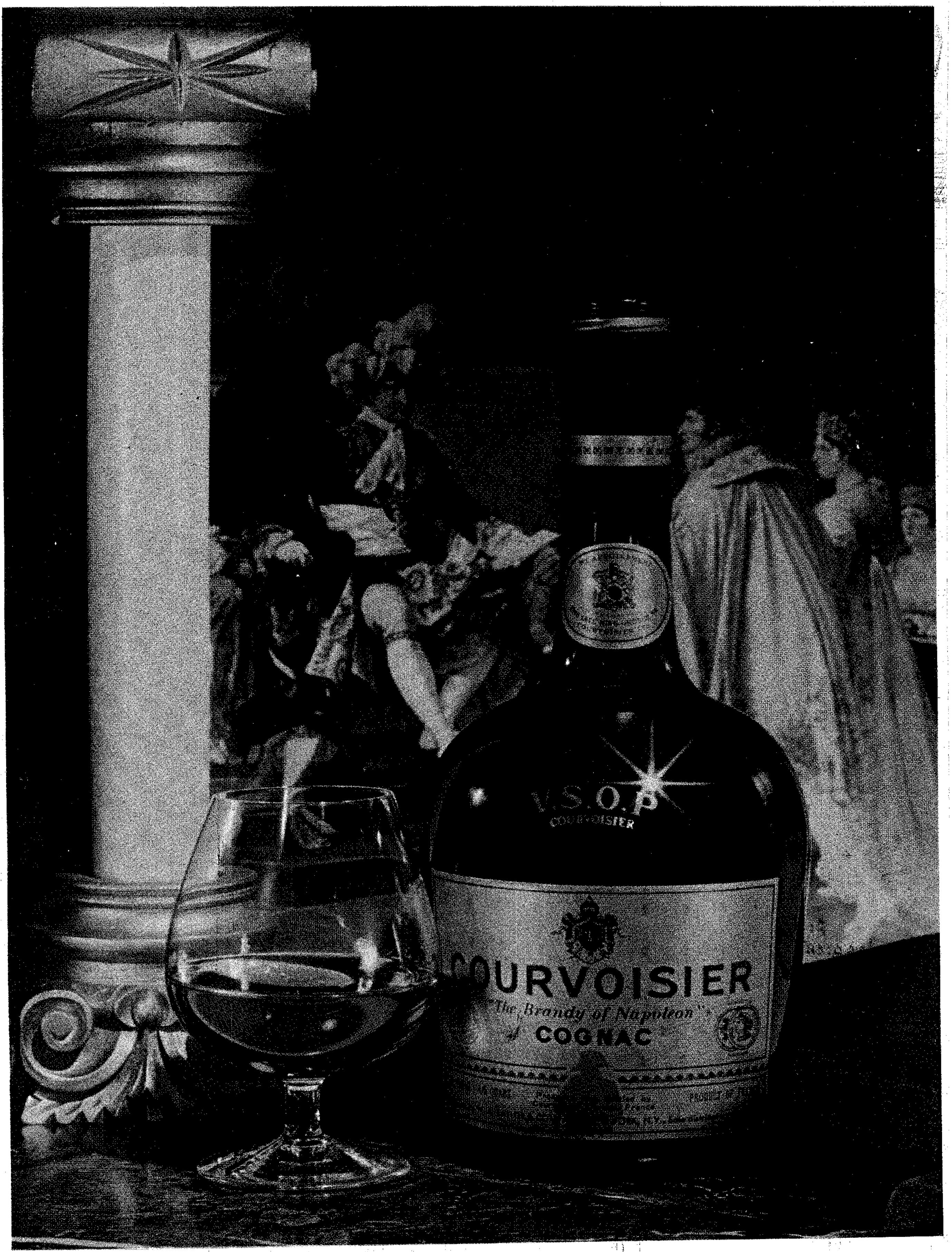
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